

LIFE

OF

MARY ANNE SCHIMMELPENNINCK

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LIFE

OF

MARY ANNE SCHIMMELPENNINCK

AUTHOR OF 'SELECT MEMOIRS OF PORT ROYAL'

and other works

EDITED BY HER RELATION

CHRISTIANA C. HANKIN

Fourth Edition

LONDON

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS

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PREFACE

TO

THE FOURTH EDITION.

A Fourth Edition of this Work having been called for, I would express my gratitude to those friends, public as well as private, who have noticed or reviewed it. Some suggestions which have been made have enabled me to correct mistakes into which I had inadvertently fallen. The general appreciation of the character which the Work was intended to portray has been my reward for some labour and many anxious hours.

My happy duty of placing before the public other works of my honoured relation, Mrs. SchimmelPeninck, is now almost fulfilled. An edition of "Select Memoirs of Port-Royal," a volume on Beauty, the

Temperaments, and Architecture, have already been published, and have been favourably noticed in many of the periodicals. One final volume has yet to appear; it will contain "Thoughts on the Three-fold Life in Man;" on the "Voice of the Holy Spirit;" on the "Catholic Church;" and on other subjects peculiarly characteristic, it is believed, of the mind of the author. This, the Editor hopes, will be published soon after Christmas.

Clifton, 17th November, 1859.

PREFACE
TO
THE SECOND EDITION.

THE following fragment of autobiography was dictated by Mrs. SchimmelPenninck during the last three years of her life, when the act of writing was distasteful and burdensome to her. It received neither subsequent addition nor alteration from its Author.

She did not live to make those corrections which every such work requires, and the reader's indulgence is claimed for faults of composition arising from these circumstances.

In compiling the memoir of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's life, the utmost pains have been taken to procure materials, with a view to continue the detail from the period when the autobiography of her early years concludes. But in this there was only partial success. Of a considerable part of her married life the Editor has failed in obtaining any record; but from about the year 1835 materials abound. Especially are they rich in letters. So many have been kindly placed at the disposal of the Editor, that the only

difficulty has been in the selection. Many of the letters which follow have been chosen as especially exhibiting the character of the writer, and her views on many interesting topics largely discussed in the present day.

The Editor gladly takes the opportunity afforded by a second edition to introduce several additional letters on subjects not hitherto touched upon, a wish to that effect having been very generally expressed.

A new edition of the "Memoirs of Port Royal," and some unpublished writings of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's, are in course of preparation for the press, and will follow the present volume as soon as possible. They will consist of the following series:—

SELECT MEMOIRS OF PORT ROYAL, 3 vols.

THE PRINCIPLES OF BEAUTY, 1 vol.

ESSAYS ON THE TEMPERAMENTS, ON GOTHIC AND GRECIAN ARCHITECTURE, AND OTHER SUBJECTS, 1 vol.

All these works are published in pursuance of the Author's testamentary directions.

C. C. H.

Clifton, October 29, 1853.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
MARY ANNE SCHIMMELPENNINCK.

PART I.
1778—1787.

“Whatever I write is in its nature testamentary. It may have the weakness, but it has also the sincerity of a dying declaration.”—BURKE.

“Oft in my way have I
Stood still, though but a casual passenger,
So much I felt the awfulness of life.”—WORDSWORTH.

I WAS born in the evening of the 25th of November, 1778, in Steel-House Lane, at my grandfather's house of business in Birmingham, where my father, Samuel Galton, then lived. My mother was Lucy Barclay. My grandfather resided at that time at Dudson, a country-house distant about a mile and a half from that town. My first recollections date from 1782; when we had removed to Hagley Row, the Five Ways, which was then the Clifton of Bir-

mingham. I remember the aged Judge Oliver, Lord Chief Justice of Massachusetts, as then living within two or three doors of us; and the pleasure it was to me to be allowed to hand to his relative, Governor Hutchinson, a rich cup of chocolate in his morning calls, and to be taken on his knee afterwards and hear all about the Falls of Niagara and hunting the bisons; to look through his Claude glass and his telescope; and to see a collection of little curiosities, which he delighted to make, and to show to children.

I then remember, too, learning to put together Dissected Maps; and, my eyes being blindfolded, I was expected to find the different counties by their form and size. I also recollect the pleasure it was to see a camera obscura, and to have it explained by my mother. As a shadowy remembrance, I recall the image of old Lord Monboddo, approaching the house on horseback, with a huge package on his horse behind him; so that I, looking from a window, called out to my mother that the tame dromedary we had seen a few days before, was coming back to us. About the same time I remember seeing Dr. Smeaton, the builder of the Eddystone Lighthouse. Nor can I forget the delightful holiday it used to be, when my kind grandfather came to visit us, or I went to him, and he gave me a little basket of his beautiful fruit, particularly grapes and pine-apples, and taught me how to skip the rope or to sow seeds in my little garden. I also recollect the pleasure it sometimes used to be on a winter evening when my father told me of Menelaus, and Troy, and Ulysses, and the adventures of Æneas; and to go with

him and see our horses "Hector" and "Ajax," "Balius" and "Xanthus."

Amongst the deepest remembrances of that time, is that of my mother's first telling me of God. She was very fond of instructing me, and leading me to inquire into the causes of things; as, for example, of light as coming from the sun, or water from the sea or clouds; so that I was led to inquire of her, "But where did the sun and the sea come from?" She told me to think for a day, and endeavour to find out, but that if I could not, at the end of that time she would tell me. The day seemed interminable; and failing in my endeavour, the next morning I renewed my inquiry. She answered very solemnly that she would take me into a room where we should be alone, and there she would tell me. She took me upstairs, through her bedroom, into a little dressing-room, into which I was not habitually allowed to enter, but which from that time I as distinctly remember as though I now saw everything in it. She shut the door, and said she was now going to answer my question;—that that answer would be the most important thing I should ever hear in my life, for that it would involve everything I should hereafter feel, or think, or do;—that if I made a good use of it, I should have such happiness, that nothing whatever could make me completely miserable; but if, on the contrary, I made a bad use of this knowledge, nothing could make me happy.

She then spoke to me of God; of His omnipotence; of His omnipresence; of His great wisdom shown in all He had made; of His great love to all His creatures, whether

human beings or animals. She told me that God had given to every person a voice in the interior of their hearts, and that this voice was called Conscience; that it had spoken to me the other day, when I had been obstinate in spelling my lesson, and had made me feel that I had done wrong. She then said, that God had invited all His creatures to speak to Him, and to tell Him their wants, and that this was called Prayer; and to thank Him for all His goodness, and that this was called Thanksgiving; and that we should never begin nor end the day without both the one and the other. She said, also, that when she saw I was going to be naughty, she should give me five minutes to sit still and recollect myself, before she proceeded to punish my disobedience.

From that time, on Sundays she always taught me one of the Commandments, a clause of the Lord's Prayer, or one of the texts from the Sermon on the Mount, and explained it to me; as also a question or two in Dr. Priestley's Scripture Catechism. She made me read to her one of Mrs. Barbauld's Prose Hymns for Children; and sometimes she would make me sit still with her, after the manner of Friends. I was going to say this instruction struck deeply into my heart; but it would be more correct were I to say, that though at times it returned with power, there were long seasons when it was not the least influential.

Meanwhile these impressions were crossed by many very opposite ones. My father and mother constantly desired me to bear pain like a Philosopher or a Stoic. I remember my mother telling me of the little Spartan boy, who,

having stolen a fox, let it gnaw him to the heart without his betraying pain ; and she asked me when I should be able to do the same. One day some cotton which was on my hand having caught fire, my mother bade me bring it slowly to her. She was at the opposite end of a long room ; and I was told to walk slowly, lest the flame should catch my dress ; and not to mind the pain, but to be like the boys of Sparta. I did so ; but the scar remained on my hand many, many years. I also recollect with shame, that my endeavours to be a philosopher were not grounded on any love of philosophy ; but partly on an inordinate tendency to self-esteem, which made me like to see my own doings in a *grandiose* point of view ; and partly from the feeling of humiliation in seeing my own character as poor and commonplace and conquered by circumstances. They were also founded on my tender love to my dear and honoured mother ; whose noble character had in reality that magnanimity which I thus attempted to copy. My father, too, equally wished me to be a philosopher ; and liked to instruct me in the rudiments of science. I had a pretty little monkey named Jack, a dog, a cat, a rabbit, and other animals. It was my delight to hear my father explain the Linnæan Orders ; and to have him show me the teeth and claws of my various pets, classifying them, from the *Primates Jack* to the *Brutum Sus*.

I well remember one day when George Bott, the Friends' Dentist, came to examine my teeth. I agreed to have my front teeth drawn before my mother came in from her walk, that I might puzzle her as to my classification, as I

should want the four teeth in the upper jaw, the distinctive mark of the Primates. I sat still and had them all out, that it might be over when she arrived. George Bott said I was "the best little girl he had ever seen;" and took from his pockets a paper of comfits as my reward. But I drew up, and said, "Do you think Regulus, and Epictetus, and Seneca, would take a reward for bearing pain; or the little Spartan boys?" He laughed heartily; and, my mother just then coming in, he said, "Thy little girl is too much of a philosopher to be rewarded for bearing pain, but still I hope she is enough of a child to like these comfits, as a mark of love and kindness;" to which I acceded with great delight.

A few more words relative to this period; the remembrance of which, though clear, is almost like a shadow. It is of my Aunt Mary Galton, my father's sister; whom we used to call my Aunt Polly. I used to delight in going to Dudson when she was there. She would often bid me place my little stool beside her at tea, and tell me long and interesting fairy tales; and still oftener Scripture histories, illustrative of the pictures on the Dutch tiles, which then formed the common ornament of chimney-pieces. I used to listen with delight to the history of Noah or of Abraham, of Joseph and his Brethren, of Caleb and Joshua, of David and Jonathan; and well do I recall the contrast, even then, between the inflation and exulting pride with which I heard the stories of the Grecian heroes and philosophers and the sweet and soothing feelings of rest with which I listened to those of the holy men of old. The one seemed like the glare and strength

of the noon-day sun ; the other like the sweet and refreshing calm of evening.

My Aunt Polly about this time became greatly changed. I believe, from various little evidences which have since reached me, that she then became truly converted to God. Outwardly she assumed the strictest garb of a Friend, and exchanged her silk for a camlet gown ; she no longer related fairy tales ; but told me more of Scripture, and that more sweetly ; she pointed out to me the wisdom and goodness of God in all the fruits and flowers of the garden, and in all else that she thought my childish mind could apprehend. She soon became ill, and was sent, for her health, to the Hotwells, Bristol ; from which place she never returned. Before she went, she came to take leave of us.

“ I am going,” I think she said, “ never to come back.” I replied, “ Oh, let me go with you !” to which she answered, solemnly looking up, “ If thou wouldst be where I hope to be, thou must trust where I desire to trust.” Her words made an indelible impression upon me. Though I did not understand them, I believed that something awful and solemn was associated with their meaning, but I dared not ask anybody to explain it. When, some months afterwards, I heard of her death, these words rose up before me ; and, for a season, seemed ever present with me.

There were still a few other seeds scattered at this time in my mind, which I shall mention, because they struck deep root in my tastes and character. The books in which I delighted were not only eagerly read, but each of my

favourites amongst them seemed as it were to amalgamate with my existence, however diverse they might be one from the other. There was Berquin's "*L'Ami des Enfants*." His vivid scenes and quick feeling delighted me; but some passages I never could read. The account of the child lamenting over its mother's grave, I have never been able to read to this day. I often wondered how that child could have lived after its mother's death; and I very often prayed that I might never outlive my mother. This book, I think, fostered in my mind a love of stimulus and excitement of feeling. My English books were Mrs. Barbauld's "*Little Charles*," and Brook's "*Natural History*;" the latter of which inspired me with a great desire for the acquisition of outward knowledge. It was my happiness every evening to place my little chair close by my mother's table, and to listen whilst she told me histories: particularly I remember her telling me of Mount Hecla and Mount Vesuvius, of the Pyramids, the hanging gardens of Babylon, and the Wall of China; and if the Bonne gave a good account of me through the day, after tea my mother would bring out Buffon, and show me pictures of animals, and read me an account of them. I was very fond, too, of tending animals, and showing kindness to them, and I shall never forget the pleasure I had in feeding the birds which frequented our shrubbery, and in learning their natural history; nor the delight I felt in the periodical visits of some tame dromedaries and brown bears, which I fed with oatcake and treacle.

I was very fond of "*Sandford and Merton*;" and this book, with my mother's instructions grounded upon it,

formed a decided phase in my tastes and habits of mind. I thus early learnt to abhor finery, and to consider it as contemptible; and whenever I saw a fine lady, I considered her in the light of a Mayday dancer who could afford to have better tinsel. One incident I will relate. A lady came one evening to drink tea with my mother; she wore feathers, and had on a very smart head-dress. After a time she kindly called me to her and spoke to me; on which I felt my heart warm to her, and I asked "what she had done," and "if she might not take off her fool's-cap!" If I recollect rightly, Mrs. Wakefield has alluded to this incident in one of her books for children. I held also in the greatest contempt all aristocratic distinctions. I loved Henry Sandford for contemning the rich and the fashionable at Mr. Merton's, and for helping the poor. I had the utmost enthusiasm for his refusing to denounce the poor hare to Squire Chase; and for Hamet, the generous Turk. I thought nothing on earth would give me more happiness than to be enabled to make such sacrifice, or do such a service to my mother; but, like Diogenes, I was ignorant that I was trampling on pride with still greater pride. I also remember the delight it was to me to hear my Swiss Bonne talk of the Jura, the Alps, and the Lake of Geneva. But what I liked still better was when M. Constanson, an aged Swiss minister, came to stay at our house, and took me on his knee, and told me long stories of his encounter with a bear on the Alps, and his visits to Herculaneum and Pompeii, with a whole history of their catastrophe. I still have a little piece of a vine he gave me, from Seneca's garden. Such were some of the very heterogeneous in-

fluences which, about this period, impressed my character ; —the sense of the presence of God ; the desire to know His will and do it ; a great thirst for all sorts of desultory information ; and, with all, an inordinate pride and self-esteem, which rather led me to abhor the humiliation in my own eyes and before others consequent upon yielding to temptation, than enabled me to resist it. Better children or worse children than I might have been more honest : I was too bad to resist temptation ; I was too good to have an easy conscience under the feeling of having done wrong. A great love of stimulus and quick feeling, with a sensitiveness which made me shrink from having my feelings known, also became integral parts of my character. I remember hearing, about this time, a great deal of Madame de Genlis' work on education. It had been especially interesting to us from a proposal that Madame de Genlis should pay us a visit. She was well acquainted with Miss de Luc, daughter of the Christian philanthropist De Luc, who was reader to Queen Charlotte. Miss de Luc, freshly arrived from Switzerland, boarded in a family very near us, and, as we were the only persons who habitually spoke French and my parents were both literary and scientific, she found great pleasure in coming to our house. We were much interested in anecdotes she told us of Sabrina Sidney, the *élève* of Mr. Day, who was boarding at the same house with her. We heard how she stood unmoved when, every morning, he fired a pistol close to her ear, and how she bore melting sealing-wax being dropped on her back and arms ; and we were told of her throwing a box of finery into the fire at his request.

Sometimes I wished I were such a philosopher ; sometimes I felt it would be a "vocation assistée !"

When I was about six years old we left The Five Ways ; previously to which, our party being increased, my father took a house belonging to an artist, a Mr. Miller, which immediately adjoined our own. A doorway of communication was opened through the offices. This addition gave my father two rooms below for his laboratory and philosophical apparatus, and the younger children and the *bonne* nurseries above. My health was weak, and I had great delight in the society of those older than myself, while I was overpowered by the noise and habits of children ; and they, on the other hand, must have felt as little pleasure in the society of one but a few years older than themselves, who took so little part in their amusements. It thus happened that I was brought up with my parents and their friends ; and the others, as children together, under their Swiss *Bonne*. The religious Society to which we nominally belonged — Friends — was at that period at the lowest ebb ; and we never had the opportunity, which all may now enjoy, of hearing the truth in Christ luminously set forth. My dear and excellent mother's standard of excellence was then grand and exalted, but self-sufficing. She had the love of right and justice, and of generosity, fortitude, and beneficence ; but she looked on the expression of human tenderness as weakness. Hence my childhood formed for itself a standard of right and wrong which excluded, as did, indeed, my circumstances at that time, the cultivation of many social ties ; but my heart was as weak as my mother's was strong, and I was glad to find

a refuge for its affections and sympathies in love of animals of every variety.

Before Mr. Miller the artist quitted his house, I had often watched him painting portraits; and had been much interested in his showing me a human skull, and teaching me the names of the various bones of which it is composed. When he went away he made me a present of this skull; it henceforth became part of my possessions; it ranked ostensibly with my saws, hammers, nails, maps, books, and other playthings. I often explained what I had learnt of its structure to a little maid of ten years old, the daughter of a cottager, named Polly King, who waited on us. Yet internally and really this skull caused me many musings. Often by firelight, in winter, when I was alone in my room, and the flickering light chanced to fall upon it, the thought would arise: "What is become of the soul that inhabited thee? Is it dead and ended;—or does it yet live; and if so, where and how? Is it happy or unhappy? Is it with my Aunt Polly?" And as such questionings arose, my heart seemed to shrink before an unfathomable chaos over which I found no bridge to the unseen. Sometimes again a different phase came over me, and I thought, as I looked upon the ghastly head and fleshless cheeks, "Hast thou, too, ever been the delight of a mother? Hast thou laughed, and talked, and played, and been merry, as we are? Hast thou been taught with care to fulfil some great hope in the world, and what has been the end of thy labours or thy parents' expectation? Do any yet live who perhaps have fondly loved thee, and nurtured thee? and how would those feel who watched thy death-bed, if they could see thee

the plaything of a child?" Then my heart smote me; and I remember saving up my allowance of sixpence a week to buy a nice box to put it in, and begging a piece of silk in which to wrap it carefully in my box; and I thought, "If there be a heaven, and if any of those who once loved thee look down, they will see one at least who tries to show kindness to the form they loved." I mention this as showing the deep melancholic tinge which formed a prominent trait in my character. These feelings I kept closely to myself, and they were wholly unsuspected by others; and here I finish that part of my history which relates to The Five Ways.

When I was about seven years old, I think in 1785, we moved from The Five Ways, for which our family was now too large, to Barr in Staffordshire, quite in the country, about seven or eight miles from Birmingham. Barr was a habitation altogether of a different kind from The Five Ways. The latter was a suburban villa, in a sort of straggling row, in which gentlemen's houses, cottages, trees and fields promiscuously found place. Before it passed the high road to Hagley and the Leasowes, the abodes of the celebrated Lord Lyttleton and the poet Shenstone. The place was called Five Ways because five ways actually met at the turnpike, which was then one mile from Birmingham. Some of these roads were picturesque, especially one winding in a deep bottom to Harborne. Behind the house we had a large shrubbery garden, a poultry-yard, pens for our pets, stables and coach-house, altogether occupying perhaps two acres.

Barr, on the other hand, was a comfortable mansion

house, and though built in what is now called the "Ogee Gothic style" (of which nothing was understood in those days), it yet had an eminently comfortable and attractive appearance. It was the seat of Sir Joseph Scott, who was reputed to have found the art of giving wings to the three fortunes which he had successively inherited. He went abroad, and my father took a lease of his house for twenty-one years. I have always thought that six lines which Sir Joseph Scott wrote were very beautiful. An uncle, from whom he expected to inherit a large fortune, died, cutting him off with a shilling. This shilling Sir Joseph Scott had framed and put up in the library at Barr, with the following inscription:—

"Behold in me sole fruit of all the care
An honour'd Uncle gave his much-loved heir;
Yet judge not harshly, think him not unkind:
Good and indulgent, yet, like Isaac, blind;
Deluded he by Jacob's happier star,
He gave to Shestock what was due to Barr."

Great Barr House, for such the place was called, was the mansion of a very beautiful though not large estate. It was situated in an amphitheatre of wooded hills, one of which was covered with noble oak and beech trees, another with dark firs and walnuts, and a third with young plantations. They rose immediately behind the house. On the top of the highest of these hills was a small area, in the midst of a picturesque clump of aged Scotch firs, where rose a flag-staff, as high as the mainmast of a ship, which could be seen from a vast distance around. Here, on days for receiving company, Sir Joseph Scott had been used to

hoist a flag with an inscription similar to that on the staff itself, "A welcome to all friends round the Wrekin."

From one of these wooded hills, we emerged upon a wide hilly common and sheep path, which led to an ancient manor-house, belonging to Sir J. Scott's uncle, Mr. Hoo. This was one of those old-fashioned houses in which dark oak timber alternates with the lighter colour and material of the house itself; with oriel windows and gable ends and bartizans. Around it was an old-fashioned Dutch garden, full of fish-ponds. In the garden stood a yew tree, the branches extending about thirty-six yards round, which Dr. Plott, nearly 150 years ago, celebrated in his "History of Staffordshire" as the largest in England. Close by was the Squire's kennel for his hounds, adorned with stags' horns and other trophies of the chase. It was a great amusement to us to go and see the hounds led out. Mr. Hoo was quite an original, and had a servant as original as himself. He was an old bachelor. Some forty years before, he had been on the point of marriage with a lady to whom he was much attached, but the lady required him to give up smoking and his hounds; after a short demur, he said, "there was no woman worth fifty hounds," but that he should never love another, and would never marry anybody else. He then shut himself up in his manor-house, and never allowed any woman to enter his doors.

When my father and mother occupied Barr, and raised no obstacles to Mr. Hoo's sporting on our grounds, he became very friendly towards us, and an interchange of kindly presents went on between us, he sending us game, and my mother in return sending him turtle and West

India sweetmeats. He used to drink my mother's health as "the only reasonable woman in the world."

Beyond Mr. Hoo's house the common ascended and expanded into Sutton Coldfield. Just beyond Barr Beacon, in the midst of a wild clump of trees, was marked the spot where the Beacon had stood in the time of the Druids. The panoramic view hence was magnificent. Sutton Coldfield was a vast chase, in part wooded, in part rough common, adorned with every sort of wild flower, and interspersed with woody ravines; it extended over thirty miles. Twelve miles off gleamed the three beautiful spires of Lichfield Cathedral,—"The Ladies of the Vale," as they were called. In another direction was the little town of Walsall, and many beautiful villages and hamlets. In the distance rose, like a blue haze, the smoke from the vast ironworks at Colebrook Dale, and beyond, forty miles off, the great Wrekin. The whole view was girdled in by the Malvern, the Clent, the Cotswold, and Bredon Hills, and on a very clear day some thought they could see Kingroad.

This vast and wild scenery at the back of Barr formed a remarkable contrast to the cheerful yet secluded and peaceful view in front of the house, which stood in a beautiful meadow of about forty acres, terminated on the right by a woody landscape, whence emerged the tower of the village church. In fact, though not seen from the house, a wild irregular avenue of lofty and aged Scotch firs ran over an undulating ground, from Mr. Hoo's old manor-house at Barr Beacon to the entrance of the church. My impression is that it must have extended a

mile. This avenue was occupied by a vast rookery ; the cawings of the rooks reached the house, softened by the distance ; and in our walks we delighted to watch their evolutions. A brook ran through the meadow, bordered with wild flowers. To this day I love the orchis and the cowslip, from the multitude which grew there. This brook ran into a pool, which in its turn formed a cascade, to whose murmurings I loved to listen.

At the top of the meadow was a grove called "The Ladies' Wood ;" this was one of our favourite resorts to sit and read in. The grounds of Barr were entered from the Birmingham Road by a carriage drive under aged oaks, whence sloped down a steep precipice to a wild mill-stream, filled with flags and bulrushes, and the haunt of the heron and the kingfisher. This was separated by a wooden dam from a second lake of a very different character, as clear as a looking-glass. Another favourite haunt for reading or botanising was by an old sawpit, where, on logs of wood, many a time I sat and read Virgil's first Eclogue, listening to the wild bees and the woodlark's song.

Such was the scenery of Barr. I will say a few words of the house itself, because I believe both of these had a material effect on my character. The house had been built at very various times. There were four or five different halls, and as many different staircases. It was more like an assemblage of several houses under the same roof, than the unity of one dwelling. One part was occupied by the apartment of my parents, my own, my sister's, and our two schoolrooms. Another part of the new building

contained the rooms of our visitors, of whom we always had several; another, the rooms of the servants, and a third the nurseries of my younger brothers and sisters. Owing to this mode of arrangement, it resulted that each formed a little clan to itself, and ordinarily we met our visitors and each other only in the public family rooms at meal-times.

My dear mother, in her scrupulous care, wished to insure that her children should never by any means hold intercourse with servants; and, in her anxiety to effect this, we were forbidden to pass through that lobby which lay near the servants' offices and formed the only access to the children's nursery. She took the greatest pains that we might receive no contamination from ignoble minds, no vulgarity of habits or ideas. The religious Society to which she belonged did not, as I have said, at that time inculcate a distinct view of Christian truth; and she probably thought that it was enough to guard against evils from without. But true love either to God or man is an exotic of celestial growth, and needs a constant fostering, not only by devotedness to God, but by the habitual practice of forbearance, self-denial, and self-discipline towards man. Her noble heart always led her to pour forth her beneficent brightness on all around her; but my heart was different, I was fearful and sensitive. I learnt in my isolation to wrap myself up in my own feelings; and, to this day, oh, how deeply do I regret my want of social perception and sympathy!

And now I will dwell, for a few minutes, on the earliest part of my childhood at Barr. Soon after we went there, we—that is my sister and myself—had a Swiss governess,

a young person about sixteen, the daughter of M. Venel, a celebrated surgeon at Orbe. She had never left her home before; in truth, her own education was by no means finished, but my parents hoped to train and educate her in what they wished.

I had a pretty little bedroom assigned to me, looking out on a lovely view; and my mother made me a present of a cabinet bookcase, which, after the lapse of sixty-six years, stands this day in my room. It is almost the only relic left of my early and much-loved home. The room opposite was our pleasant schoolroom, and through it was a bedroom occupied by my sister and the governess. These three rooms, and the staircase leading to them, formed our apartments. At the bottom of the staircase was a little unoccupied room, which looked out on a flat roof covering some of the offices. It used to be a great delight to me, as soon as I had learnt my geography or Latin, to spread out the map on this roof, and call to Polly King, the little girl I have mentioned, and shout out my lesson and teach it to her; in which lesson, when next she came to wait on me, I failed not to examine her.

We used to delight in our rambles about the beautiful hills, and woods, and meadows of Barr. Nor must I forget, as one of my great pleasures, that of occasionally meeting in our walks the Swiss *bonne* who attended my little brothers and sisters. She was gifted with a clear, deep, and sonorous voice; my governess possessed great taste, and was not deficient in a knowledge of music; both passionately loved their country. How often would they sit on some fallen tree under the lofty pines I have de-

scribed as near the flag-staff, where, after long conversing on their fatherland, its magnificent Alps, its wide-spread lakes, its pastures and its *châlets*, they would sing in parts the "Ranz des Vaches." Never can I forget the deep pathos of that song; every note thrilled through the soul; and I think a Swiss could scarcely have felt it more than I; whilst the mountains, clad in snow, or bright in varied light, the lake of Geneva, with the Rhone gliding through it, the Jura, Lausanne, the rocks of Meillerie and Yverdon, seemed to rise before my mind almost with the vividness of sight; and, even to the present day, Switzerland seems to me rather like a home of my heart known in childhood, than a picture of the imagination. How well I remember, when at the close of one of these times, my young governess burst into tears, and exclaimed, "He does not know the glories of God who has not seen Switzerland!"

My father was extremely fond of botany; and during our walks we were constantly occupied in looking for new plants, which my French governess would afterwards draw under his direction. We were likewise employed in learning entomology. We sallied forth with our little boxes covered with glass slides, in which to put the insects we might catch, being always careful to add some of the leaves of the plants on which they were found, that they might have a happy time whilst we took them home; and at breakfast, or after dinner or tea, we brought them to my father's or my mother's table, with our books of natural history and a microscope, and after we had learnt all we could concerning them, we released our little prisoners. Then my parents would tell us interesting stories, explain-

ing the uses to which God had appointed even these minute creatures, and adding many exhortations to show kindness towards them. I well remember the intense interest with which I once examined a wasp's nest, and also the rose-like nest of the paper bee. It was a great pleasure to me to observe and watch the various birds with which Barr abounded. One day, I found in our walk a little magpie not fully grown, which had received some hurt. We took him home to nurse, and tried to tame him. My father read to me an account of the natural history of this bird; and I was much delighted with the description of Plutarch's magpie, which imitated all the evolutions of a flourish of trumpets, and from that time I determined to commence the education of my magpie. Every day I found a great spur to learning my own Latin vocabulary in trying to teach it to my little pet; and as we happened to have a grey parrot at the same time, it was an object of great interest to see which of my pupils would make most progress; and when my governess laughed at me for expecting that my magpie should excel Plutarch's, and my parrot equal Prince Maurice's, I used to say, "Lord Chatham says: 'I trample on impossibilities; and what man has done, man may do.'"

About this time my mother used to read with us daily "*Les Veillées du Château*." We were particularly delighted with the history of Alphonse; for my mother, like Madame de Genlis, never allowed us to read fairy tales, because they had no foundation in truth. My father gave us the explanation of all the wonders we read of in Alphonse; and when my mother also read to us one

account after another of burning mountains, showers of blood, hills of loadstone, and I was told all these things were true, I was in astonishment that we never met with any of them. I expected every morning, when we began our walk, that we should certainly fall in with some of these wonders, and was greatly disappointed when day after day passed without bringing them. I have often since thought that my dear mother was perhaps mistaken in thinking that fairy tales and the "Arabian Nights" would have imbued her children's minds with false views of nature; whereas, in point of fact, a child told that the wonders of a fairy tale are a fiction, allows for its machinery as grown people do for that of Homer or Virgil; but, being told that all these wonders are actual facts, he is really led to take a totally false measure of the probability of their occurrence: and thus it was with us; we were made so familiar with the exceptions in what is called nature, that we learnt to expect them as the rule.

Another very favourite book with me at that time was Mrs. Barbauld's "Prose Hymns for Children." I cannot express the delight it often was to me to walk out alone and look at the beautiful hills, and wood, and water, or the flowers, and the happy birds, and insects, and to think that God had made them all in wisdom and in love; that He was my Father, and that I might speak to Him; and I thought if this world were beautiful, how much happier must it be in a still brighter world with Him above. I recollect one afternoon watching a funeral procession; it was a rustic funeral of a young person whom I had known; all the attendants were in white. I now recall the pro-

cession slowly winding along the meadow. As I followed it with my eye, the thought arose, "Oh! happy person! then she is with God, and she really sees that beautiful world which I can only imagine."

Many passages, which my mother selected to read to me from Stretche's "Beauties of History," "Plutarch's Lives," and the "History of the Barmachides," had much effect in the formation of my character. I loved to read of the wife of Tigranes, Panthea and Abradates, of the history of Cyrus, of Arria and Pætus, of Aristides, and of Regulus. This kind of reading, whilst it inculcated an abhorrence of much evil, likewise fostered the pride and self-esteem of the natural heart, strengthened the false idea of the dignity and excellence of unassisted human nature, and tended to develop a presumptuous self-confidence, which afterwards expanded in most evil and unhappy fruits. How little do even the wisest of parents feel, perhaps, that it is necessary not only that their children should acquire a knowledge and admiration of apparent good, but that they should watch the root from which it really springs; and often have I, in after life, found in my own case that apparent indifference to the world was strongly mingled with a presumptuous reliance on self. I learnt to despise the good opinion of others, and forgot that, in self-approbation, I was seeking the approval of one as weak and ignorant as any of the herd I despised, and of which I really formed an unit.

I remember the great pleasure I often had at Barr when the scene was enlivened by the hounds quietly led forth, and the huntsmen and gentlemen in their scarlet dresses; but sometimes, when I heard the hounds rush by in full

cry after their unfortunate victim, my heart used to be so sad that I could attend to neither book nor lesson. How earnestly did I wish that I might meet "Squire Hoo" in my walks, and speak to him as Harry Sandford did to "Squire Chase." I used to pray to God to teach the poor hare to escape; or, sometimes, if I thought that unlikely, I prayed that, in leaping over a certain fence, the Squire might fall into a rushy quagmire, where I well knew he could not be hurt, and where he might have time to think of better things. Often, again, my blood boiled with indignation at the baseness of men worrying a poor innocent hare or fox. How different, I thought, are such cowards from Leonidas or Mucius Scævola. It is curious to me now to observe how partly the love of God, and partly an inordinate pride in opposition to it, seemed alternately to rule in my mind. The same was true in other instances.

There are two things for which I am more especially indebted to my dear mother, amongst the innumerable benefits I received from her. One is, that she always took the season of our Sunday talkings, in which I poured out my mind to her as in the presence of God, or as a Catholic to his confessor, to tell me of my faults; and that she represented her doing so as a mark of her especial love and confidence, and of her full assurance that it was my first wish to do well and improve. She often told me that none could be without faults, but that she wished her child to be like Elzevir, who, as fast as he printed a sheet, put it up at his window, offering a reward to any one who could find one mistake. Elzevir was much beloved, and, possessing many real friends, they diligently looked out for

every error, and, owing to their kindness in doing this, his editions, she told me, are the most perfect in the world. Sometimes, too, she told me of Praxiteles, who, having produced a most magnificent statue of Minerva, exhibited it in like manner, calling on everybody to discover any imperfection. By this means Praxiteles attained the same eminence as a sculptor that Elzevir did in printing. She would then take the Bible and show me how Adam and Eve, after first eating the forbidden fruit, continued and increased their fault by making excuses. "Thus," she said, "thou seest that a sure mark of desiring to do well is to seek to be told of our faults; and, as thou growest older, thou wilt see that those who love thee and think well of thy good principle and sense, will tell thee of thy faults; and, as for those who do not, it is only because they do not care for thee, or think thee too naughty and silly to wish to amend them."

The second thing my mother taught me, and which indeed is connected with the same principle, is to value things at what they *are* and not at what they *seem*. It had pleased God, by His blessing on the industry of my grandfather and father, that I was brought up in the midst of wealth and of everything which pertained to what was really useful, either to the physical or intellectual life; but whilst this was the case, there was not one single thing, either in the furniture of our house or the appurtenances of its inmates, which was for show or for fashion; there was a use for everything, and we were taught to despise that which was not useful. No one saw at Barr the least difference made on account of rank, or riches, or fashion,

though often, I am sorry to add, they might on account of intellect. Our table, dress, and equipages were precisely the same when we sat down to dinner a family party of fourteen, as when we had ten or twenty guests — with the simple difference of the necessary additional quantity. The table at breakfast, dinner, and supper was always beautifully adorned with flowers, as were our sitting-rooms. My mother was always handsomely and exactly dressed, and she expected the same from all her family. She said we should *be* and not *seem*; we should do things to make home beautiful and cheerful to those who live there, more even than for others who may be occasional visitors; though they equally demand our respect and attention. We were early taught to treat with the greatest courtesy all our servants.

These principles have been a great blessing to me in after life. I was then surrounded by every luxury; since that time I have often been sorely straitened; and now, in my old age, I am given a sufficiency for necessary comforts, with economy; yet during the whole period of my life, I have, owing to my dear mother's teaching, only felt the pressure of *real*, not fictitious or conventional inconveniences or wants; my happiness has never depended on having a large house or a small one, extensive grounds or no grounds, on possessing equipages or possessing them not, on living without consideration from those of my own original condition in life, or living, like many of my family, as petty sovereigns in the place where my early lot was cast. Many long years of my life, and many happy ones, have been passed in comparative destitution of these

things, at a period when they would have been merely conventional luxuries, and now that I am past threescore years and ten, God has in His mercy restored to me those which my age has rendered necessary comforts. How do I bless Him for what He took away, for what He has restored, and yet above all for my dear mother's teaching, which enabled me to be happy in both conditions! It is curious to me at this distance of time to look back and see how both the teaching of the word of God and the dictates of uncontrolled pride grew up and flourished in my mind like plants far apart in a nursery bed, each of which grows in strength from its own root, without yet having attained the size in which their branches could meet and impede each other. From the examples of Christ and His apostles, I believed dress and things for mere ornament and show to be absolutely evil; from the pride of my heart and the study of "Sandford and Merton," I heartily despised all such things, to which I may add titles and money, and I esteemed those little better than fools who cared for any of them. On one occasion Lady Scott came over from Boulogne on a visit to my father's house. She had a French maid with her, and was adorned with feathers, flowers, and all sorts of finery. She came to transact some business relative to Barr, and remained for some weeks. I had never seen such gay dressing in my life, and I really believed that Lady Scott was labouring under an alienation of mind. One day when my parents were out of the room, and I was busily reading certain little books of Mr. Newberry's library for children, adorned with gilt paper covers, Lady Scott came up to me, took away my books,

and said: "So you have saved up your money to buy these two gilded books; none but a silly child would do so: go, take your slate and do a sum; for arithmetic, your father told you this morning, is useful and leads to certain results." I gave up my book with a very ill grace, took up my slate and occupied myself with it for some time, when my mother coming in, I eagerly ran to her and said, "Dost thou know that Lady Scott says she is two hundred and fifty-two times more silly than I?" My mother asked what I meant; I turned to Lady Scott, and said; "Lady Scott says that none but a silly child would spend sixpence in these two gilt books; because, she says, they are of little use; and she told you at breakfast that her bracelets and necklace, which are of no use at all, cost six guineas; now are there not two hundred and fifty-two sixpences in six guineas? besides, my books give me the whole history of 'Les Chiens Célèbres,' and tell me how to rear silk-worms as they do in China." When I was alone with my mother she said to me: "My child, I want to speak to thee. Thou art quite right in thinking that finery is of no use, and is silly; but thou art quite wrong in thinking that Lady Scott is silly because she wears finery. Many clever people sometimes do foolish things; for sense, like medicine, is only useful in those cases to which it is applied, and few apply it in everything. People often act from custom, taking things as they find them without thought. I hope thou wilt be too wise to love finery thyself, and not be so ignorant as to think all people silly who do differently. I hope thou wilt go to Lady Scott's room directly and tell her how very sorry thou art to have made so ignorant a

speech, and that thou hopest she will pardon it as that of a little girl who knew no better." I went directly to Lady Scott, who received my apology most kindly, in token of which she gave me leave to go every day into her room, and feed her little dog, "Comme-vous."

There was an old lady, Mrs. Matthews, ninety-six years old, who had been housekeeper to one of my mother's aunts, and who always came to stay with us a few weeks every summer. As a great treat, I was sometimes allowed to sit up and sup with her in the study, where my fare was generally brown bread and honey. One day Lady Scott laughed at me for going to what she thought so poor a treat. She told me, if I would visit her at Boulogne, I should have a very different supper. She then enumerated a great number of nice and splendid things she thought I should like; after which she asked me if I would rather sup with old Mrs. Matthews on brown bread, or with her on these dainties. I stopped a moment, because I felt it was kind of her to ask me, and then I replied: "With Mrs. Matthews." She asked "Why?" I answered proudly: "Because I had rather sup with Fabricius than Lucullus." She laughed; and I added, feeling her kindness: "Besides, perhaps you and the French ladies have not heard what Jesus Christ says of the unhappiness of those who wear purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day; but I thank you very much." Thus my Christian and anti-Christian principles both led to the same condemnation of finery.

One of our most constant visitors at Barr was Miss de Luc, who generally came from Windsor to pass two or three

months with us every summer. I used very much to like reading French with her, and hearing from her anecdotes of the royal family, George III., Queen Charlotte, and the princesses, and also of Mrs. Delany and Dr. Herschel, who was the intimate friend of M. de Luc. She likewise often spoke of Miss Burney. I can hardly describe the interest with which, many years afterwards, I read Madame D'Arblay's *Memoirs*, which again brought the scenes I had lived over in my childhood so vividly before me, or how I enjoyed the truthfulness of a description thus established by two wholly distinct witnesses.

We had many interesting visitors at Barr. My father was a man of superior intellectual endowments; he had much taste for the exact sciences, in which he was eminently skilled. He was often deeply occupied in courses of experiments on optics and colours, and also on electricity and chemistry. He had long been a member of the Royal Society, and was one of the earliest members of the Linnæan Society. These tastes led to an intercourse with others of the like pursuits. My father belonged to a little society of gifted men, who, spending a day alternately once a month at the house of each of its members, were called the Lunar Society. Amongst them were Mr. Boulton, the father of Birmingham, and the institutor of the Mint there; and his partner, Mr. Watt, whose immense general knowledge was the delight of all who knew him, and whose discovery in the application of steam has revolutionised the process of manufactures and of land and ocean travelling through the whole civilised world. Captain Keir, also, was one of this intellectual galaxy; he was the wit, the man of the world,

the finished gentleman, who gave life and animation to the party. He often brought with him his intimate friends Mr. Edgeworth and Mr. Day. To this society also belonged the celebrated Dr. Withering, distinguished alike in botany and medicine ; and of whom it was said, years afterwards, when his life was terminating by a lingering consumption, "The Flower of Physic is indeed Withering." Then came Dr. Stoke, profoundly scientific and eminently absent. On one occasion, when the Lunar meeting, or "Lunatics," as our butler called them, were seated at dinner, a blazing fire being in the room, we were astonished by hearing a sudden *hissing* noise, and seeing a large and beautiful yellow and black snake rushing about the room. My dear mother, who saw it was not venomous, said to me : "Mary Anne, go and catch that snake ;" which, after some trouble, and thinking all the while of little Harry Sandford and Tommy Merton, I succeeded in accomplishing. We were wondering where it could have come from, when Dr. Stoke said that, as he was riding along, he had seen the poor animal frozen on a bank, and put it in his pocket to dissect, but the snake had thawed, and escaped from his pocket. The doctor praised me very much for my prowess in the capture of the snake, and as a reward, he made me a present of my prisoner, which I long kept in a glass jar, and carefully tended every day ; at last, however, I gave him his freedom.

Another, and though mentioned last, not the least valuable of these friends, was Dr. Priestley, the father of discoveries on air ; a man of admirable simplicity, gentleness, and kindness of heart, united with great acuteness of intellect. I can never forget the impression produced on

me by the serene expression of his countenance. He, indeed, seemed present with God by recollection, and with man by cheerfulness. I well remember that in the assembly of these distinguished men, amongst whom Mr. Boulton, by his noble manners, his fine countenance (which much resembled that of Louis XIV.), and princely munificence, stood pre-eminently as the great Mæcenas, even as a child, I used to feel when Dr. Priestley entered after him, that the glory of the one was terrestrial, that of the other celestial; and utterly far as I am removed from a belief of the sufficiency of Dr. Priestley's theological creed, I cannot but here record this evidence of the eternal power of any portion of truth held in vitality. I believe that no Divine truth can truly dwell in any heart without an external testimony in manner, bearing and appearance, that must reach the witness within the heart of the beholder, and bear an unmistakable, though silent evidence, to the eternal principle from which it emanates. How often have I wished, in after life, that those who were in possession of far more complete views of Christian truth than Dr. Priestley, had held them half as vitally! I have often thought that some estimable Unitarians whom I have known resembled a living man with the loss of some important limb, whilst I have unhappily lived to see many orthodox professors who, like a corpse or a mummy, exhibited all the form and lineaments of truth, but were destitute of one vital spark.

Besides the distinguished men I have mentioned, Dr. Parr was a frequent attendant at the Lunar meetings; also Dr. Darwin, who, like Mr. Keir, was a friend of Mr. Edgeworth and Mr. Day. I might name other interesting

and distinguished persons of which this Society formed a nucleus ; as, for example, Sir W. Herschel and Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander and Dr. Afzelius. Each member of this Society was indeed himself a centre of intellectual friends, as well foreign as English ; and every member was at liberty to bring any of his friends with him.

Perhaps it may be well to take this opportunity to make a few further observations on the members of the Lunar Society ; for the external bearing and appearance of such eminent men may be interesting at a period when phrenology and physiognomy are by some considered as sciences ; and though at that time I was a mere child, yet my observation was very early directed to the study of physiognomy. My acquaintance with this circle continued from the time I was eight years old till I was four or five and twenty, so that the aspect, form, and manner of each individual was deeply engraven on my memory ; and when many years afterwards I heard phrenological lectures, I could with the greatest ease apply them to my remembrances of some of its more distinguished members. Mr. Boulton was one of those whose characteristics I clearly recollect. He was in person tall and of a noble appearance ; his temperament was sanguine, with that slight mixture of phlegmatic which gives calmness and dignity ; his manners were eminently open and cordial ; he took the lead in conversations, and with a social heart had a *grandiose* manner like that arising from position, wealth, and habitual command. He went among his people like a monarch bestowing largess. His forehead was magnificent ; the organs of comparison, constructiveness, and of indi-

viduality were immense. The characteristics of his partner, Mr. Watt, were altogether different. Mr. Boulton was a man to rule society with dignity; Mr. Watt, to lead the contemplative life of a deeply introverted and patiently observant philosopher. He was one of the most complete specimens of the melancholic temperament. His head was generally bent forward or leaning on his hand in meditation, his shoulders stooping and his chest falling in; his limbs lank and unmuscular, and his complexion sallow. His intellectual development was magnificent; comparison and causality immense, with large ideality and constructiveness, individuality, and enormous concentrativeness and caution. Whilst Mr. Boulton's eye and countenance had something of radiance, Mr. Watt's were calm, as if patiently investigating, or quietly contemplating his object. His utterance was slow and unimpassioned, deep and low in tone, with a broad Scottish accent: his manners gentle, modest, and unassuming. In a company where he was not known, unless spoken to he might have tranquilly passed the whole time in pursuing his own meditations. But this could not well happen; for in point of fact everybody practically knew the infinite variety of his talents and stores of knowledge. When Mr. Watt entered a room, men of letters, men of science, nay, military men, artists, ladies, even little children thronged round him. I remember a celebrated Swedish artist having been instructed by him that rats' whiskers make the most pliant and elastic painting-brush; ladies would appeal to him on the best means of devising grates, curing smoking chimneys, warming their houses and obtaining fast colours. I

can speak from experience of his teaching me how to make a dulcimer and improve a Jew's harp.

Many years after this, I think it was during the peace of Amiens, Mr. Watt visited Paris. It so happened that while going through one of the palaces, I believe the Tuileries, a French housemaid appeared much perplexed concerning some bright English stoves which had just been received, and which she knew not how to clean. An English gentleman was standing by, to whom she appealed for information. This was Charles James Fox. He could give no help: "But," said he, "here is a fellow-countryman of mine who will tell you all about it." This was Mr. Watt, to whom he was at the moment talking; and who accordingly gave full instructions as to the best mode of cleaning a bright grate. This anecdote I have often heard Mrs. Watt tell with great diversion.

Quite different from that of those I have described was the aspect of Dr. Withering. He was the personification of what which belongs to a physician and a naturalist; enormous were his organs of proportion and individuality, and great were his powers of active investigation and accurate detail. His features were sharpened by minute and sagacious observation. He was kind, but his great accuracy and caution rendered his manner less open, and it had neither the wide popularity of Mr. Boulton's, nor the attraction of Mr. Watt's true modesty. When Dr. Withering was writing his work on Fungi, it was often the occupation and interest of our walks as children to search for the curious species in which the woods of Barr abounded; but as it was expected we should bring some

new specimens almost daily (which was no easy task), and as my father happened to be showing us experiments with various acids and alkalies in solutions of metals, we often amused ourselves by painting over the fungi in sundry methods in order to increase our variety and puzzle the doctor, and it was not till long after that we told him of our misdeeds.

Such are some of my recollections of the Lunar meetings. It was at one of them, at the house of Dr. Priestley, that my father first met the Rev. Joseph Berrington, a Roman Catholic gentleman, who, as it happened, was a Catholic priest of Oscott, a small hamlet about a mile and a half from Barr. My father invited him to visit us. I never shall forget the impression that the sight of Mr. Berrington made upon me, when I was not eight years old. It was tea-time, on a summer afternoon. The drawing-room at Barr was very large, and especially it was a very wide room. The door opened, and Mr. Berrington appeared, a tall and most majestic figure. I had never seen anything like that lofty bearing with which he crossed the room to speak to my mother; his courtly bow, down, as it seemed to me, almost to the ground, and then his raising himself up again to his full height, as if all the higher for his depression. Mr. Berrington was in person very remarkable; he was then about fifty; his complexion and hair partook of the sanguine, his prominent temperament; and this gave a lightness and relief to his angular and well-cut features. His countenance exhibited, if one may so say, sternness and mirthfulness in different proportions; his nostrils were slightly fastidious; his mouth

closed like fate. His conversation abounded in intellectual pleasantry; he was a finished gentleman of the old school, and a model of the ecclesiastical decorum of the church of ancient monuments and memories; his cold, stern eye instantly silenced any unbecoming levity either on religion or morality; his bearing was that of a prince amongst his people, not from worldly position, but from his sacerdotal office, while his ancient and high family seemed but a slight appendage to the dignity of his character. His voice was deep and majestic, like the baying of a blood-hound; and when he intoned Mass, every action seemed to thrill through the soul. I have thus spoken at length of Mr. Berrington, as the well-known historian of the "Literature of the Middle Ages," and of that of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and as the author of other popular and historical works. He was our most intimate neighbour at Barr. Three or four days seldom passed without his joining our dinner or tea-table; and as his house at Oscott was the rendezvous of much Catholic society, from that time Catholics became our social visitors, and many of them were yet more intimately connected with us. We regularly had fish on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, as it was more than likely some of them would drop in; and they were ever welcome. Amongst these I should especially mention Bishop Berrington, cousin to our Mr. Berrington; Dr. Bew, an eminent doctor of the Sorbonne; Miss Henrietta Berrington, who often stayed months with her brother and months with us, and became one of our most intimate friends; likewise Miss Lunn, afterwards Mrs. Neve.

Amongst the visitors who continually sojourned with us at Barr, were the venerable Judge Oliver and his niece Miss Clarke, with whom, as I have mentioned, an acquaintance had begun at Five Ways; the eccentric Lord Monboddo; and lastly, my grandfather Barclay, whose residence was at Urie, the home of our venerated ancestor, Robert Barclay, the Apologist. He generally came to us twice a year, when he attended or returned from Parliament. He was member for Kincardineshire. Of all the pleasures of my childhood, by far the greatest and the sweetest in recollection were the visits, whether of days or weeks, to my dear grandfather at Dudson. I can hardly say how delightful to me was the quiet, the spirit of love and order and peace which characterised his household. The family, as I remember it, consisted of my grandfather himself and of Lizzie Forster. She had formerly superintended the education of my aunts, my father's sisters, but after the death of my grandmother and my aunts, Lizzie Forster continued her post as head of the establishment. My grandfather himself presented so striking a likeness to William Penn in West's picture of the Treaty with the Indians, that I never knew any person who had seen both who was not struck by it. He was very cheerful, orderly, active, acute as a man of business, and most kindly in his consideration and thought for the welfare and happiness of all about him. Whilst my mother bestowed out of her benevolent heart like a noble benefactress, my grandfather gave in a benevolent, considerate, and business-like way; with brotherly kindness he ascertained what would add to the well-being of his people, and supplied the

want kindly, beneficently, yet not lavishly, with a completeness that showed his pleasure in giving, yet with an orderly economy. He considered himself as a responsible steward, and as his fortune had been the fruit of God's blessing on industry, he desired, remembering the labour of his youth, to reward industry in others, and to make as many hearts as he could, light and grateful to God the Giver, never seeking to fix the eye of the receiver on himself.

Lizzie Forster was, like my grandfather, truly a Friend in appearance and in principle. She was a person of excellent understanding, high principle, the kindest heart, distinguished for sagacious observation and keen wit, steadfast and self-possessed. She held that place of high respect, in my grandfather's establishment and amongst his friends, which those always will hold who act firmly upon the love and fear of God, and whose bearing reaches the inward testimony in the heart of the beholder; that in nothing do they come forward from self-will, and in nothing do they hold back or compromise the divine teaching; and that, neither deluded by their own voice nor that of others, they know and sedulously follow the voice of the Good Shepherd.

Lizzie Forster was also eminent for a tact and prudence, which gave her an exquisite sense what to do and what to leave undone, what to regulate and what to leave uninterfered with, in the family in which her lot was cast, but to which she was not united by blood. I ever respected and loved her, length of years and experience have only added to my high veneration for her memory.

All the servants at Dudson, from the butler down to the humblest labourer in the garden, seemed to partake of the influence of the heads of the household. All the habits, all the pursuits and conversation, were tinged by kindness and usefulness; and the spirit of quietude and love which reigned there, was a delightful rest after the intellectuality, the brilliance, and the constant mental stimulus of Barr.

Well do I recollect my dear grandfather's cheerful voice, as, at about six o'clock, on a bright summer morning, he would call me to accompany him in his early walk, or, if he were suffering from the gout, to walk by his wheel-chair round the shrubbery. First we used to visit the little garden he had given me, and watch the growth of the seeds or roots I had planted there under his direction. Then we proceeded to the hothouse or conservatories, where my grandfather affixed to various bunches of grapes or pines the names of invalid friends or others, to whom they might be a comfort. If I had been a good child, he would let me affix the tickets, and would teach me to print the names on them, or perhaps allow me to be the bearer of some of his gifts. And then he liked to visit his bees in their glass hives, whence he drew many a lesson on industry. He was likewise a great florist, and delighted to visit his greenhouse, his auriculas, or other choice flowers. Then we proceeded to the pond, or rather, perhaps, lake, since the stream on which Birmingham stands runs through it. This lake occupied four or five acres, and was of a considerable length. It was truly beautiful; its borders indented, and clothed with the finest willows and

poplars I ever saw. The stillness was delightful, interrupted only by some sparkling leaping fish, or the swallow skimming in circles over the water, the hissing of the swans from their two woody islets, or the cries of the wild-fowl from the far-off sedges and bulrushes. It used to be a delight to me, when, standing near my grandfather in a rustic fishing-house at the farthest end of a pool, he applied to his lips a little silver whistle (such as now, sixty-six years after, I wear in remembrance of him), and immediately the surface of the lake seemed instinct with life. Water-fowl, of all descriptions, rose from their coverts and hurried towards us: the heavy Muscovy ducks, shel-drakes, Burrow ducks from the Severn, sea-gulls, Canada and Cape and tall Peruvian geese, and the little moor-hen and teal, half-sailing, half-flying, with six majestic swans, all drew near to be fed. How well do I remember my grandfather then saying to me, "Thou canst not do much good, and canst feed but a very few animals; yet how pleasant it is to do even that! God, the Father of all, opens His hand, and all His creatures on the face of the wide earth are filled with good. How blessed is He!"

Then my grandfather would visit his mill, which was near the lake; there he inquired after all his workmen, went to the cottages of any that were ill, and was sure to leave some substantial evidence of his visit, besides the kind word which accompanied all his gifts. Pleasant were his friendly calls on some infirm or aged person, or sickly child, and sure were those who diligently attended his school of a reward.

On our return to breakfast, my grandfather would make

me partake of his little ration of toast and clotted cream, and then came the pleasure of throwing open the window, and spreading corn with salt on the large pigeon board. How I enjoyed the sudden flight of almond tumblers, Jacobins, pouters, carrier pigeons, and doves, with many other sorts, and to hear their busy beaks on the board making, what I used to call, "pigeons' hail." How eagerly I listened when my grandfather pointed out to me the deep attachment of the carrier pigeon to her home, of the queest to her nest, of the turtle-dove to her mate; that they could only flourish upon corn, and all their food seasoned with salt. He also showed me their beautiful but sober plumage, and pointed out, when they soared up aloft, how bright their iridescent colours appeared in the sun. I loved to learn all these particulars concerning the Columbidae in my childhood, but how many years after was it, when, in a different phase of mind, and under a different teaching, I felt the force and beauty of the Christian symbol, that pure and holy dove-like spirit which wanders not from its home,—the heart of her Lord,—and can never be separated in affection from Him to whom her heart is consecrated; who feeds on the living bread, the corn of the kingdom, whose thirst can be assuaged only by the living waters, and whose food is seasoned with salt; and, finally, whose external garb and bearing, modest, sober, and unobtrusive, is yet radiant with a heavenly light, caught from a beam of that Sun of righteousness in whom her heart delights. My grandfather only told me the facts of natural history; but I have thought, in long after years, that he had a deeper meaning, whilst he waited till the

word and Spirit of God might itself explain the living truth to my heart; and oh! how often have I blessed him for it!

It was a great pleasure to me, at my grandfather's, to listen to Lizzie Forster as she read about the lives of good men, or the accounts of the efforts made for abolishing slavery; and many a word of life, which they perhaps little thought I heeded, dropped like a seed, which, though long buried, sprang up in after years in my soul.

I loved, too, to assist my grandfather in arranging old letters and papers from friends of his youth, or of his ancestors. Many of these old letters were so worn with time that they scarcely hung together, and my grandfather often read me some of their contents. I can well recall the feeling of awe with which I touched these papers, and looked upon the very handwriting and familiar expressions of daily life of those who had so long slept in the grave. I felt they were my relations, my own flesh and blood; they were once mirthful and cheerful, and talked as we talk, and now where are they? Where we shall soon be. Who will look over our letters, as we look over theirs? Will our souls be with God in happiness, or shall we be blotted out? And will the letters we leave behind speak a blessing or a curse from the dead to the living? These feelings sank deeply into my mind.

One more anecdote respecting my grandfather. He was most kind to us his grandchildren, but I believe yet more especially to me, who was three years and a half older than any of the others, and who from delicate health always preferred the quiet society of those older than myself, to

children's play. It was his custom to give each of his grandchildren a guinea on the day of their birth, and on every birthday to add another, paying us also interest on the former. When we were seven years old he made us begin to keep the account ourselves. This was to go on till each attained the age of twenty-one, when he intended the whole sum as a little present; besides this, he frequently gave me money, sometimes half-a-crown, sometimes a guinea. He gave me also a little account-book, in which he desired I should accurately set down everything I received and expended. This was contrary to my natural taste and habits; it was also very different from my dear mother's magnificent manner of spending and acting in all that related to money; but one day my grandfather called me to him and said: "My child, thou didst not like when I advised thee the other day, to save thy sixpence, instead of spending it in barberry drops and burnt almonds. But dost thou remember that the beautiful flowers in thy garden so sweet and so bright, all grow from those ugly brown roots thou wert so busy planting, and that it was so much trouble to weed and to water? And so the bright pleasure of being generous can in like manner only grow from the homely root of self-denial. Dost thou remember, too, the Black and the cocoa-nut?" This alluded to the following incident. I had often heard of cocoa-nuts, and read descriptions of them growing in the country of the Blacks, from the beautiful cocoa-nut palm; and I had been told that the pulp and the milk were delicious, and the husk good to make cordage, and that the shell would make a beautiful cup. It had long been the object of my ambi-

tion to possess a cocoa-nut. When I was five years old, my grandfather, to my great joy, brought me a magnificent one from Liverpool. I had set my heart upon making a little feast for the whole family, myself included, with its contents, and in my mind's eye I already saw its shell turned into a cup. Just at this time a gentleman's servant, a Black, came to our house with his master, a West-Indian captain. I had never seen a Black before, was frightened, and called him "ramoneur," thinking he was a chimney-sweeper; but on its being explained to me that he was a negro, that he had been kidnapped from his country, and taken from his family and friends, and brought away and sold for a slave in Jamaica, and that he could never see his country more, I immediately ran for my cocoa-nut and gave it him, saying: "This is from your country; it is all I have to give you, but take it and welcome." The servant was ever after very kind to me, and I remembered the pleasure I had in giving the cocoa-nut was very much greater than I could have had in eating it and making a cup of it. "Thus," my grandfather said, "thou seest the best pleasures arise from self-denial; we cannot be self-denying wisely till we know the real value of what we give up; that is why I wish thee to keep exact accounts."

My grandfather's household was a strictly Friendly one, and there were some about him very anxious to train me in the habits of Friends. One of these persons sometimes said to me; "See how beautiful are the sober and unobtrusive colours of the linnet, the dove, and the red-breast. I hope thou wilt imitate them in thy attire." I would an-

swer: "But art thou not glad, though, that it pleased God not to create grandpapa's peacocks and golden pheasants on Friends' principles?" Nevertheless, I was deeply attached to Friends. It was one of my greatest pleasures to be taken to the Friends' meeting, either on the Sunday or week days, and scarcely knowing it, I felt the influence of that holy presence of God, visibly recognised by so many persons whose garb marked them as withdrawn from the world, and whose countenances for the most part bore the impress of love and peace. I felt as one entering an overshadowing summer cloud where the presence of light is felt, though no distinct object is seen; and I well remember after my own childish "meeting" was over, as I used to watch the progress of the sunbeam as it successively illuminated the countenance of those on the benches before me, how often did I say to myself, "Oh that a ray of light from God like that sunbeam would come to me and teach me truly to know Him!" And though this was not vouchsafed to me at that time, yet never can I sufficiently express my deep obligations to the Friends I met at my grandfather's. They did not indeed bring forward dogmatic truth, as I have heard so many do since; possibly there was not enough of this; but still further were they removed from the irreverent habit of bandying about the most sacred truths as subjects of superficial and colloquial discussion. Deep and reverent was their feeling that the truth of God can only be taught to the heart of man by the Spirit of God; hence they lived the truth instead of talking about it. Their habitual recollection, if it did not announce the dogma, inspired a living sense of the Divine omnipresence

and omniscience. Their chastened language and voice, and peaceful placidity of manner, spoke a sense of their accountability to that Supreme Power in whom they confided. The caution and guardedness, and yet definite correctness with which they declared their sentiments, bore with it an impress of a humble consciousness of fallibility and a feeling of the preciousness of truth. Their seasons of silence seemed to utter, "with a silent tongue," "Acquaint thyself with God and be at peace." The indefatigable industry and zeal with which they pursued plans of benevolence told that their hearts recognised that God had indeed made of one blood all the children of men.

To return to Barr. It was about this time, or it might be before, for I was a very little child, that my parents received a letter announcing the death of Mrs. Gurney, of Earlham. I mention it, because though then it made but a slight impression upon me, the Gurney family many years after were so deeply involved in the closest interests of my heart and character.

After we had remained at Barr some considerable time, I was seized with violent spasmodic asthma. How long it lasted, I cannot now say, but the time then appeared interminable, and my sufferings were very great. I especially remember, once, when I was very ill, that a lady, out of kindness, to amuse me, read to me the story of Apollyon and Giant Despair in "The Pilgrim's Progress:" the fearful visions and terror it occasioned nearly cost me my life. It was many days before I recovered from its effects.

Nothing could exceed the vigilant kindness of my dear mother in this heavy visitation. She procured me a large

box of British shells, which at odd times, as I could bear it, she taught me to name and classify, and she would amuse me by telling what was known of their inhabitants: with accounts of the pearl fisheries of Ceylon, the silk of the Pinna, and the tentacula of the Polypus, and with other short bits of incidental information did she beguile my suffering hours. How all this class of knowledge seems to me full of the fragrance of her kindness.

I remember one day I was bitterly complaining, and writhing under pain, when she took me on her lap and said, "I will tell thee a story. There was once a slave called Æsop. His master, who was a Persian king, was very fond of him, and gave him every day all he could wish for, so that Æsop was obedient and loved his master, and thanked him continually. A courtier to whom the king had praised Æsop for his obedience, answered, 'Well may he love thee, O king! for thou loadest him with all he can desire, but try him with some painful thing, and then thou wilt see what his love is worth.' Now, in the king's garden, there grew a nauseous and bitter melon, the stench of which was such that few could bear to approach it. The king told Æsop to go and cut one of the melons and to eat every bit of it. Æsop accordingly cut the fruit, the largest he could find, and ate it every bit. The wily courtier said to Æsop, 'How can you bear to swallow such a nauseous fruit?' he answered, 'My dear master has done nothing but load me with benefits every day of my life, and shall I not, for his sake, eat one bitter fruit without complaint, or asking the reason why?' My dear child," my mother continued, "God is our kind King, who surrounds us with

every sort of benefit, and has done so ever since we were born. Hast thou, like Æsop, thanked Him every day for His goodness? And art thou not willing to submit patiently to the first thing He has given thee which is really bitter?"

I never forgot the story. I will only add that the distress of this asthma and the weakness it left upon my organs of respiration laid, I think, at this time the foundation of that timidity and nervous apprehension which has tried me so much through life, and which my mother in vain attempted to counteract. To prove my fears were groundless, she would often send me in the dark to find something she might want, and I remember rushing along the passages and lobbies of Barr, almost expecting to see some ghastly face peep out from behind one of the many doors. Yet even this trouble wrought for my good, since I found my only comfort and support under it was to look to God, and to realise the sense of being under His care; so that my very fears seemed, by His blessing, to lay a foundation for that confidence in His mercy, and turning to Him as my refuge, which I have found at times an unspeakable benefit in the real calamities of life.

In the autumn of 1787 we went with my father and mother to Tenby. The sight of the sea made a deep impression on me, and there are a few other objects in the journey which seem to stand out prominently through the haze of distant years. I well remember the carriage going round by Dudson to take leave of my grandfather, and his giving us a large basket of fruit, with which to refresh ourselves on the road, for it was very hot weather. I next

remember Malvern, its venerable abbey and its expansive view ; but I have been much struck, on seeing the same view in after life, at the difference of impression produced by the various degrees of intelligence with which any object is looked at. As a child I felt the exhilaration of the light and free air, and the vastness of the expanse of the party-coloured landscape, but that was all. How different did it appear to me when it became a living picture instinct with memories of the past and with historic association ! In addition to the pleasure occasioned by the scene in early years, when the towers of Worcester, Gloucester, and Evesham, the battle-fields of Tewkesbury and Worcester, and the agricultural and saintly labours of St. Theocus now arose upon my view, they told a continued tale, and suggested an unceasing flow of ideas and feelings. This little incident has taught me a lesson, that in education it is not only necessary to place new objects before the sight, but to furnish the mind rightly to see them.

As we were slowly travelling up towards the Wych, in the burning mid-day sun, I remember we overtook a respectable poor woman in her market hat and red cloak, carrying one child in her arms and followed by another. She was laboriously toiling up the hill, almost overcome with heat. My father immediately got out of the carriage and took me with him, saying, " How much better we can bear to walk than this poor woman ! " and then he handed her and her children into the places we had occupied. When we reached the top of the hill we resumed our seats, and my parents permitted me to give all the fruit that was left to the poor woman and her children. I shall never

forget how grateful to me was this act of kindness of my father, and during many painful things in after life it rose to me with sweet and healing memory.

Of the rest of the journey I recollect little, excepting that one evening at sunset, I rather think near the beautiful woods of Lord Dynevor's Park at Llandilo, at the moment when the glowing tints were lighting up the dark trees, solemn and sweet sounds borne on the air reached us: as they drew nearer, there passed a simple funeral procession, preceded by some wind instruments, with which voices sweetly blended. The procession was habited in white, and the coffin covered with a white pall, on which were affixed, in large characters, a few Scripture texts. I remember these amongst them: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

My mother told me that this was a Moravian funeral, and that the Moravians were persons who love God and love each other as brothers and sisters; that they call dying "going home," and give thanks, and sing praises, and rejoice with those who depart. I was much impressed by the whole thing, though little did I imagine that, in after years, God's mercy would bring me into intimate relationship with those very people.

We arrived at Tenby when it was quite dark. When I awoke next morning I could not distinguish the sea from the sky, and the ships appeared sailing amongst the clouds. Our house was on the North Cliff. Great was my delight at this place. Everything was new, mysterious, and striking to the imagination, and all these impressions were

developed by my dear mother, who had an intense feeling of the sublime, whether in its effulgent brightness, its magnificent gloom, or its awful mysterious terror. Then, again, everything around furnished new materials for knowledge and for scientific exploration, all of which we entered into with the greatest zest by my father's help. Well I remember how I used to sit for hours to watch the alternations of the ocean, sometimes as a placid lake, sometimes with its regular thundering billows, or its crested waves rushing on like horses with their manes flying in the wind. Well I remember its dark caverns, its masses of grey limestone rock, crowned by dismantled fortifications, and laden with its memories of Queen Philippa of Hainault, and of Oliver Cromwell. How I delighted in listening to my mother's histories respecting them !

Very different, but interesting in another manner, were our pursuits with my father. He delighted to lead us to search for every kind of shell, and to narrate to us the habits of the occupants of each. The Chiton and the Lepas, the Tyrian Murex, the frail Sabella, or the darting Solen, afforded many an interesting description ; and we were delighted when the fishermen, for a trifling reward, brought some of the refuse curiosities of the deep to exhibit to us. It was a great pleasure to us to watch the Echinus with its multitudinous legs, and the Cuttle-fish. My father often made us happy by taking us with him a considerable distance amongst the rocks, where there was a little bay, full of ledges and fragments of rocks, half-covered with sea-weed and plashes of salt water. This bay we more especially counted our own. In these little plashes we

placed all the various Sea-anemones, and Murices, Patellæ, and other Mollusca which we collected, and we loved to watch and tend them. My father would point out to us the various appliances which were given to the different species. The Pholas, with its delicate thin shell, yet boring through the rock; the Limpet, with its protecting shield; the soft Medusa, with its power of stinging; and the Cuttle-fish, with its contrivance for concealment. All these things sank deeply through my mind into my heart; and how often, in after life, amidst temptations and difficulties, amidst isolation and weakness, have I recurred to them with a living and heart-cheering sense, that if God so furnished these, His least and most fragile creatures, against the enemies they had to contend with, and thus enabled them to fulfil their intended destiny, how much more would He provide His human creatures, once formed in His image, for the various destinies to which His paternal providence had called them.

It is curious to me, after the long lapse of years, to look back to the difference of the mental streams I received from my father and my mother. My mother's conversation spoke forth the fortitude, brilliance, and beauty of her soul. It breathed self-devotion, generosity, and sacrifices for her friends. With the most entrancing eloquence, she told of calamities bravely borne, self-sacrifices nobly achieved, or sufferings in the midst of which the soul rejoiced for those it rescued. My father, on the other hand, in the recital of the same chances, loved to detail all the ingenuity of intellectual resource by which they might be mitigated or averted, the presence of mind, or science, or

ingenious evasion, by which they might be turned aside. Thus, whilst my mother awakened the heart by generous feeling, the instructions of my father continually pointed out the means of service either to others or oneself. The one was great, the other useful.

Well I recollect three huge old goats, that lived upon St. Catherine's rock and its ruined fortress, and used to come down and answer our whistle and eat from our hands.

One day it happened that our French governess, my sisters, and I took a basket of refreshment with us and far exceeded our usual walk; we prolonged it to some distant caverns which were enclosed in a deep and solitary bay. I ran on before, and entered one of them, which I suppose had been a resort for bathers; for the first thing which struck my sight was the print of a man's naked foot in the sand. I was at that time in the midst of reading the French Robinson Crusoe, and was struck with this ominous sight. I was too much afraid to tell my fears, but I had a great dread lest some party of savages should have been in the habit of landing in that place, and as I knew of no other land but the little island of Caldy I saw in the distance, a great awe came over me, and henceforth it was my constant aim to avoid that walk.

Another incident. I was walking one evening with my dear mother on the top of the cliffs, when we were much startled by the sudden appearance from behind a ledge of rock, of a woman, tall and gaunt, in a tattered dress of scarlet, and with two pistols in a belt which she wore round her waist. I remember my mother maintained the dignity and

calmness which never forsook her. The woman waved her long arm as she perceived us, and, addressing us, said, (I will not answer for the words,) "The sea is beautiful, the sun is glorious, the earth is glorious; but man upon it is false, false, false." And then she burst into a wild, hollow laugh, and strode majestically away. Next day we had some friends with us, and the incident of the previous evening was spoken of. We learnt that no one knew who this woman was, or whence she came; that for years she was accustomed to wander about Tenby and its vicinity; that her habits were solitary, her destitution apparently extreme; that she never begged, and her carriage and manner were far above her present condition. This led to a desultory conversation, which terminated in each party forming an imaginary tale of what they supposed had been this woman's former life and what the cause of her mental aberration. Some attributed it to disappointed ambition, some to loss of fortune, some to loss of friends, some to envy, or a desire of revenge, some to disappointed affection. In short, everybody formed a solution from the workings of his own heart, and during the remainder of our stay at Tenby, whilst not one of these persons had any additional information respecting her, yet each seemed to have his subsequent observations and feelings modified by the picture which his own imagination, and that alone, had suggested; just in the same manner as my feelings towards the cavern and Caldry had been influenced by an imaginary impression. In after years these two little incidents have furnished this lesson to me. *Ubi cor, ibi oculus*: and as the eye so follows the heart, how important is it, both that

the lens through which we view an object be untinted by any colouring which may impart to it a false hue, and also that we should observe the correctness of every impression before we allow it entrance into our mind, for after it has once lodged there it will combine with all that follows and all which precedes it, and if itself false will produce a false result, which we shall never, perhaps, be able completely to disentangle.

We are told that the temple at Jerusalem, besides being a type of our Lord Himself, was also a type of the Church, and consequently of each individual heart which is the smallest form of a church. How wisely was it appointed that an efficient company of porters and door-keepers should guard every gate of access into the temple, that they should rigorously examine every commodity of every sort that was brought in, and that nothing should be allowed to enter, to which was not affixed the temple mark ; for as all admitted into that temple was dedicated to the service of God, so should all be perfect and without flaw or blemish. If we indeed have the privilege to be numbered among the smaller forms of the divine temple, to us is the exhortation : " See that ye defile not the temple of God."

I have now concluded the account of my earliest childhood ; and as I have recalled it, how deeply have I felt the goodness of God to me during its course, and the evidence of His wisdom in those whom He placed near me, as the channels of His mercy ! How can I ever be sufficiently thankful for the noble example of my dear mother, for the kindly beneficent influence of my grandfather, and Lizzie

Forster, and for the early testimony afforded me of the reality of religion by the unfeigned holiness of my Aunt Polly! Long as it is since they departed from this earth to the rest I am so nearly approaching, new applications of the great truths I heard from them still continually arise, and I often feel as if I were yet but beginning to know how deeply I am indebted to them.

PART II.

1787 — 1788.

“The aged Christian stands upon the shore
Of time, a storehouse of experience,
Filled with the treasures of rich heavenly lore.
I love to sit and hear him draw from thence
Sweet recollections of the journey past,
A journey crowned with blessings to the last.”

“L'esprit humain est un vrai miroir, qui prend aisément toutes les couleurs qui se présentent à lui.”—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

AND now I come to the sorrowful time of my mother's illness. Christmas Day of the year 1787 dawned; an eventful day to me — one which in its consequences has coloured the whole of my life, and in its impressions must be remembered while life lasts.

Whilst I was dressing on that day, it was announced to me that my mother's illness had suddenly assumed an alarming character, and that my father had taken her to consult a doctor, a long way off; that the carriage had just driven from the door, but that she had written a letter to me which was to be delivered into my own hands. No time can ever erase and no words can ever describe the suffering of that moment; I felt as one transfixed to the spot. When I at length was able to open the letter, I recognised at once her kindness; — the folding, the sealing, and the writing all exhibiting the admirable order and

beauty which uniformly characterised everything she did. The purport of the letter was to say, that she had been suddenly taken very ill, and that she bade me farewell as expecting to see me no more. She then exhorted me to be an obedient and a dutiful child, and to do all that she had herself taught me, and to remember that none could love me so well as she did, nor, consequently, be so interested in my welfare. More I do not remember. I recollect nothing clearly but the deep sense of anguish with which I was overwhelmed. I remember going to the window, which was covered with that crystallisation of hoar frost which but a few moments before appeared so beautiful to me; the whole ground was one white sheet of snow, with which the ice of the lake was likewise covered; deeply furrowed below the windows, and far extending along the windings of the road, were the marks of the carriage wheels which had just departed, — the only trace left me of my mother!

How cruel I felt the wrench of being called to my lessons, which my distress made it impossible for me to learn! The wind gradually rose, and my heart sank within me, for I thought the marks of the carriage wheels would soon be no longer visible. How did I count the moments till I could once more go to the window! The snow began again to fall, and when about noon the sun broke out, it was upon a landscape in which the trees were beautifully fledged with frost and snow; the cascade seen from the windows was adorned with long and clear icicles, and the whole expanse of the lawn and valley was a sheet of unsullied snow. Of the time which imme-

diately followed, I have no distinct recollection, but that it seemed a chaos of misery, and an eternal *now* of despair; for as a child I lived intensely in the present as though it would never end.

Amongst the family left at home were Miss P— and the French governess. Miss P—, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter, was the daughter of a gardener at Enfield. She had been a protégée of my great-aunt Priscilla, who took the complete charge of her. At my aunt's death, which happened, I believe, before I was two years old, the charge of Miss P— devolved on my dear mother, who intended at that time to place her out in some occupation: to this end she was apprenticed to Nelly and Hannah Marshall, two celebrated Friends' milliners, in Lombard Street. There she remained several years. Her character was remarkable for its tact and its power of accommodating itself to others, with a high degree of phrenologic "Imitation" which made her one of the best mimics I ever saw. It gave her also quick perception, especially in illness, so that her powers as a nurse could hardly be excelled. She had the admirable art, so far as it can be attained independently of religious influence, of dealing with persons under sorrow or nervous depression. How often have I observed that persons depressed in spirits would cheer and brighten under her influence! She often entered the room as if accidentally, listened to the sufferer's sorrow, condoled with it, even enhanced upon it; then she would suggest some slight alleviation for the moment, which could be obtained without labour or occupying much time; then she turned perhaps to indifferent

matters, in which the patient might feel self-complacency in interesting himself, to oblige her: gradually her conversation assumed a more lively tone, till at length the patient's mind was entirely carried into some other channel, and not unfrequently have I seen a smiling sun burst forth from the thickest cloud. Truly it was a gift for blessing.

But Miss P— was not one of nature's patricians, though possessing many qualities which, under the direction of religious principle, might have rendered her a valuable character.

Her education had not been favourable. The very profession of a Friends' milliner, involving nominal plainness while attaching real importance to appearances, was no example of singleness of intention. The many customers whose dress was to be adapted to various shades of Friends' principles, and to many different grades of moral or religious strictness, did not afford a school for a high moral standard. The Society of Friends, at the period of which I speak, was at its very lowest ebb; with many, religion was a mere bundle of strict outward observances and peculiarities; with others, who lived in the love of God, it was indeed a living, but mystic consecration; but both these parties alike were ignorant of many of the leading principles of divine truth. What could be expected from a young person so unhappily trained? or how could one look for that clear principle, or strength of moral purpose, or uprightness of walk, which can only emanate from a union of both the internal and external teaching of God? And how different in every case ought to be our judgment of *persons*, from that which the rule of the Gospel obliges us

to pronounce on particular *actions*! How He alone who knows its opportunities and temptations, can truly judge the heart! Blessed be God! as His holiness and majesty so likewise is His mercy.

When smarting through the failures and errors of others, instead of judging them, may we bear in mind how many circumstances over which the individual has no control are necessary to form a perfect walk before men, and let us believe that events have in their case been overruled by God, to inflict upon us a discipline and teaching which He saw we needed, and thus humbly take what has pained us as from His hand, and listen to His voice in teaching us through it. On the other hand, when we have been ourselves misunderstood, should we not consider how probable it is, that through ignorance and error on our part, in many things, even more than we know of, we have failed, and that those who judged us erroneously could not know our hearts, and could judge only by our outward actions?

From the time of my mother's illness Miss P— was an inmate of my father's family. It was her part to prepare tea and breakfast, to keep the accounts, and to make purchases at Birmingham; and while we were children she was expected to make herself agreeable to our visitors, to walk with them and show them the grounds, to give my mother's daily orders to the housekeeper, to superintend the stores, and when my mother was from home, she was considered as having a certain amount of general supervision.

It was thus that in my mother's long absence we now fell under the rule of Miss P— and our French governess.

Oh ! what a change was this from the unalterably firm but kind and wise government of my mother ! whose voice was always sweet, clear, and equable, firm and deepening in solemnity like the diapason of an organ, or bright and refreshing with cheerfulness. For the twenty-eight years I lived at home, I never in voice, look, or gesture, saw in her the slightest expression of temper. This I say, not as a mode of speaking, but as an actual reality. Her orders were precise, definite, always bearing on essential points, and wholly free from worry or petty detail ; her reproofs were grave and austere, yet mingled with sweetness, and never bestowed but on known and wilful transgression. Prompt and instant obedience she enforced, or rather it was always willingly given. She would sometimes say to me : “ Now thou hast been a good little girl, and I will tell thee the *reason* for this or that ; ” or else perhaps she would say : “ When thou art old enough, I will tell thee the reason, but thou canst not understand it now.” My mother never gave a task which was not completely within our power of achieving, and for which full time was not allowed ; but no failure was ever passed over. Yet the change of system was nothing, compared with the grief I felt respecting my mother’s health ; in vain did I ask tidings of her, I received no answer, or was told to mind my lesson. I could not learn, for my heart was full ; and then punishment succeeded punishment. Daily as tea-time arrived, I looked with anxiety to the post-bag, which was then brought in ; but each day I looked in vain. Often I could not eat my meat, and with the Psalmist I might have said, “ My tears have been my meat day and

night." How did I then enter into sympathy with one of the stories I used to read in Berquin's "*Ami des Enfants*," called "*L'École Militaire*!" how my heart yearned over Edouard de Bellecour, who day by day could not eat his portion, because he knew not his parents' fate! But, worse than all, the Sunday arose now no Sabbath to us. The instruction my dear mother gave me on that day was the Sunday's only religious observance which I remember at that time; I always looked to it as a period of unburdening my conscience, of renewed peace and sustaining rest; it seemed to give me peace and power to begin a fresh week. Now this was swept away. Time seemed like one disheartening series of dreary working days, without the smile of one cheering Sabbath of rest and refreshment.

I write this, for many and acute are the sorrows of children, and well would it be if those who were about them made it a point of duty to enter more into their minds. How often would children then be spared a galling sense of injustice, and how many opportunities of rectifying both their misconceptions and their evil feelings might be turned to lasting good account! In writing this, however, at the distance of seventy years, it must be borne in mind that no one can write his life but from the stores with which his memory is furnished, and alas! how much more is our memory filled with those things which have tried us or injuriously pressed upon us, than with the recollections of the temptations, the trials and the difficulties, under which they who were the cause of our trials were themselves oppressed. Perfect as is now my recollection of this time of bitter suffering, I have often since felt, what

I did not then perceive, how great must have been the trial and perplexity of those inexperienced young people, from sixteen to twenty-three or twenty-four, suddenly left with the responsibility of a large establishment, and the care of children, who never before followed other rule than that of their mother.

At length, towards the middle of February, the post bag brought glad tidings, and suddenly all the house became the scene of unwonted bustle and activity. Trunks, imperials, clothes and books, strewed every room. Miss P—, with Mademoiselle, the housekeeper, and the maids, were busied all day long and the following night in packing, and we were told that next day we were to go to Bath, where my mother had been sent by Dr. Darwin, for the use of the waters. The Bonne with the little twins went to my grandfather's, at Dudson, where they remained during our absence. The prospect of seeing my mother seemed to me like life from the dead. She was better, and I should again be with her! We set out very early next morning, but I recollect no particulars of the journey till we arrived for dinner at the Corselawn Inn, a single house on the Upton road, by which my father always travelled instead of by Tewkesbury, at which place his own mother some years before had died. I well remember the country inn, and its gaudy sign of the "Dragon of Wantley." We were in a sitting-room up-stairs, waiting for dinner, when the sound of horses' feet was heard. We went to the window, and saw a travelling-carriage drive to the door, with four spirited horses and out-riders. As it drew close, what was my delight to recognise the Barr livery, and to see again

old Hector, my mother's noble and favourite horse, with Xanthus, Balius and Podargus, whom I had so often visited with my father, and which were the occasion of his telling me many a tale of the Trojan war. One of the out-riders was my mother's particular servant; the other was a young Catholic footman, a convert of Mr. Berrington's; his name was Edward Grainger. I knew he had said that he every day prayed for all the family, especially for my dear mother since her illness; and to see that he was there seemed a ray of comfort to my heart. My mother had overtaken us on her way to Bath; and while the horses were put to, she desired to see me. I was taken down; she held out her hand to me; I burst into tears, and could not say a word, but I looked upon her again, and she said, "To-morrow we shall meet." From that moment a full tide of joy took possession of my heart; all seemed restored to me, and every step of the road I felt drawing nearer to her till we reached the White Hart at Bath.

We were soon located at 12, South Parade, then the most frequented part of the city. I rarely saw my mother, for whom stillness and absolute freedom from care were indispensable; yet it was a delight to me to feel myself under the same roof; and when one morning I found a beautiful barrel-organ placed in our school-room for me, with a little note in her own handwriting, I cannot express the delight I felt, to have this assurance that she thought of me, and had chosen for me the thing of all others I most delighted in.

Bath was a new world to me; and great was the astonishment and delight with which its various objects

filled me. The Pump Room, with its statue of Beau Nash, the waters sending up their columns of steam, the band of music—a thing I had never heard before,—and the vast ever-shifting throng of gaily dressed company, was to me a scene of enchantment. The beautiful green-house plants or artificial flowers at all the doors of approach to the Pump Room, and the silver balls to attract the flies, completely dazzled my view.

It so happened that this year (1788) being the centenary of the arrival of King William, not a lady was to be seen without streaming orange-coloured ribbons, or gentlemen without rosettes of the same in their button-holes. Besides this, balloons were at that time just come into vogue, and everybody wore huge balloon bonnets with magnificent ostrich feathers; and what appeared to me indescribably beautiful, were the ample muffs and long tippets, and fur linings, of the silken Angora goat's hair. It is remarkable that while in each individual person ornament in dress appeared to me so contemptible, yet this vast moving assemblage only struck me with enchantment, like a bed of beautiful flowers; the whole scene became to me a *thing*—I thought not of the persons composing it. I felt it was not like the incongruity of an individual in a quiet circle adorned amongst the unadorned; but it was as a brilliant picture in which the whole tone of colouring was raised, and glowing with rich and varied tints. The music, too, I felt most heart-stirring; and then the beauty of the shops, which I was never tired of looking at! I could not conceive how it was possible to invent all the wants which here were professed to be supplied. I particularly re-

member those in the Abbey Yard. It was winter, so that we did not walk in the country; but I was never tired, nor did my amazement cease, in contemplating the brilliant multitudes that continually formed a moving panorama on the Parades, the Orange Grove, and the Abbey Yard, then the fashionable resorts of Bath.

I particularly recollect on Sunday mornings the Pump Room used to be full of company, but on that day the doors were closed at a certain hour, and all left it at once, and the Abbey Yard was filled by the gay assembly. How often, at such times, as a child, my heart felt the striking contrast between the gay scene below, and the quiet venerable abbey, rising in stillness in the midst and towering far above it! On these venerable towers were sculptured the mystic ladder of the holy patriarch Jacob, and the angels spreading their wings, gladly leaving earth to rise to heaven; and as the Gothic door of the abbey opened its leaves to receive the entering crowd, how strongly did I feel the contrast between the gaiety of the careless throng who entered, and the stillness of the dead, and of the sepulchral monuments around. Here I used to walk and meditate; and I well remember some of those monuments on which I then loved to gaze, and which I cannot even now see without emotion. I recall especially that of Quin, "who set the table in a roar," and who left no other remembrance amongst men, but one saying worthy of Lucullus. Another, too, I have often gazed upon, a mere plain slab in the pavement, with the arms and name of Hayes Sent Leger, Viscount Doneraile. My mother had bought me a little book containing an introduction to

Heraldry and the Peerage ; and she had from time to time taught me the various tinctures and charges, and it much amused me to try and decipher the arms I met with. It occurred that I had frequently seen a coronetted carriage pass by, the arms of which seemed to me particularly beautiful, and were the same that I had observed on the tomb. This monumental slab, of a date near a century before, contrasted in my imagination with the gay equipage, deeply struck me. My childish thought, I remember, used to be, "Can it be his son, whose carriage is gaily driving by, whilst his father lies in this cold abbey ; or are his relations in Ireland, without one thought of him ? But oh ! it cannot be the same ; how impossible would it be for me to live if I lost my mother, and how without her would the whole earth be as nothing !" Ah ! how little did I then think that I should live so many years without the light of her countenance. How impossible would it have been, but that the light of His countenance who was both her Father and mine rose in mercy upon me, and taught me that where He is, there is always the true foundation for happiness, for peace, and even joy ; for in Him assured faith unites memory with hope.

I was occasionally permitted at this time to sit with my mother in the drawing-room, and amuse myself with books of prints, or drive with her perhaps to Lansdown or Claverton Down. She, meanwhile, was far too unwell to take any part in her family ; and though progressing, she needed the healthful solace and support of a wise and kind friend. This friend she found in Mrs. Priestley. Hers was the only close friendship I ever knew my mother to

form. It began in the aid and help this excellent lady afforded my mother in her illness; nor has it ever been my lot to witness any friendship more powerful, more uninterrupted, and more influential. I have often thought that what rendered Mrs. Priestley so peculiarly suitable a friend to my mother was the union in her character of strength with a deep tenderness, seldom betrayed. It was the engrafting of common life upon vast philosophic principles, and a sweet hidden flow of sympathy, bursting as it were from a stern impregnable rock. Both friends started from a foundation in some measure akin, but each had built upon it precisely what the other wanted.

I cannot express the fear I at first felt on Mrs. Priestley's arrival; nor was it removed when, about a week after, she made me a present of a little box of dominoes, and fixing her piercing eyes upon me, she said, "Now, little girl, here is a box of dominoes for you; and if they teach you to calculate half the sums that many have foolishly lost upon the game, you will indeed be a gainer!"

When Mrs. Priestley had remained some time at Bath, my mother gradually improved in health. One day Mrs. Priestley came to me, with one of those kind smiles which seemed like a breath of spring in the midst of a January frost, and took me into the drawing-room, where I often was allowed to sit with her and my mother, amusing myself in silence with a book or my dominoes. "My child," said Mrs. Priestley, "you were afraid of me when first I gave you those dominoes; now you see my reason for so doing. I wished you to have a pleasure which, by keeping you quiet, would enable you to be much with your dear

mother, whom you so much love ! This is a very little thing ; but let it teach you, through life, rather to consider the end that people have in what they do, than the honeyed manner or words they may employ in what they say." I never forgot the lesson. Mrs. Priestley applied the dominoes exactly as the parents of Madame de Genlis used the expedient of inviting her and her little brother to play at the "Pères de la Trappe," to ensure silence and undisturbed occupation.

Meantime, I very much enjoyed, during my silent games, not only the feeling of being near my dear mother, and watching her, but the conversation between her and Mrs. Priestley. It much interested me at the time. Some of it, however, I did not understand, and more of it I do not remember. Some anecdotes, however, I recollect, because they were connected with things that interested me, especially those concerning the first Lady Shelburne, who was Lady Sophia Carteret, the Lady Sensé of the "Magazin des Enfants." Mrs. Priestley spoke with astonishment, as did every one else, of the extraordinary talents of Mr. Petty, Lady Shelburne's son, who died when he was about twelve years old. I remember she told us that Lord Shelburne gave her a ticket to attend the celebrated Duchess of Kingston's trial ; but the rush for places, the tumult, the trampling, the tearing of clothes, were attended not only with great inconvenience but danger. On her return, Lord Shelburne asked how she had enjoyed it. "Indeed, my lord," she replied, "I find the conduct of the upper so exactly like that of the lower classes, that I was thankful I was born in middle life."

Dr. Priestley was a man of much childlike simplicity. Mrs. Priestley related that, when he removed from being pastor of the Leeds congregation to Calne, on becoming librarian to Lord Shelburne, at Bowood, she had packed everything for the removal with her own hands. The doctor proposed to help her by superintending the fastening and cording of the boxes. What was her dismay, on arriving at Calne, and opening them, to find that under the cover of each box were lodged specimens of minerals of all sorts, and a number of chemical mixtures! The doctor begged her not to distress herself if the clothes were a little injured, for the minerals had come perfectly well.

The day after they got to their destination,—the floor covered with boxes, and Mrs. Priestley herself mounted on a high pair of steps, with her own hands papering the room,—their patron, Lord Shelburne, was announced. Dr. Priestley said he was very sorry his lordship had come when the house was in such a state, and his wife had not things in order to receive him. Mrs. Priestley replied: “No, my dear; Lord Shelburne is a statesman; and he knows that people are best employed in doing their duty; he will not esteem us the less for our occupation.”

I will close these anecdotes by one of a different description. At a distance of sixty or more years, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of my memory in its subordinate details; but of its substantial correctness I am sure, having frequently heard it from Dr. and Mrs. Priestley, and many years after from the medical man, the late Dr. Allsop, of Calne, who was concerned in it, and whom I met in a very different circle of society. While Dr. Priestley occupied the

post of librarian to Lord Shelburne, one day, Mr. Petty, the precocious and gifted youth whom I have mentioned, sent for Dr. Priestley (Lord Shelburne being then absent, I think, in London). When the doctor entered, Mr. Petty told him he had passed a very restless night, and had been much disturbed by uncomfortable dreams, which he wished to relate to Dr. Priestley, hoping that, by so doing, the painful impression would pass away. He then said he dreamed he had been very unwell, when suddenly the whole house was in preparation for a journey; he was too ill to sit up, but was carried lying down into the carriage; his surprise was extreme in seeing carriage after carriage in an almost interminable procession. He was alone, and could not speak; he could only gaze in astonishment. The procession at last wound slowly off. After pursuing the road for many hours towards London, it at last appeared to stop at the door of a church. It was the church at High Wycombe, which is the burial-place of the Shelburne family. It seemed, in Mr. Petty's dream, that he entered, or rather was carried into, the church: he looked back; he saw the procession which followed him was in black, and that the carriage from which he had been taken bore the semblance of a hearse. Here the dream ended, and he awoke. Dr. Priestley told him that his dream was the result of a feverish cold, and that the impression would soon pass off. Nevertheless, he thought it best to send for the family medical attendant. The next day Mr. Petty was much better; on the third day he was completely convalescent, so that the doctor permitted him to leave his room; but, as it was in January, and illness was prevalent, he de-

sired him on no account to leave the house, and, with that precaution, took his leave. Late the next afternoon the medical man was returning from his other patients; his road lay by the gates of Bowood, and, as Lord Shelburne was away, he thought he might as well call to see Mr. Petty, and enforce his directions. What was his surprise, when he had passed the lodge, to see the youth himself, without his hat, playfully running to meet him! The doctor was much astonished, as it was bitterly cold, and the ground covered with snow. He rode towards Mr. Petty to rebuke him for his imprudence, when suddenly he disappeared; whither, he knew not—but he seemed instantaneously to vanish. The doctor thought it very extraordinary, but that probably the youth had not wished to be found transgressing orders, and he rode on to the house; there he learnt that Mr. Petty had just expired.

I give this anecdote as I heard it; but I know that, some time after, it was the occasion of Dr. Priestley's exchanging some letters with the celebrated John Henderson, the friend of Hannah More, who was well known, amidst his great talents, to have been a believer in supernatural appearances; and Dr. Priestley was anxious to investigate the grounds of that belief, with one whose intellect placed him above the suspicion of superstitious credulity.

As my mother grew better, she frequently took me with her to the Pump Room, and she sometimes told me anecdotes of those she had seen there when a child. On one occasion, when the room was thronged with company,—and at that time the visitors of Bath were equally distinguished for rank and fashion,—a simple, humble

woman, dressed in the severest garb of the Society of Friends, walked into the midst of the assembly, and began an address to them on the vanity and follies of the world, and the insufficiency of dogmatic without spiritual religion. The company seemed taken by surprise, and their attention was arrested for a few moments : as the speaker proceeded, and spoke more and more against the customs of the world, signs of disapprobation appeared. Amongst those present was one lady with a stern yet high-toned expression of countenance; her air was distinguished; she sat erect, and listened intently to the speaker. The impatience of the hearers soon became unrestrained; as the Quaker spoke of giving up the world and its pleasures, hisses, groans, beating of sticks, and cries of "Down, down," burst from every quarter. Then the lady I have described arose with dignity, and slowly passing through the crowd, where a passage was involuntarily opened to her, she went up to the speaker, and thanked her, in her own name and in that of all present, for the faithfulness with which she had borne testimony to the truth. The lady added, "I am not of your persuasion, nor has it been my belief that our sex are generally deputed to be public teachers; but God who gives the rule can make the exception, and He has indeed put it in the hearts of all His children to honour and venerate fidelity to His commission. Again I gratefully thank you." Side by side with the Quaker she walked to the door of the Pump Room, and then resumed her seat. This lady was the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon.

My mother had visited Bath in her childhood, at the

time when Lord Chesterfield was staying there, just before the close of his life: he was very fond of her, when he met her as a little girl, and used frequently to choose her as his companion. The weary courtier seemed refreshed by exchanging the hollow intercourse of the heartless world for the freshness of a child's society. My mother said nothing could exceed his kindness to her; it was exquisite in tact, in delicacy, and in polish. "But," she said to Mrs. Priestley, "it was Canynges' chain, and not Aladdin's necklace." I did not understand this at the time; but years after, I read how Canynges, the celebrated Bristol merchant, had presented Edward IV. with a rich and unequalled gold chain, which was the admiration of all England; but in a few years, on being hard rubbed, the copper peeped through; it was only strongly gilt. The necklace of Aladdin, on the contrary, was composed of sterling gold, itself seven times purified in the furnace, and receiving its polish and brilliancy from the perfect purity and ductility of its precious material.

Another anecdote of my mother's childhood.—Her grandfather then occupied a large house in the city of London, in which he had received, on the days of their visits to the Lord Mayor, the three successive sovereigns—George I., George II., and George III. It was remarkable that a family of strict Friends should have received at their house three English sovereigns. On the visit of George III., my mother was a child of five years old. The king was much delighted by her beauty, took her on his knee, and asked her how she liked him. My mother answered, "I love the king; but I should love him better

without his fine clothes." This greatly amused him. Lady Egremont was at that time one of the ladies in waiting, and she now renewed her acquaintance with my mother at Bath. Amidst all the rank and fashion of the people who then frequented the Pump Room, my mother's appearance was ever singled out as eminently striking; few entered that room without asking who she was. Her figure and deportment were majestic and yet simple; in the expression of her countenance were both strength and delicacy; her complexion was exquisitely beautiful, forming a charming adornment to the strength of her chiselled features, and a colouring perfectly suited to her French grey satin pelisse with mother-of-pearl buttons, the lining of which, as well as her ample muff, was of Angora goats' fur.

Lady Egremont's daughter was a beautiful and delightful young person, maid of honour to the Queen. Her husband, Count Bruhl, was a man of much talent and accomplishment; he particularly excelled as a chess-player. Our acquaintance with Lady Egremont was the means of inspiring us all with a great love of chess, excepting myself, for I had no talent for the game. Yet I love chess, as feeling indebted to it for proving such a recreation to my dear mother at that time.

Another acquaintance my mother formed at Bath was that of Dr. Hastings, Archdeacon of Dublin. His conversation was exceedingly agreeable and instructive. He presented my mother with Gregorius Leti's "Life of Pope Sixtus V.," which opened a new vista of entertainment and information to us. Dr. Hastings was zealously attached to

the English Church, and gave my dear mother many books on the subject. I remember, towards the close of Mrs. Priestley's visit, Miss Berrington came to us. I have heard that my mother was once walking in the Pump Room between these ladies, when Dr. Hastings came up, and spoke to her of a book explanatory of the Liturgy of the English Church, which he had given her. My mother thanked him for the book, but said she feared he would think very badly of her, when she declared how entirely she differed from his view of the Liturgy. He bowed, and politely answered, "Well, my dear madam, I do indeed wish that you belonged to the Church of England; however, I will not make myself uneasy, as I should were you an Unitarian"—My mother, interrupting him, said, "Dr. Hastings, I have omitted introducing to you my friend Mrs. Priestley;"—"or," Dr. Hastings then resumed, "what is so much worse a Roman Catholic." My mother replied: "This lady is Miss Berrington. I am afraid you will think very badly of my condition." Dr. Hastings courteously answered: "Nay, madam, you are in just the position which the Church of England occupies—the true medium between those who hold too much and those who hold too little."

A few days afterwards Mrs. Priestley left us. I have always been thankful to have seen as a child a person of such unswerving integrity of purpose, such inflexible truth, and such a deep though stern sense of duty.

It is now sixty-four years since that visit of Mrs. Priestley, and at the end of a long life, I wish not only to express my deep interest in reviewing the various characters

with which I have come in contact, but to record my uniform observation that the fruit borne by each has always been in exact correspondence, not with the theological opinions, but with the living seeds of conviction sown in each spirit. I remember a gentleman who is a great arborist, once saying to me, "Not only does each tree, if living, produce its own fruit—the deadly Upas its poison, the bread-fruit tree its sustenance—but each tree likewise, even of the species that are good for food, produces its fruit in more or less strength, in more or less abundance, according to the soundness of every fibre of the root; if a fibre be injured or wanting, there will be a corresponding want in the main branches, and in the ramifications and the beauty of foliage which springs from it." Just so has been my observation with respect to the children of men, compared in Scripture to trees. Some of them, who are unfounded in any Divine truth, may be likened to the poisonous tree of Java; and it is not less true of trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, which exhibit an infinite variety, not only in the abundance of the fruit brought forth, but in their degree of perfection—the amount and the character of the fruitfulness in each case bearing an exact correspondence to the completeness with which Christian truth has been absorbed by the living principle of each. Our Unitarian friend appeared to possess a deep and real sense of the omnipresence of God, of His being a bountiful Benefactor, a sovereign Judge, and a Recompenser of good and evil; hence her view of duty was clear, inflexible, and uncompromising; but she had no knowledge of the deep fall of man, of his alienation from

God, the infirmity of his will, or the darkness of his understanding: hence she walked in rigid inflexibility, with little commiseration for human weakness, and for that moral disease of which she was herself unconscious. She knew not that the best of the sons of men could stand only on the ground of mercy and an all-sufficient Atonement, and therefore she expected from each the payment of those moral debts which she believed that she herself was bound to pay. She saw not His precious blood as shed for her and for all; and thus while for herself she pursued a rule of large beneficence, she could not feel the deep bond of sympathy that unites one poor fallen man to another labouring under the same disease; nor could her heart yearn over sinners as loved with the same love with which she herself was loved by the God-Man, the utterance of whose heart it was, to lay down His life for her. Taking natural reason as an all-sufficient guide, she substituted for faith, free (and oh! how interminable) inquiry! How lamentable it is, when, in the darkness of our own minds, we are content with the candle of human intellect which throws such disproportionate light on objects near at hand, whilst it leaves unreached those more distant, and thus casts false lights and false shadows upon all. Rather, let us open the shutters of the dark heart, bolted and barred though they be, to let in the light of the glorious sun, which, whilst it shows the near objects distinctly, and reveals the whole landscape in its exact truth of lineaments and colouring, yet pours its glory of light upon the distant everlasting hills.

Miss Berrington was a widely different person from Mrs.

Priestley. A Catholic lady, educated in the habits of society, yet conforming to its customs and fashions with the devout spirit of one educated in a convent, she frequently joined the parties of her connections then at Bath; and though she dressed with a splendour so contrary to our habits, she never gave the impression of being other than a kindly and simple person; so true it is that the heart gives its colouring to all the exterior life and habits, and that they unmistakeably bear its impress. I remember one evening, she was going to a ball at the house of her relation, Sir Thomas Fleetwood. Dress was at that time a very lengthy and onerous affair. Ladies wore on their heads a superstructure of curls, white and brown powder, &c., which it took the hair-dresser two hours at least to complete, and poor Miss Berrington was condemned to dress hours before the appointed time, wearing, as ladies did then, an enormously projecting handkerchief called a "Bouffante," and upon that a huge nosegay of artificial flowers, so that she could neither take her dinner, nor even lift a cup of tea to her mouth before she went. While she was waiting in durance, she asked me to read to her. I ran to fetch one of my books, and told her I thought she would like Dr. Franklin's little story of the man who paid too dearly for his whistle!

I remember two old friends of my dear mother's who came from Hertfordshire, the Baron and Baroness Dimsdale. Their conversation was exceedingly amusing to me, and they had a fund of interesting anecdotes respecting Russian manners and Catherine the Great, whom the Baron visited in Russia at her request, to inoculate for the

small-pox. This practice had only just been introduced into England by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, on her return from Constantinople.

Catherine II., whose philosophic mind was intent on every improvement, and whose noble spirit determined her first to submit to the risk herself, before she recommended it to her subjects, sent for Dr. Dimsdale from England, where alone it had as yet been introduced. On his arrival, Catherine had an interview with him, fixing that he should come at midnight, and inoculate her unknown to all but two or three confidential friends: if she recovered, she proposed to remunerate him handsomely; if not, she explained all the arrangements she had made for conveying him safely out of the empire, unknown to the public, before her death should be announced. He spoke with deep feeling of her noble nature; he had many portraits of her, which he was fond of showing, and of marking the dignity of her countenance, which, as he was wont to say, was as of a majestic lion, a grand and noble royalty, with deep traces of the impress of an animal nature. Many were the descriptions he gave of her habits and manners, from the faithful exactness with which she imitated the crowing of a cock, or the purring and spitting and hissing of a cat, to the imperial dignity with which, as an autocrat, she ruled the mighty Russias and all her dependencies. He spoke of her wit, and delightful kindness, and amenity and charm in domestic society; of her wisdom, intellectual stores, and varied powers, displayed in *réunions* of the first literary and scientific names; and of the admirable tact with which she was equally able to serve her friends

or to baffle their rivalry. When the Princess Dashkoff, whose masculine and enterprising spirit had helped in the conspiracy which placed Catherine on the throne, asked as a reward to be made Colonel of the most influential regiment of Horse Guards, Catherine, well knowing the turbulent spirit she had to deal with, adroitly replied, "That were far too vulgar a reward for so elevated a genius," and, instead of it, made her President of the Royal Philosophical Institution, an honour which, as Catherine observed, "no other woman had ever received, and no other could ever deserve."

Baron Dimsdale always spoke with enthusiasm when he spoke of Catherine; so that one day when he was describing the magnificent colossal statue, either then erected, or in contemplation of erection, by Catherine, to the memory of Peter the Great, he declared that he hoped Russia would insist on adding one word to the inscription, which would then read thus, "*Dat dicat dedicatque Petro Magno Catharina Maxima.*"

Some time after Mrs. Priestley left us, my mother again became much more unwell. She was unable to join the family; I was no longer allowed to be her companion, and deep sorrow again weighed me to the dust. I well remember the closed shutters of the passages (to keep out sound), the absolute silence, excepting our whispered conversations in the school-room, the dreary length of unexplained lessons, my father's hasty and sudden visits, his countenance of care, the dread and sinking of heart when called to say lessons which had never been taught me, and

the earnest desire I had to read his countenance, in order to gather from it tidings of my mother.

About this time an aunt of my mother's, who mostly spent part of each spring at Bath, arrived with her husband and family at their house in the Crescent, and my dear mother's illness increasing, it was arranged, that my father should take her to consult Dr. Darwin, and then go on to Birmingham, leaving the rest of the family at our lodgings at Bath, under the surveillance of my uncle and aunt, Sir William and Lady Watson. Sad indeed were my feelings, when I found the house empty, and my dear mother gone. It was nearly a year since her religious instruction had of necessity ceased, and not one word of heavenly hope or of duty had supplied its place, so that now I knew not whither to look for comfort.

In vain I watched day after day for tidings of my mother. Sometimes a horrible fear came over me that she was no longer living; and it was with little less than anguish that I listened to the Bath Abbey clock, as it struck the well-known hour at which I used to go and sit with her, or heard its chimes which day by day pealed forth the Easter hymn, the *carillon* which she had explained to me. Sometimes I heard the bell toll, and then a sudden fear seized me lest it should be for her funeral; and I could not bear to quit the house, fearing I might meet it. What intense suffering do some children go through unsuspected by others!

Meanwhile, the winter was wearing away; the spring began to peep forth, the flowers to return, and the beautiful country at that time surrounding Bath (which I think

did not then occupy half its present site) appeared lovely from every street. The view from the South Parade was beautiful; I think there was scarcely a house in view except Prior Park; the whole landscape was composed of woods, gardens, and meadows, with the river winding through it.

It was then our habit, every morning before breakfast, to cross the Ferry at the end of the South Parade, and to walk about a mile along the banks of the Avon, to a bath in a village, where we regularly bathed.

One day as I was stepping into the boat, I saw something move in the water: it was a poor little dog, tied in a basket half full of stones, and thrown into the river to be drowned. Between bribes and entreaties I succeeded in getting him taken out; he proved to be a miserable little black cur, and half starved. The moment I cut the string which bound him, the poor little animal licked my hand, and I directly felt, "Here is a creature that will love me," and I obtained leave to take him home. As I found him in a basket, I was reminded of Pharaoh's daughter, and wondered whether she had felt so unhappy at the want of somebody to love, when she saw the basket of bulrushes in the Nile; and I called my little dog "Moses." Great was the solace my little Moses was to me.

Surely trifles like this are instances, though little in themselves, of the sympathy of our Lord in all the afflictions which befall the children of men, and, taken from His hand, are proofs of that tender care over His creatures which notices every sparrow that falls and every hair that

drops, and also feels for every sorrow, however minute, which wrings the human heart. If the beneficence of the ever-blessed God is known by His mighty benefactions, His love is surely brought home to the heart by the minuteness of His care. Those who have experienced the very little circumstances which can raise the heart or cheer the sunken spirit in an hour of need, should surely learn that nothing is little by which they can show kindness to others; it is not the intrinsic value of the gift, but the love from which it emanates, which constitutes its living power; and nothing is too small to convey the spirit of love from a heart overflowing with the love of God and man.

God is the rest of the heart; and the feeling that God remembers in love is the true and potent cordial for every sorrow. The pleasure I had in little Moses made me understand the warm affection of the heartless Duc de Lauzun for the spider which cheered his solitude in the Bastille; and it has been a key to me, during the course of a long life, to unlock the secret spring of many affections and friendships which otherwise would have appeared incongruous. The truth is, that the bestowal of the heart's affections, like the price paid for merchandise, is regulated not merely by the actual value of the object, but by the urgency of the need of him who pays the price. The delicate pea-flower, that is trailing unsupported in the dust, gladly clasps the stay presented to it, even though it be a lacerating thorn. Thus the warm and generous Heloise was devoted to the cold and selfish Abelard; and we shall always find that both our own affections and those of others throw light, not so much on the character of those who are

beloved, as upon the character and the needs of the hearts of those who love.

My aunt, Lady Watson, mitigated our desolate situation by her kind visits. She not unfrequently took us drives with her, and as the spring advanced they became more frequent. I well remember going to Prior Park to visit the quarries, and the exhilarating influence of the air of Claverton and Lansdown.

After a time which then appeared very long, my aunt one day came and told me that my dear mother was slowly getting better, that I had every reason to be happy about her, and that henceforth we should spend every afternoon at her house. It would be hard to express the gush of delight with which I heard this intelligence concerning my mother. It seemed like a beam of light which enabled me freely to enjoy all other things. Our walks were now delightful. Mademoiselle, though wholly unqualified by her youth and want of discipline, for the post of trust in which my dear mother's illness had unexpectedly placed her, was yet not devoid of a taste for science and literature. It was often truly delightful to walk in the country towards Prior Park, then rich in botanical treasures. I shall never forget how beautiful were the Crescent fields—for as yet they had not been changed into a park,—the thick dewy herbage and varied flowers, the crescents rising one above another in the distance, and the long line of company walking in each, rich in varied colouring and movement.

Frequently we walked in the Parades and the Pump Room; and now began a new habit which had great influence on my after life. I was feeling the hunger of occu-

pation both for head and heart, the proper supply of which would have been domestic affection carried out into duty and good habits; but my spirit, my heart, my intellect—dark, empty, and untrained—were thrown back upon themselves. We soon became familiar with the countenances of very many whose names we never knew. I used to observe the different expressions that came over them, in the varying circumstances under which we met; and the remembrance of these childish observations afterwards brought home to me the thought that the opinions men form of each other are generally more than half the reflection of their own hearts, so that a sagacious observer may, in hearing others spoken of, often form a more correct judgment of the character of the person who is speaking, and have a much clearer light thrown on it than on that of the absent spoken of.

Our afternoons and evenings were always spent at Sir William Watson's. And now I shall say something of a family and of relations to whom we were indebted for so much kindness, and whose intimacy was so influential on our characters.

My aunt Watson was sister to my uncle David Barclay. Like my mother, she possessed all the Barclay energy, activity, generosity, and benevolence, rare beauty and much wit, so that she was universally admired; like her, she was the sun of her circle; but she greatly differed from my mother in one respect—my aunt had not her quiet strength and repose added to energy. My aunt Watson had been three times married; first to Mr. Edmund Gurney, by whom she had two daughters, Christiana and Priscilla,

who were both most pleasing and much admired. My cousin Priscilla, who was very beautiful, was at that time absent from home. My aunt's second husband was Mr. Freame. By him she had one son, Joseph, at that time a youth of eighteen, and heir to a considerable fortune; he was always of a very feeble constitution, both in body and mind, though extremely amiable and gentlemanly. His mother showed great discrimination in the manner in which she educated him, attempting to teach him only those things which he could readily learn, and with which he could quietly and innocently amuse himself; and hence, in after life, he never produced a jarring or incongruous effect by conversing ill on subjects beyond his power, but he rather seemed like a person in whom a state of amiable childhood had been prolonged. Sir William Watson, my aunt's last husband, was son to Sir William Watson, physician to George III.: he was a man of large fortune, distinguished for his scientific knowledge, and for his great wit and conversational powers. Their house was considered above all others in attraction, for as yet Earlham was not known. It was the rendezvous equally of persons of benevolence, talent, wit, and fashion. All sought to gain admittance into a circle which presented a rare combination of worldliness on a substratum of real kindness and benevolence. Was not the boundless benevolence of my aunt Lady Watson, which blessed so many, an inheritance she possessed from her unworldly ancestors the Barclays of Urie, like the green and beautiful leaves still put forth by a noble tree when its vitality seems gone?

My aunt had very bad health: she always spent the

morning in her room. Towards evening she became animated, was the soul of her company, and the delight and admiration of all. She was in the frequent habit of driving out in the evening. Our *cortège* generally consisted of the family coach, and two little Yarmouth carts each drawn by a pony. The coach contained ourselves, and some one of my aunt's family, and sundry gifts for the poor. One of the Yarmouth carts was devoted to the use of my uncle Watson; it carried his mineralogical hammers, his botanical boxes and microscopes, &c. We often excited no small wonder as we passed; my uncle getting out to botanise, while my aunt entered the cottages of the poor, or recurred to him for advice, while we with Mademoiselle were amusing ourselves in wandering about, and joining by turns the one party or the other.

I will give an instance of my aunt's extraordinary benevolence. One evening in London — at a play or concert, I forget which — my uncle and aunt, through some trivial circumstance, entered into a conversation with a gentleman and lady with whom they were unacquainted. The gentleman seemed a man of sense, and a great invalid. When the entertainment was over, it rained violently, and there was no coach to be had, at which the lady seemed sorely distressed, on account of the illness of her husband, and his nervous agitation. Lady Watson offered to set them down; but finding they lodged at a remote distance, and that the hour was late, she invited them to return home with her and sleep at her house. On the following morning, my aunt found that this poor gentleman was not only very ill, but in great trouble of mind, and in perplexed

circumstances. She immediately asked them to remain with her a little while, to see if means could not be found of helping them. She placed the gentleman under Sir William Watson's medical care, and employed proper legal advisers for the establishment of his affairs. In short, after a residence of a whole year at her house, the gentleman went forth an altered man : he afterwards became a deeply religious character, and did I feel at liberty to mention his name, it would be found one highly honoured in connection with many enlightened plans of benevolence. Another time, my aunt, who had formed the most complete collection of British shells then extant, and in stormy weather often visited the sea-shore for the purpose of adding to it, was out one day, when she saw from the top of the cliff a human figure on a ledge of rock surrounded with water. Not only was the tide rapidly advancing, but there was a tempest, and the crested waves were rushing in furiously. It soon appeared as though it were impossible for the man to extricate himself, or to leave his insular position. My aunt tried to get a boat to go to him, but the boatmen were unwilling to encounter the storm : seeing not a moment was to be lost, she offered a high reward to any who would venture : at last a boat set out ; Lady Watson watched its fate with breathless eagerness ; it reached the man just as his strength was exhausted, and brought him safely back ; but how great was her astonishment when she found she had rescued her own husband, Sir William Watson !

Another member of my aunt's family, I must not forget : this was Mr. Leathes, a young clergyman, and Fellow of

Jesus College, Cambridge. He was Mr. Freame's tutor; not that he taught him anything, but he walked and rode with him, and was his daily and most valuable companion. We were now left, as I have said, under the charge of my aunt Watson. Her desire to make us happy, and her kindness, could not be exceeded. Nevertheless, the influence we were now under was as different from the strict, yet wise and sustaining rule, in which we had been trained by my mother, as from the caprice and occasional tyranny of our young, and no doubt tried, governesses. Our natural inclinations were now permitted suddenly to expand at full liberty, and I felt like the genius in the "Arabian Nights," when suddenly emancipated from the box in which he had been confined under the depths of the ocean. Nevertheless, the atmosphere now around us, though so full of enjoyment, was yet not without its drawbacks. My mother had always avoided everything which she believed might give her children a taste for luxury; and the exhibition of wealth or position in society she trampled under foot, and her very countenance often reminded me of the lines in "Gondebart,"

"Great above pride, her looks like empire shone!"

My aunt Watson, on the contrary, kind, benevolent, and active, enjoyed all these things — partly, perhaps, from cheerful spirits, partly in amusement at the follies of others. She often said, "We live amongst fools; we have to make use of them, to act upon them for their good and our own; and if they are only to be caught with gold, why we must gild our nets, if we mean to catch them." For every-

thing, or for every custom in my mother's house, she always gave to her children's "Why?" a "Because," emanating from a clear principle; in the case of my aunt, a "Because" always merged in some effect to be produced. In the one case, we heard of motives springing from some lofty moral sentiment; in the other, of consequences terminating in some outward effect; the one elevated, the other amused. It was not long before I felt the gradually deteriorating effect of the descent of the mental eye from seeking, however imperfectly, the sun in the heaven above, to fix itself on the glittering gewgaws of the earth beneath. Such was the influence under which I now found myself.

In the beginning of June we left Bath, and accompanied our aunt to Dawlish, where she had just built, on a model of her own, a very pretty little villa called Seagrove Lodge. We had our abode in a small lodging a few hundred yards off. Dawlish was not then what it is now. It was no watering-place, but a small rural village, pastoral indeed, but without other pretension either to beauty or to picturesque effect. It consisted of a straggling line of small houses, mostly thatched, and many whitewashed cottages interspersed with little gardens, extending irregularly from the sides of a shallow brook, that wound through a plashy green full of rushes and the yellow-horned poppy, till, crossing through sands, it reached the sea. This little stream was crossed by a crazy wooden foot-bridge, where the children of the village often delighted to angle, while we were occupied, in the marshy sward beneath, in gathering the water-cresses growing in the brook in great abund-

ance, and daily laying up for ourselves rebukes for wet shoes and dirtied frocks.

The mornings at Dawlish we generally spent at our lessons, or in amusing ourselves out of doors. At about dinner-time we went to Seagrove, and passed the rest of the day in my uncle and aunt's family. And here let me make an observation which, at this distance of time, is very striking to me. I enjoyed at Dawlish a complete liberty, which I never had known under my dear mother's rule. I had amusement without end, for everything which surrounded me was new ; yet not one of the things I did, nor one of the things I saw, has left any distinct record upon my mind. My intellectual powers were not called forth ; hence, though I saw great variety of things new to me, they rather passed before me like the dreamy and baseless visions of a phantasmagoria, than were held and grappled with as substantial realities, the knowledge of which was to be acquired and treasured up for use. The amusements in which we now wasted hour after hour were not like those we had at home,—healthful exercises either of the bodily or mental powers. They now present to my recollection a mere chaos, without any chain of association linking them to the mind or memory ; whilst many of the least incidents of a walk, a flower, or a casual conversation with my dear mother or with my father, have fixed information in my mind which I shall never forget.

On reviewing the occasional periods of my life which were unoccupied by any definite or earnest intellectual pursuit, I have been reminded of a remarkable account of two children found in Champagne, who appeared

about fourteen or sixteen years of age, one of whom was reclaimed and educated. We are told, that it was only after he acquired the use of language that he was able to retain ideas in his memory, and that the whole of his savage life presented a blank he was unable to fill up, though he retained with perfect distinctness every idea afterwards received, and stored up *in words*. Now I have often thought, that as language imparts fixity to ideas, by clothing them in words, so the habits of discrimination, of attention, of intelligent arrangement, or vivid emotion, in like manner stereotype the light of knowledge or the glow of feeling, and thus furnish memory with her most valuable treasures.

In the vacant state, both of mind and heart, in which I was at Dawlish, the full liberty I had was almost a bewildering maze, and the various new objects around me presented a sort of dazzling mist, through which I at first discerned no object distinctly: meanwhile, the absence of my mother, though mitigated by my aunt's assurance of her welfare, yet lay like a weight on my heart, and in the midst of superficial amusement, I had the sad feeling of real isolation, loneliness, and want of interest. Gradually, however, the sunny mist which surrounded me became more transparent, and objects emerged more distinctly to view. The brightness, salient wit, and benevolent energy of my aunt interested my imagination, and long unused to any expression of kindness, I deeply welcomed that of my cousin Christiana Gurney, and there was a gentleness, a sentiment, and sweetness in it, I cannot say how grateful, to a heart sad and in sorrow, as mine really was. Though

I never spoke of that sorrow, the healing influence of her manner was deeply felt by me. But I had not a discerning spirit; I saw not that my heart sought but its own satisfaction in those it loved. I had besides no experience to discriminate the attractive from the substantial good, and I gave myself up to an excessive love and admiration of my cousin, which I have since thought bordered upon idolatry, Though others might look on only with approval, yet this my childish fancy made me experience, even then, how "evil and bitter a thing it is to forsake the Lord" for idols, though of gold; and how little any heart can prosper that worships—that is, that consecrates itself to—any object besides Him. The experience of my own long life, and of that of all those whom I have intimately known, has, on the other hand, abundantly shown me that there can be no seeking of God, however ignorant, however dark, that is pursued with integrity, which does not effectually lead upward from grace to grace, from grace to glory; for, of a truth, "God is, and is a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him."

It may perhaps appear needless to dwell upon this childish admiration for my cousin Christiana: but so it was, that while I seemed to go on well in my own sight, and in that of others at Dawlish, I was, unknowingly to myself, and very much through the unwatchfulness this occasioned, entering upon a state which, in combination with succeeding circumstances, proved the darkest in my life, which laid up for me years of misery and wandering from the right road, and from which the long-suffering, forbearance, and unmerited mercy of God, acting both

upon my own soul and upon a remarkable tissue of providential events, could alone have delivered me.

My cousin Christiana Gurney's character stands distinguished in my memory from all I have ever known ; not so much by force of material, or vividness of power, as by the excellent adaptation of all her powers — both of feeling, intelligence, and taste — to each other, and their exquisite temper and combination. Their influence on others was not so striking as attaching, tenacious, and pervading. It was not the brightness of the sparkling brook, or the wide expanse of light on the still lake, but the penetrating dew, or the deep course of the silent river.

She had a fine organisation of form, colour, and proportion ; and possessed those intellectual endowments which lead to the cultivation of the fine arts, and which, joined to her excellent sense, distinguished her conversation, not, indeed, for sparkling genius, but for finished taste, and rendered her manners exquisitely captivating. She had not, perhaps, so many heart friendships as chosen companionships, and in the choice of these she was fastidious and full of nice appreciation. She seemed to possess an intuitive feeling both of character and position, which bestowed on her manners that exact proportion which the Duc de St. Simon so highly lauds in Fénélon ; and I will add that her early association with Friends imparted to her a degree of collectedness and self-possession which bestowed a certain passive dignity on manners which, without it, might have stopped short at being sweet and engaging.

Both my cousin, and I who looked upon her, fell at this time into the same delusion ; — we had no distinct know-

ledge of what constituted the real good of ourselves or others, and confounded the mere desire of pleasing them with the promotion of their true happiness. She was then twenty-six : and I must here state, in anticipation, that her life was prolonged to the advanced age of eighty. Much discipline did she undergo from the love of her Heavenly Father ; much preparation of soil from the hands of the Good Husbandman, and increasingly rich from year to year was the golden harvest. She was blessing and blest, after having outlived all her near relations, whose support and solace she proved. She was as a mother to the bereft and the orphan, and when she died, she not only departed universally respected by the city in which she lived, and honoured by the large circle to which she belonged, but many were the orphans to whom her bounty and sympathy had given far more than an ordinary home, who assembled round her coffin and gave thanks for her redeemed spirit, whilst they mourned her with the mourning of the heart. Such was my cousin Christiana Gurney.

I can hardly describe how different was the tone of language at my home and at my aunt Watson's. My mother's praise was, "It is noble," "It does not seem, but is;" — my father's, "It is useful;" — my venerable friend Lizzie Forster's, "It is suitable;" — my grandfather's, "It is wise." On the other hand, my aunt Watson's word of praise was, "It is brilliant;" — my cousin Christiana's, "It is captivating, engaging, refined." All the expressions of praise at home were based on a substance; all those at my aunt's on fashion. The one had respect to integrity of material; the other mainly to its skill in manufacture. The conversation

at Barr and Dudson was constantly on subjects of intellect, or subjects of utility; on the discrimination of right and wrong: it was always based on principle of some sort; but at my aunt Watson's, it often, indeed, involved objects of benevolence, but turned chiefly on manners or sentiment, on novels, on admirers, and distresses arising from those entanglements of sentiment or etiquette which Harriette Byron and Evelina so delighted in. It seemed to me a new world. I felt like the countryman who, after viewing the solid orbs, the earth, the sun, and the moon, was in the last astonishment at beholding a philosopher like Sir Isaac Newton amusing himself, as he thought, with blowing empty soap-bubbles which, whilst they reflected brilliant light, had yet no substance.

My dear mother's instructions had deeply impressed me with a sense of duty to God, and of accountability to Him, as also of His omnipresence and His love. This I truly and deeply felt. She had also taught me, that the true object of life was to aim at being perfect, even as, or because, He is perfect; but there her instructions left me. My dearest mother, excellent and high-minded as she was, had not lived with those who had the slightest tincture of what we now term the doctrines of the Gospel. She believed that the field of free inquiry was open to all; and that so long as people were sincere, they were acceptable to God. She had never been thrown in common life; she seemed to live in a charmed atmosphere, where every one paid her glad homage as to a superior being; and, in truth, she had never experienced anything of the rubs and collisions, the tug of war, in the battle-field of life.

Now this being the case, as images of that which was great and noble in thought, in action, and in principle were indigenous in her, so she believed they were necessarily indigenous in others; and she did not know by experience the wide difference between feeding the heart and mind with generous thoughts and impulses, and bringing them to bear amidst temptation and the collision of adverse circumstances. But how the fallen creature man needs the interior light of God to strengthen his soul, and the promises of God to inspire his hope, in every step of his pilgrimage!

And how important is the teaching of all the great points of spiritual truth. Many of the greatest practical mistakes arise from working a question without the whole of the data; and I may truly say that, in my own case, endless perplexities of mind and conscience, when I really wished to do well, were certainly riveted upon me, if not originated, by the drawing-out of particular truths without the antagonistic principles by which our Lord limits and regulates them. I was like a man perpetually raising his principal rafter, as perpetually to let it fall, and that because he is ignorant that it cannot stand unless met by the antagonistic rafter from the opposite side. The strength of religious truth, like that of the arch, depends on the locking of the central keystone, in which both the opposite sections meet. This, I think, is very important to dwell upon; for nothing, surely, so perplexed my youthful conscience, and so entangled many of the early years of my life, as the fallacies into which I was led, by the exclusive building on some one isolated principle, and by the prac-

tical error hence resulting, which, in its turn, induced doubt of the truth of the principle itself.

The years of doubt, of misery, of darkness, which I underwent, through the new influences I received about this time, acting upon one so imperfectly established in the truth, make me earnestly wish to warn other young persons not to discard that which they have long known to be true, even if the practical result seem to lead to error; but to make sure that they possess the whole of that Catholic truth which, as it is universal, so likewise it is indispensable. I will enter into particulars. I believed that God was infinitely good. I thought that the more I pleased others, the more I resembled Him who is love, and fulfilled His will. I thought that all depended on lovingness and kindness; and, in endeavouring to cherish these, I very much slackened in seeking after truth. My dear mother had always especially insisted upon truth for its own sake; but I now began to doubt if there were any such thing. I felt it the part of love never to thwart those I was with, and considered that chiming in with them, both in acting and speaking, was a necessary part of giving them pleasure.

Thus Truth appeared to me as a harsh, inflexible tyrant, whom it was necessary to cast overboard in order to preserve Love; for I constantly repeated to myself, that he who loves God above all, and his neighbour as himself, fulfils all the law and the prophets.

I was by nature timid; I had from my cradle miserable health; I was full of sensitiveness, and very nervous; and no doubt the great difficulty and dislike I had in contend-

ing with others, proved an underlying temptation to avoid contention with them, even at the sacrifice of principle; nevertheless, my dear mother's great and noble character produced a deep effect both upon my heart and imagination. I honoured the greatness I myself had not, and I gloried in her noble truth whilst I often quailed before the force of her character. I always shrank from the contemplation of a mean and unlovely picture of my own heart; and though I never much cared for the opinion of others, in foolish pride esteeming myself too highly and them too little, I did value my own good opinion, worthless and ignorant as I was, and deceitful was the heart which gave judgment in its own cause. "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, who can know it?" Blessed art thou, O Lord! for ever and ever! Blessed is Thy promise, that Thou wilt search out Jerusalem with candles! Blessed art Thou! that coming to Thy light we shall see light.

Such was the deep and underlying state of my spirit, during part of my time at Dawlish. I do not recollect having ever done anything intentionally to give pain to others, and it was ever a very sensible pain to myself to see them suffer; but, on the other hand, I constantly used to defend myself or others with a shield, instead of taking the spear. It is the grace of God alone which has taught me, that being all members one of another, we owe that truth to one another which I in my ignorance considered as a possession in my own option to give or to withhold.

Another evil present with me at this time was, that believing man born with a perfect nature, I thought it was

from voluntary choice, when any departed from the highest moral standard: it was absolute excellence therefore that I expected, and I always judged of any aberration without mercy or allowance, believing that persons must have departed from their nature to fall into it. Very different was my measure as respected myself.

I must again observe the deep misery and perplexity which I passed through, and in which I was entangled for many years, simply from ignorance of the main dogmas of Catholic truth; yet never can I cease to be most thankful to my mother, who did deeply impress my mind with some of those truths which lie at its fountain head. The Holiness of God, that He is truth, that He is love, that He is omnipotent, that His eyelids try the children of men, that He is a rewarder of them who diligently seek Him—these things she deeply engraved upon my mind; and though, in my total ignorance, other scriptural declarations and other experiences seemed for a time sorely to battle against them, and against each other, yet were their traces ineffaceable; they were beacons, though storms of evil passions and surges of adverse circumstances raged around them.

How then can I ever be thankful enough to Thee, O Lord! who didst lead me as by a desert, “to humble me, to prove me, and to show me what was in my heart,” and who didst at last teach me to look to Thee as my Saviour and Deliverer! that Saviour besides which there is none other! Thus have I, through the pilgrimage of my life, been led, like the children of Israel, partly by the dark cloud, partly by the pillar of fire. Such were the compli-

cated motives which formed the many-stranded cord which drew me from my former simple standard of seeking what is right, to substitute another which, if it did not at once subvert the first, yet stood beside it like unto it, confounding my moral sense between that which was the will of God and that which would please men; between that which was good and that which was agreeable; between the sterling substance and the elegance of its form.

There was another cause for the deterioration of which I have spoken. A mingled chaos of literature abounded at Seagrove, from valuable scientific works and the best classical authors, to large collections of French memoirs, plays, and novels. All those of Fielding and Smollett, and various others of the same class, desecrated the library shelves: they were open to all, they were put into the hands of all. I did not, that I remember, read many of these books, though their evil influence I can never forget; and I think with horror of this pestilential literature, and of its deleterious effect both on myself and on those under whose care I was placed. And oh! how principles of evil (like those of good) may fall heedlessly into the mind at the time, but perhaps years after bring forth their baleful harvest. I would not have it imagined that Sir William Watson's library was by any means more exceptionable than other large libraries at that time; but I believe that at that period libraries in private houses were widely different from what they generally are now. The great increase of literary taste amongst women has wrought a wonderful change, not only in collections of books, but in their composition. Books were then written only for men; now

they are written so that women can participate in them ; and no man would think of forming a library in his house, without a thought that its volumes must be the companions of his wife and daughters in many a lonely hour, when their influence must sink into the heart, and tend to modify the taste and character. Thus, in literature, as in other things, and especially in domestic life, has the mercy of God bestowed on woman the especial and distinguishing blessing of upholding the moral and religious influence, that spirit of [truth and love by which man can alone be redeemed from the fall she brought upon him.

How great an obligation do we owe to Sir Walter Scott for raising the tone of light literature, and infusing into it, not only much instruction and information, but noble and elevated sentiments, and a tone of feeling honourable, manly, highly moral, and to a certain degree Christian ! None but those aged as myself, and who recollect the past condition of things, can appreciate the full debt we owe him.

Such then was my life at Dawlish ; wasted, except so far as health was concerned, in wandering about by the sea, the streams, the woods, and the breezy common, without once tasting of the stores of knowledge with which all these things overflowed. Liberty and amusement abounded more and more ; but as amusement and liberty increased, unhappiness and the weight of a conscience ill at ease increased likewise. I had felt sorely miserable at Bath during my mother's illness, but it was unhappiness without the sting of conscience ; but now I seemed to have neither conscience nor standard of right left. How often I felt a

dull and heavy conviction, which lay as a weight upon my heart, that I was forgetting God; that I was not even seeking to do right; and how did it come like a dagger, the feeling of the deep pain my mother would have felt, could she have looked into my heart, and seen how it went on. Yet I did not know what was right, whom to take as my guide, or whither to turn for help. I felt as enveloped in a dark fog; truly, I thought "no man cared for my soul," and I did not even care for it myself. In that hour of darkness and distress, when my earthly parents were far away, my Heavenly Father's eyes beheld me in deep compassion, and He held forth His hand to rescue; but not till I had learnt by experience how different a thing is the bitterest sorrow *with* Him, from that which stings the heart in the midst of brightness and enjoyment *without* Him;—and thus it fell out.

One most dismal Sunday, in which we were cooped up in our poor lodgings, the weather not permitting our usual resort to Seagrove, as we were all sitting together, listening to the driving wind and pelting rain, which still continued after a long and tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, we were unexpectedly roused by the sight of a post-chaise, such as were then furnished at inns on all roads, laden with luggage and bespattered with mud. It stopped at our abode, the carriage door opened, and we recognised the faces of two of the housemaids whom we left at Barr eight months before, and also the bright and good-humoured countenance of Mrs. Waring, the worthy schoolmistress of the little school for poor girls, which my dear mother had established.

Mrs. Waring, humble as she was in station, and perhaps in intelligence, was yet a very original character. Her dress and her person seem to rise before my view: her little mob-cap, scrupulously quilled and edged with lace, was tied under her chin with a pink bow; she wore a silk handkerchief shawl, after the manner of Friends, and a flowered chintz gown, with an apron of linen, which, in whiteness, rivalled her cap. Never shall I forget the bright, kind, good Mrs. Waring! She was a thorough and devoted member of that old-fashioned Church of England school which was rather occupied in living the truth than in defining it. By this her whole aspect was modelled. Her naturally lively, loving, humble temper was chastened by a peace and serenity which ever made her spirit seem free, even through all the active kindnesses her hands were busy in performing. Her excessive love of children, animals, and of her fellow-creatures generally, and her taste for cheerful humour, were never suffered to interfere with order, law, or discipline; but then, discipline was administered as if her heart yearned over the culprit, and as if she suffered more in enforcing the penalty than the other in suffering it.

She came in on that day, in the midst of the dreadful tempest, bright, cheerful, and placid, delighted to see us, as we were to see her; and when asked about her journey, and its having prevented her attending her favourite church, and the preacher in whom her whole soul seemed concentrated, she respectfully replied, "No; I had a very pleasant journey, for I came in the way of duty; and I know my Heavenly Father would not have sent me from His house,

and turned me out to travel, on a day like this, unless He had had a blessing in store for me; besides, I knew that the heart of the whole Church was lifted up for poor travellers by sea and land; and I knew that God Himself, who always answers His children's cry, was with us, and watching over us." Never shall I forget these words; they came to me as a sunbeam bursting through a thick cloud; my eyes filled with tears; eight months had elapsed since I had heard the name of God mentioned with love and reverence. No one could describe what those words were to me; they were as a refreshing shower on a parched ground,—like dew on a desert,—where every blade of vegetation had perished, but which was ready to germinate and put forth buds; they were like the first soft breath of spring which shakes off the snow, which loosens the frost-bound soil, and bids the snowdrop and the primrose again burst forth. Since the heavy Christmas Day on which my dear mother was first taken ill, I had indeed had moments of intense joy; both in meeting her at the Corselawn Inn, and again when I was with her at Bath; but that feeling was still essentially different in its nature from the happiness it now was once more to have the reality of God's loving presence brought home to me. In an instant my heart seemed lightened with the feeling that the name of the Lord is a strong fortress, into which those who enter shall be safe.

No sooner did I look upon Mrs. Waring's countenance, than I felt its renovating and supporting influence. Glad was I when, as a treat, they allowed us that first evening to have her to take tea with us in our schoolroom; and as we

were cheerfully seated around, she unfolded the joyful tidings that my dear mother might be expected in about ten days, and that she was sent, with two of the maids, to find a suitable house, and get it prepared for her reception. This was indeed a joy; it seemed as if almost too much happiness had come at once.

Before Mrs. Waring arrived, how often had I felt that the whole morning had been wasted, as if suspended on the short afternoon's pleasure at Seagrove; yet when I returned in the evening, what had my anticipated pleasure produced but emptiness! A thousand disappointments occurred. Sometimes I hardly saw my cousin Christiana, sometimes other young people were more with her; then I felt sorely stricken. At other times I had her entirely to myself, and all seemed to prosper; yet when I returned home, I felt the dreary emptiness of the whole. I had no satisfaction of conscience, for I had only been seeking my own pleasure, and I felt the sort of deadness and exhaustion which I have often experienced, and seen in others, after reading novels, or whenever the sympathies are excited without producing the living fruit to which, in His Divine economy, God has appointed them. How truly does my heart and soul assent to Miss Hawkins' definition, that novels, and all that stimulates unproductive sensibilities, may be counted as the gin-palaces of the mind. After good Mrs. Waring's arrival, I was surprised to observe how the sight of her sitting at her work with busy hands, bright eyes, and cheerful yet placid face, seemed at once to gladden and restore my heart. She used no honeyed words, she had no polished manner, but her every word and look

were full of genuine kindness; and though she made no effort to attract others to her, yet her whole heart seemed to overflow in her lovingness towards them.

When at Seagrove, I was like a fly which, entangled in the pot of honey the allurements of which he cannot resist, yet feels his feet clogged, so that he can no longer walk his way; his wings entangled, that he can no longer soar; his spiracles oppressed, that he can no longer breathe the fresh air: when under Mrs. Waring's influence, I felt, on the contrary, restored to life and liberty.

One afternoon as we were walking on the Warren, (a high cliff overhanging the sea, from which the Exeter road turns to Dawlish,) what was my delight to see our well-known horses and carriage with my dear father and mother, followed by an open carriage in which sat a lady whom we always called "cousin Sally," who was on a long visit to my mother, and by her side a youth with long brown hair thrown back over his shoulders, without his hat, playing on the flute, and a beautiful little goat standing before him, with his fore-feet on his knees.

On arriving at home, I once again met my mother, and found that the youth was William Priestley, Mrs. Priestley's son, who had brought the little goat as a present to me. He and cousin Sally took up their abode in our house, whilst my father and mother went to that prepared for them.

I must now say a few words of cousin Sally. In the first place she was no cousin at all; there was, I believe, some distant connection by marriage. Her parents had been unfortunate in their worldly concerns; but to great natural delicacy and refinement, as well as benevolence,

and knowledge of household economics, she united a kindness which made cousin Sally generally beloved as a visitor. She was also much valued in the families of her connections, with whom she was in the habit of spending months together, more even to their benefit than to hers; and in all these families, though she did not retain much of the garb or manner of Friends, she was recognised under the title of "cousin."

William Priestley was a clever youth, full of drollery and acuteness; he was then studying in the Dissenters' academy at Daventry. The next morning he failed not to amuse us by various anecdotes of cousin Sally, for the embellishment of which, I doubt not, we were indebted not only to his memory but also to his imagination; nevertheless, cousin Sally's kindness and good humour were unfailing, and her mistakes, at which she was the first to laugh, were amongst the many ingredients of amusement in the Seagrove circle.

Soon after their arrival, my mother moved to Seagrove, and we occupied the house taken for my parents. And here a great change for the better took place in our outward occupation. My father had brought a beautiful little piebald horse, to draw my mother in a pony-carriage; he was called Lucifer, from her name of Lucy. I do not know that my mother ever used the pony-carriage, but my father wished me to learn to drive, and Mr. Leathes, Mr. Freame's tutor, who had just returned from Cambridge, undertook to teach me. He came every day before seven in the summer mornings, and we took a long drive together, during which he told me much of Cambridge, and of various

things which stimulated my love of study, as well as my love of horses and dogs. His little dog "Pincher" was almost always of the party, seated on the foot-board. After breakfast, for which, as Mr. Leathes observed, we, like Cyrus, had earned an appetite, he kindly gave me my Latin lesson, and one in "*Memoria Technica*," now no longer dull and wearisome; he accompanied them with so many illustrations from sensible objects, so many anecdotes, and so much information, that everything he taught made a vivid mark upon the mind; and when I contrasted the deep interest I now felt in my lessons with my former distaste for the same studies, I became aware that progress in learning depends as much on the talent of the teacher as of the learner; and that he who would efficiently teach must always, as far as possible, render his instructions palpable to the perceptive faculties, by the use of images formed in the imagination through individuality, form, colour, and comparison. Truths thus taught will be apprehended as vivid realities, and be ever afterwards remembered as a part of the learner's own mind and experience. Thus, when I had learnt formerly, in the "*Memoria Technica*," the dreary list of the names of the Judges of Israel, they presented no image to the eye of my mind; but after Mr. Leathes brought before it, Gideon by his threshing-floor, the angel under the oak, and the men with their lamps and pitchers descending on the Midianites by night; Deborah sitting in state under the palm tree, and ruling all Israel; and Jair with his thirty sons and their milk-white asses; I had — by the influence of kindness and wisdom, (which Mr. Leathes told me was "woman's influence,") — a living picture before me of each

event, and thus I not only learnt these things from Mr. Leathes, but learnt a lesson in the art of teaching.

After Mr Leathes' lesson succeeded hours of recreation, not now wasted in idle sauntering, but often spent with William Priestley, and my little goat "Pan," under the shade of an old tree that grew over a wild bank, when he often played to the goat and to me on the flute, and showed the goat's fondness for music, and told abundance of anecdotes of natural history, and also of his life at Daventry. I became deeply interested about their mimic wars of Grecians and Trojans, and their hunts after the Calydonian boar, all of which recitals led me to acquire much information concerning the myths to which they referred.

Then William Priestley was a dexterous carver in wood. How much I liked, under his direction, to carve draughtsmen, dice, and chessmen, especially the horses' heads of the knights, and the battlements of the castles. I mention these minutiae, because I think they greatly led to the cultivation of constructiveness: he also taught me to make charts, and to bind books, and these things, begun in amusement, I have found of great use in after life. In the evenings when it was rainy, William Priestley would often come and amuse me with tales from the "Arabian Nights," which was a very favourite book, not only with himself, but also with Dr. Priestley. With my mother, we never read books of impossible fiction; but I have often since thought that the effect of these tales upon me at that period was decidedly good. How pure and wholesome did the "Arabian Nights" appear after the sickly, mawkish, sentimental

novels which had deluged our school-room and the tables at Seagrove. These tales, on the contrary, were simply recreative and amusing; their very extravagance prevented their having that semblance of truth which would lead to false expectations. The "Arabian Nights" were full of vivid pictures and imagery, full of allusions to the customs, belief, legends, and system, current among the Mussulmans and Parsees, and hence every evening's amusement with William Priestley sent me next morning to Mr. Leathes, to get the "Bibliothèque Orientale," or some other similar work, in order to make myself fully acquainted with Ibblis, Istakhan, the venerable Simurge, the Giaours, or the fire-worshippers, as the case might be. The glimpses which the "Arabian Nights" were the means of affording me in these various branches of information, though at that time desultory and superficial, were not without their value in their results in after life; and as works of recreation are at all ages necessary to healthful refreshment, I am here again reminded of the blessing writings like those of Sir Walter Scott have been, not only to his own, but to succeeding generations. In the minds of the young they have sown, perhaps, the first seeds of a taste for biography or history, whilst to the aged his works have often been the means both of renewing their reminiscences, and of stimulating their sympathies at a period of life when social as well as religious feelings need to be refreshed, not only by the dews from Heaven, but also from the little bubbling fountains which God has deposited within the earth.

A few concluding recollections of our society at Dawlish. In the circle at Seagrove, I remember a Mr. Lytton, a man

of great peculiarity. A few sentences that he spoke deeply fastened themselves on my mind. One day, on hearing some person observe, "What would be said of such a thing?" he replied, "How can you mind what persons say? The judgment of mankind is fallacy and folly." It was answered, "Nay, universal judgment must be based on truth. 'Vox populi, vox Dei.'" Mr. Lytton said, "Determine for yourself. When Admiral Rodney gained his great victory, did not all England illuminate and rejoice? and was he not pronounced one of the greatest of men? Yet what did he do, but annihilate his enemies, and destroy human life? The other day, young Groves" (a Methodist at Dawlish) "knelt down in the midst of the market-place, when much wickedness was going on, and earnestly prayed to God for the people around; he was called mad: what, then, is popular opinion? For the wholesale destruction of human life, you pronounce a man great; and for trust in God, the only infallibly wise thing, you pronounce a man mad;—so much for the value of human judgment!"

Amongst Sir William Watson's visitors at Dawlish was also Dr. Priestley. I shall never forget the innocent and child-like delight which Dr. Priestley seemed to feel in the natural objects which here surrounded us;—the waves of the ocean, the light and shadows on the rocks, the seaweeds and shells and marine plants, all seemed to furnish him with inexhaustible subjects for recreation. He delighted in explaining them; and spoke of everything around as if his abiding feeling were not merely, "Supreme Wisdom has created this or that," but "My Heavenly Father's love has given it to us richly to enjoy."

The glad expression of his countenance seemed to show that he recognised each as a new gift from his Father, which, however trifling in itself, spoke to him of an immeasurable love.

Dr. Priestley was eminent for his social talents; and one thing I here wish to observe. He sometimes, I believe, has been thought sharp in his expressions in controversy; but those who knew him well, fully understood him in this respect. A sharp and acute intellectual perception, often a pointed, perhaps a playful expression, was combined in him with a most loving heart. I remember that whilst we were at Bath, Mrs. Priestley related an anecdote in point. Dr. Priestley's discoveries on air are well known. Whilst he was occupied in his first and most important investigation on this subject, the results of which he was anxiously wishing to lay before the annual meeting of the Royal Society, he was inopportunately called away from home. This was a trial, as he was anxiously watching the results of a particular experiment. His absence was, however, unavoidably prolonged to some days. He left his gases, contained in inverted glasses, immersed in water, and charged Mrs. Priestley that no one should touch them; and knowing what foes good housemaids are to philosophers, he rang the bell, and himself desired the housemaid to disturb nothing in his study. Sally, we may suppose, thought that Dr. Priestley's desires that "nothing might be disturbed" meant that all should be put in order, and accordingly she set to work, and on Mrs. Priestley's return from a walk, what was her horror to find all the gas glasses removed, carefully wiped, and put by on the shelf,

the water thrown away, and the gas of course escaped ! Great was Mrs. Priestley's dismay ; and she sat down to consider how best to break the sad news to the doctor, who was hourly expected. She decided it would be best to prepare him for some signal misfortune, and accordingly told him, on his arrival, to prepare for something which must cost him much pain. Dr. Priestley, in much alarm, thinking perhaps one of his children was ill, asked what was the matter. When he heard what had happened, his countenance brightened, and he said, "Thank God it is only that ! It might have pleased Him to have taken one of our children : the evil will only cost me a few weeks' labour, and if some other should make the discovery before me, by means of this delay, it will be equally useful to the world."

Dr. Priestley always spent part of every day in devotional exercises and contemplation ; and unless the railroad has spoilt it, there yet remains at Dawlish a deep and beautiful cavern, since known by the name of "Dr. Priestley's Cavern," where he was wont to pass an hour every day in solitary retirement. When I consider how much of religious light and how many branches of religious truth Dr. Priestley wanted, I am more and more struck with his great fidelity in carrying out that which he had received, and impressed with the deep vitality of the Tree of Life, any portion of which is so distinguished, in its immortal fruits, from the products of the earthly nature. O Lord, the living God ! the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, not only bestow upon us life, but give it more abundantly !

I have, as I have said, known many estimable and excellent Unitarians, whose earnestness and fidelity in doing good might have put to shame many whose light was greater; but I have ever been struck with the Unitarian powerlessness in doing spiritual good — doubtless from a deficiency in spiritual truth; and I have remarked that, even in the most excellent, their utility is mainly circumscribed to temporal results. How often have I admired their zeal in clothing the naked or feeding the hungry, while I have seen them bereft of power to comfort the troubled in mind, or to assuage the spiritual conflict, or to help those who were mourning under a sense of sin and helplessness. I have indeed often seen with pain, that while the temporal aid bestowed by the Unitarian, whose religion was vital, has been zealous and abundant, the aid, whether spiritual or temporal, of merely professing orthodox Christians has been null and void; but oh! how much better is a minute portion of truth held in life than a large portion held in the palsy of death!

One word of my dear mother, before taking a final leave of Seagrove. I had not the opportunity of speaking much to her during this period, for I generally saw her in the family circle; yet, amidst it all, I shall never forget how beautiful appeared the simplicity of her dress, and her lofty dignity and calm cheerfulness, in contrast to the prettinesses around; and well I remember, as a child, sitting and looking upon her countenance, and comparing it with the rouge and powder and curls of others; and my eye loved to rest upon her transparent and beautiful complexion, the varying colour of which seemed but as a thin

covering to the soul, adorning and yet softening the majesty of her well-chiselled features, and the rich clusters of her dark brown hair. I was then a little child, standing at her knee: I now write this, my own hair snowy white.

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PART III.

1788—1789.

“But he had felt the power
Of nature, and already was prepared,
By his intense conceptions, to receive
Deeply the lesson deep of love, which he
Whom nature, by whatever means, has taught
To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

“You never saw, your eye did never look
On the bright form of her whom once I loved;
Her silver voice was heard upon the earth,
A thing unknown to you.”

WORDSWORTH.

EARLY in October we returned to Barr. My cousin Christiana Gurney accompanied us. We were three or four days on the road. Mr. Leathes, who was with us, had his pistols cocked ready at hand, so great at that time was the fear of highwaymen. How delightful to me was the first sight of the pinnacles of the well-known tower of Worcester Cathedral. How great the pleasure with which I left it behind, and passed the little inn at Northfield, embosomed in the barren Lickeys, and with which I again picked up some specimens of quartz from the rock which my father had long before pointed out to me, and the

delight with which I entered the first gate that, leaving the high road, began the approach to the grounds of Barr.

Then came the venerable oak wood and steep precipice shagged with trees, and the water below, where the waterfowl were disporting amidst the flags and reeds, then the winding road, opening at last by a sudden turn, and disclosing the turrets and Gothic windows of my dearly loved home. I was almost too glad to believe it all real; I seemed, as in one instant, to be at once in every room; and the thought that I should be with my dear mother there, as I once was, seemed almost overwhelming.

Soon after our return home, my mother resumed her Sunday instructions. I, every week, not only learned some preceptive text by heart, but was questioned by her as to how I understood them. She diligently taught me, likewise, the historic catechism of the Old and New Testament, showing me the map of all the places named. As she spoke, the places, the events, and almost portraits of the actors, seemed vividly to unfold before me; and though I had none of what might be called dogmatic instruction, I fully believe that my mother's mode of teaching that which she did teach, was, by the blessing of God, the means of deeply fixing on my heart the thorough reality of Scriptural truth, the thorough reality of the Being of God, and the glad and soul-filling, though awful happiness of living in a sense of His Holy and Loving Presence; one, with which not all the things of this earth can be compared; and though I knew but very little, that little seemed then to sink into my heart, and become an integral part of myself. Nor can I ever forget, that one of

the first things in which my dearest mother occupied herself, was to form for me a manuscript arrangement of the Prophecies and Gospels, with the historic circumstances of their fulfilment. Thus, after a long night of living without God in the world, I felt again called to His paternal and sustaining care. I also remember the deep delight with which the prophetic language of Scripture now began to inspire me by its sublime and elevating beauty. My first ideas of the truly sublime were taken from the 8th and 104th Psalms, the descriptions of the spectral spirit, and the war-horse, in the Book of Job, and the prophecies of Isaiah and Zephaniah against Babylon and Nineveh. Thus was the Bible made not only the standard of principle, but that of taste and imagination; and now, how can I sufficiently express my deep gratitude to my mother for all her care? If the Psalmist had said, in relation to God, the great Parent, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits," there is a subordinate sense in which the same may be applied to an earthly parent. How many of the blessings, both from the one and the other, have we shamefully neglected, misused, and undervalued! how often have we, for a season, perhaps, trampled under foot the seed of life, which, nevertheless, through the unmerited mercy of God, has sprung up again and again, though scorched by summer heat or nipped by winter frost, and at last, through the same Divine blessing, has produced its tardy fruit unto life eternal!

How many, like me, reckless in childhood, have in after years, with deep compunction of heart, recognised the unspeakable mercies of that God who has found the means by

which iniquity may be forgiven and sin covered. And now I was again established in my home. Many months of absence, which at my age seemed interminable, had intensified the feeling connected with every part. Not a tree nor meadow flower, but now, in addition to its beauty, was richer in the power of associated memories. Besides this, the few months that had passed, and the variety of objects crowded into them, had formed an era in the development of my mind and in its powers of comparison; and my very heart now felt the pre-eminent value of my own home, its beauty, its peacefulness, and its simple unity of principle.

Little by little, amidst the halo of joy, I seemed to discern again, with fresh pleasure, many things I had before enjoyed, but which I was now better able to appreciate. Mr. Berrington again became our constant visitor. How I delighted in his anecdotes of Cowper the poet, of Mrs. Unwin, Lady Austen, and Lady Hesketh, all of whom he met continually at Sir John Throckmorton's. He read the whole of "The Task" aloud to us; and the pleasure with which I listened to this truly English poet, full of heart for his fatherland, still rises before my mind.

Another great pleasure I had at this time was in my school hours. I had left behind the weariness of the early Latin grammar, and was reading Virgil and Tacitus. How eagerly did I watch every day for our Latin master, as he crossed the distant path that entered our meadow; and how did I like to get my books ready, during the ten minutes that intervened ere he reached the house. Many of the hours of these Latin lessons are imprinted amongst my pleasantest remembrances. Our school-room was most

cheerful ; its two Gothic windows looked on the meadow before the house girdled with trees ; on the right appeared the tower of the church, and the sound of its distant bell seemed to add to its peace, without interrupting its stillness. How often, as I sat at my lessons near the open window, has the air been filled with the cooing of the wood-pigeon and the distant sound of the woodman's axe ; and with what pleasure have I read Virgil's Eclogues, and especially those lines in the first, beginning

"Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt,"

delighting in the close of the passage.

It also was a pleasure, every day after dinner, to watch for the first glimpse of the red jacket of a little cripple—a Catholic boy,—who might be seen emerging from the same road our Latin master had trod some hours before, and to watch him coming down, on his crutches, to the house, where my dear mother had him treated every day with his dinner, and sent him hemlock dressings for his wounds. In summer, while he rested after his long walk, we were allowed to take out to him, on the lawn, some nice cool fruit. He came thus for several years ; and, through my mother's care and interest with her friends at Oscott, he was at length advanced to receive a suitable education, and became, finally, a highly respectable teacher there.

We now resumed our Friday visits to Dudson. What a delight it was once again to look upon my grandfather's venerable, intelligent, and kind countenance, and to receive his affectionate welcome. Our rides thither I especially enjoyed. It was about eight miles from Barr, through

sequestered lanes, whose banks were rich in flowers, or over-arched with dark umbrageous trees. These lanes opened at intervals on wide commons, where the gorse, and heath, with various animals, and ragged children who tended them, added to the wild and picturesque effect.

How sweet, and peaceful, and cordial was our reception at Dudson. Everything, from the dinner, the fruit, the conversation, the pictures, and the playthings provided for our entertainment, as well as the manners of my grandfather, and those of our excellent friend, Lizzie Forster, spoke, as plainly as though it had been uttered in words, the desire to mark love and kindness, without ever forgetting to make our enjoyment wise and refreshing, so that, when we returned, the sober and kindly influence of love and wisdom might still rest on the heart and mind. How is the influence of others blest to us, not by the brilliance, or even wisdom, of what they say, but by the power of what they themselves are, sent home to the heart by the Divine Spirit!

Amongst the habitual family routine to which we now returned, was that of receiving the Lunar meetings. The first of these was marked by Mr. Boulton's presenting to the company his son, just returned from a long *séjour* at Paris. I well remember my astonishment at his full dress in the highest adornment of Parisian fashion; but I noticed, as a remarkable thing, that the company (which consisted of some of the first men in Europe) all with one accord gathered round him, and asked innumerable questions, the drift of which I did not fully understand. It was wonderful to me to see Dr. Priestley, Dr. Withering, Mr. Watt, Mr. Boulton himself, Mr. Keir, manifest the most intense

interest, each according to his prevailing characteristics, as they almost hung upon his words; and it was impossible to mistake the indications of deep anxiety, hope, fear, curiosity, ardent zeal, or thoughtful gravity, which alternately marked their countenances, as well as those of my own parents. My ears caught the words, "Marie Antoinette," "the Cardinal de Rohan," "diamond necklace," "famine," "discontent among the people," "sullen silence, instead of shouts of 'Vive le Roi!'" All present seemed to give a fearful attention. Why, I did not then well know, and, in a day or two, these things were almost forgotten by me; but the rest of the party heard, no doubt, in this young man's narrative, the distant, though as yet faint, rising of the storm which, a year later, was to burst upon France, and, in its course, to desolate Europe.

Though outwardly my life was now much the same as before I went to Dawlish, yet, as I have said, a great change had taken place within. I had before singly wished—that is to say, had singly acknowledged as my standard, the wish—to do what was right. I had now become perplexed between that motive and others growing from a different root. I was thus in a state of mind to receive evil from a new and hurtful influence which now approached our family circle.

It was in the course of that autumn that the celebrated Dr. Darwin first came to see my mother at Barr. His arrival was an era in my life; I saw him then with the eyes of a child, and now, in age, I can only describe him from the stores I then locked up in my memory.

It was in the latter part of the morning that a carriage

drove up to our door, of that description then called a "Sulky," because calculated to hold one person only. The carriage was worn, and bespattered with mud. Lashed on the place appropriated to the boot in ordinary carriages was a large pail for the purpose of watering the horses, together with some hay and oats beside it. In the top of the carriage was a skylight, with an awning which could at pleasure be drawn over; this was for the purpose of giving light to the doctor, who wrote most of his works on scraps of paper with a pencil as he travelled.

The front of the carriage within was occupied by a receptacle for writing paper and pencils, likewise for a knife, fork, and spoon; on one side was a pile of books reaching from the floor to nearly the front window of the carriage; on the other, a hamper containing fruit and sweetmeats, cream and sugar, great part of which, however, was demolished during the time the carriage traversed the forty miles which separated Derby from Barr. We all hastened to the parlour window to see Dr. Darwin, of whom we had heard so much, and whom I was prepared to honour and venerate, in no common degree, as the restorer of my mother's health. What then was my astonishment at beholding him as he slowly got out of the carriage! His figure was vast and massive, his head was almost buried on his shoulders, and he wore a scratch wig, as it was then called, tied up in a little bob-tail behind. A habit of stammering made the closest attention necessary, in order to understand what he said. Meanwhile, amidst all this, the doctor's eye was deeply sagacious, the most so I think of any eye I remember ever to have seen; and I can conceive that no patient

consulted Dr. Darwin who, so far as intelligence was concerned, was not inspired with confidence in beholding him: his observation was most keen; he constantly detected disease, from his sagacious observation of symptoms apparently so slight as to be unobserved by other doctors. His horror of fermented liquors, and his belief in the advantages both of eating largely, and eating an almost immeasurable abundance of sweet things, was well known to all his friends; and we had on this occasion, as indeed was the custom whenever he came, a luncheon-table set out with hothouse fruit, and West India sweetmeats, clotted cream, Stilton cheese, &c. When the whole party were settled at table, and I had lost the fear that the doctor would speak to me, and when, by dint of attention, I could manage to understand what he said, I was astonished at his wit, his anecdotes, and most entertaining conversation. I was particularly amused by anecdotes he told of his patients. There was one lady, the Duchess of D—, whom he had recently been called to attend, who was perishing, he said, under the effect of the white enamel paint which some ladies were then very fond of applying. The doctor at once perceived the cause of her malady, but he knew it would be tender ground to touch upon, since her use of this cosmetic was kept a profound secret, even from her family; he, therefore, put on a very grave face, and said she was certainly poisoned, asked if she had had her servants long, and if she had reason to think they owed her ill-will; he then said he should make the strictest examination of all the kitchen utensils, which he did; no satisfaction could be obtained. He then informed her Grace that poison

might be absorbed by the skin as well as received by the stomach; had she observed the dyes of her gloves? &c. &c. At last, the Duchess of D—, after a great struggle, confessed she used the white lead enamel. It was soon removed. Dr. Darwin's ingenuity furnished her with some vegetable cosmetic in its stead; and her Grace completely recovered.

With this, and various other anecdotes, did Dr. Darwin beguile the time whilst the dishes in his vicinity were rapidly emptied; but what was my astonishment when, at the end of the three hours during which the meal had lasted, he expressed his joy at hearing the dressing-bell, and hoped dinner would soon be announced. At last, to my sorrow, he discovered me, and said, "I will now see if you are a clever and industrious little girl; translate me these lines of Virgil," on which he began, no doubt, to repeat them, but to me, who could not even understand his English, they were wholly unintelligible. He then quoted some Greek lines, of which language I knew not a word, so that I got into great disgrace with him. This is the recollection of my first childish impressions of Dr. Darwin; an eventful day, not only for myself, was that which first introduced him to our family circle.

The immediate result of Dr. Darwin's visit and advice was the removal of my mother to a moderately sized house in one of the best parts of Birmingham for the winter. Meanwhile, we children remained at Barr. My little brothers daily attended a boys' school about a mile and a half distant, towards which we often went, in an evening, through meadows, mossy woods and lanes, to bring them

home. If I did well in the week—that is, if I had a good report in the books of Mademoiselle and the various masters—I went to my mother on Friday evening, and stayed till the middle of the Monday. This was my animating motive through the week, and the zeal with which it inspired me, and the pleasure which it spread over my studies, have often brought to my mind the deep truth concealed in that text, “The joy of the LORD is your strength.” If hope is so powerful with respect to those we love with a strong earthly love, how animating must that be which has God for its object, and which is kindled by the Holy Spirit of truth.

My mother was now fully equal to direct the general superintendence of our studies, and the outline of our employment. I was now a year older, and I began to take a heartfelt interest in my lessons, and in the books I read. I particularly remember the very great pleasure I had in reading Rollin’s “Arts and Sciences of the Ancients.” It was now a delight to me to study alone; and, in any perplexing passage, I asked my Latin tutor to direct me to the books which would give me the information I wanted.

William Priestley often came to spend some days with us; and he helped with equal pleasure to make battering-rams, and to form models of temples, with a view to elucidate Rollin; or he told us fairy tales, and made balloons for our amusement. How well I remember when William Priestley and I, with the labour of several weeks, made a pretty accurate model, in clay, of the façade of the temple of Diana at Ephesus. We children had then a little sail-cloth tent, erected in the botanic garden near the cascade,

fitted up with table and chairs, and there we often examined our botanic and entomologic specimens. It had a double door, and thither William Priestley and I daily resorted, to continue our architecture. I had it much at heart to complete our work perfectly, that I might offer it to my dear mother, to prove to her how diligently I had read the books which she had given me. Thanks to William Priestley, the façade was at last very beautifully finished, and I was congratulating myself upon it, when Mademoiselle — who, however, was generally very good-natured — in a fit of displeasure happened to sweep our model down, and it was broken. I cannot describe my vexation, and I think scarcely an accident in my life inflicted on me a more pungent disappointment. William Priestley laughed immoderately, and cried out, “All hands to work to make the battering catapulta against her! And now, Mademoiselle, do you take notice. This tent represents Greece; this double door is the Pass of Thermopylæ, and you shall never be suffered to go through it again: you shall see that we are as brave as Leonidas, and yet we will not sup with Pluto, but you may do so if you like.” Mademoiselle looked thoroughly discomfited. By this time I had recollected myself, and I said, “No, William, Leonidas would have done so, but the Apostles would not. ‘Bless them that curse you, and do good to them which despitefully use you and persecute you.’ This shall not then be the Pass of Thermopylæ, to keep out Mademoiselle, but the narrow way and strait gate which we will go through together; so she shall not sup with Pluto, but we will invite her to our supper:” for we were going to have

a little treat of fruit and flowers from our gardens, after the cowslip-tea from flowers of our own gathering, which we tried to believe was excellent.

I am often surprised when I think of my present pacific principles, and I may say disposition, and recollect the great delight I then had in all that part of Rollin which describes the wars of the ancients. The battering-ram, the ballista, the tortoise, the musculus, and the crow were then objects of great interest and study to me; and I remember saving my pocket-money to purchase Mezerai's Tactics. We used to arrange all the different battles with hazel-nuts and holly-berries, according to the plans in that book. Grievous was it to me when the dressing-bell sounded, and interrupted the battle of Thymbra, Issus, or Arbela.

Another very different book which I used to read at my lying-down time, was Hume's "History of England." I had taught myself a little Anglo-Saxon, and I was very fond of getting Anglo-Saxon histories, which a friend borrowed for me from the library of Lichfield Cathedral, and which I deciphered by means of Lye and Manning's Anglo-Saxon dictionary. I also endeavoured to get all the original English histories I could, — which, indeed, were not many, — and books on armour and Scandinavian mythology, in which William Priestley was a great help; and we both enjoyed various traces of legendary lore which we delighted to dress up and expand into tales, according to our own imagination. The history of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart above all interested me; and I remember the deep sorrow I felt when Babington's conspiracy on behalf of

Mary was discovered. I tried to find out all I could of each of the conspirators, to imagine the various motives by which they were actuated, whether by generosity, compassion, religious zeal, or envy against the English Queen. I began to observe how many different motives may engage persons in an action which, being outwardly one, appears common to them all, and yet how widely asunder their hearts may really be ! This led me to think that men see the outward act, but God sees the heart ; and that which is of importance for our peace is, that the heart be clean in His sight, clean by uprightness, or cleansed by His forgiveness. This sentiment deeply weighed upon me. The reader may perhaps recollect a skull which I had as a plaything when a little child, and which I had since carefully kept amongst my treasures ; another happened to be given to me by a surgeon, when explaining the admirable contrivance of the bones of the human head. I now took them both, and, in the day-dream in which I was so often wont to indulge, I constituted these two skulls into those of Anthony Babington, whom I supposed the noble defender of Mary, and John Polly, the mean betrayer of the whole plot to Elizabeth. I gradually attached a long history to each, beginning with their childhood, and imagining how, little by little, noble daring, and compassion, and self-devotion were nurtured in the one, and meanness, and selfishness, and the full-blown traitor's character were developed in the other. Then I remember asking my grandfather for some old yellow paper, which I fancied must be paper of Queen Elizabeth's time, and imitating the old English character, I wrote, in two little books, the

history I had affixed to each. I then wrapped up the skulls and their histories in leaden paper, which I imagined would last for ages, and put each into a box with some coins I had of Queen Elizabeth's time, taking care, however, to put the good coins into Babington's box, and the spurious or brass ones into that of John Polly. Finally, I wrote upon the outside a solemn warning to all whose characters were not yet formed; and nailing up my boxes, I buried them, by the help of the gardener, in my own little garden, and over them I planted laurels and two oaks. I said to myself, "The oak lives three hundred years at least, and I shall have been long dead ere these boxes see the light; yet, by their means, a word may be said which may be useful to somebody. Though I am but a child, God may perhaps bless it."

I recall these two incidents, which, like many others, have a deep interest to me, as exemplifying a very favourite, and I think important, principle which my intellectual father and my dear mother were equally fond of inculcating on all their children: this was to be deeply earnest in whatever we did, and, whether it were great or little, to give our whole mind and being to it. My parents both inculcated this principle on all who came within their sphere, but on very different grounds. "Give your whole mind to what you are about," said my mother; "for it is a part of practical truth and integrity; whatever you seek to do, *really* do, and what you profess, really fulfil." "Give your whole mind to what you are about," said my father, "whether in play or study, for there is no pursuit, even in childhood, so trivial, but that numbers of useful

things may be made to cluster around it. On very little pegs may be made to hang an infinite variety of useful things." And I may truly say that I have constantly found this practice, which I owe to the instruction of my parents, assisted perhaps by my choleric melancholic temperament, a great means of obtaining much information which, in after life, I have never failed to find useful. Thus for example, my wish to make a perfect model of the façade of the temple of Diana led me thoroughly to study the proportion of all the different orders of Roman and Grecian architecture, and to ransack the library for the history of the temple of Ephesus; likewise to consult Stuart's "Antiquities of Athens," in order to compare it with the Parthenon, the Temple of the Winds and the Monument of Thrasyllus: besides which it sent me to a brick-field to learn how to manipulate clay, and inquire into the best form of modelling tools, and the best proportions in which wax and gum mastic might be used, as a coating to the whole, by way of transforming our clay into marble.

Again, our interest in trying to make models of the battering rams, the catapulta, &c., exercised our organs of constructiveness, gave us knowledge of the various properties of different kinds of wood, and proved a useful exercise in developing faculties afterwards furnished with higher objects.

Then again, in the second instance, concerning the skulls. It is surprising to myself to think how many objects were in a certain degree attained by this childish prank. Not to speak of information gained on the manu-

facture of paper, its water-marks, and its character at different dates, which I sought for to make my manuscripts synchronise with my little legends; and not to speak of the industry with which it set me to copy old English text, and to ransack Spenser, and Sidney's "Arcadia" for the fashion of language of Queen Elizabeth's time, it also led to many much deeper thoughts.

It was a great object to me to consider what education, what impression, and what train of circumstances, I could best select, to form and build up the noble and disinterested character of Anthony Babington, and, on the other hand, what bad example, what evil education, and what train of untoward circumstances, I should interweave in my history, to issue in the traitorous character I ascribed to John Polly. The fancy thus carried out gave vitality in my mind, to much concerning the highest interests of the heart and conscience.

It has often happened that I have been told I possessed a good memory: I might have replied that it was not so; for I have never been able to learn anything by rote without extreme labour and difficulty, but that I had obtained many gleamings of information by constantly searching out in thorough earnestness whatever I set about, and that the knowledge so acquired was never lost, but became thenceforth a part of myself, because it was an aliment supplied at the very moment I hungered for it. I believe, that whether our wants be physical, intellectual, or spiritual, a real hunger is never supplied with its proper aliment, without thenceforth becoming incorporated with the being of the receiver. This truth I think most im-

portant to those who have to teach others. It is as essential to the tutor in removing ignorance as it is to the physician in removing disease, to create that appetite which enables nutritious food to tell upon the system. John Wesley used to say, "It is very hard that neither a sense of duty, nor all my thunder from the pulpit, can persuade young ladies and gentlemen to find time or bodily strength for going half a mile to visit a poor person, in the finest summer evening, whilst these very same delicate time-loving ladies and gentlemen will spend the whole night in dancing, which at least must be an exercise equal to walking many miles." So difficult, or so easy, do things become, according to the will.

It was at this time that my dear mother gave me, on my birthday, "The Pilgrim's Progress;" the old edition, full of hideous, but then to me very interesting copper-plates. This book formed quite an era in my mind, yet its impression was by no means unmingled. I knew nothing of the theological instruction which is now given to most children. "The Pilgrim's Progress" was read by me with the deepest interest, but yet with most profound ignorance of the meaning of the allegory. I saw indeed, in general, that it was intended to set forth the struggle of a Christian; besides this, its infinite variety of invention, its marvels and its mysteries, delighted and excited my imagination; but then I also felt revolted by a certain want of elevation, and a vulgarism of expression. But I still went on reading it. I could affix no idea to the burden of Christian, the cross, and many other parts.

I remember too, as amongst my greatest pleasures

towards the end of this year, the very great beauty of the winter. It stands unparalleled in my recollection. It was a very severe one; so far as I can judge, fully as much, if not more so, than the celebrated winter of 1814. I shall never forget the beauty of the landscape, the magnificent icicles on the cascade I have so often spoken of, and the waters near Barr: the varied character of the plumes of frost which diversified the different trees; the gaunt oak, the elm, the birch, the willow, and the acacia, as well as the holly,—all bore a distinct character, in their winter, no less than in their summer dress; and I think my great pleasure at this season contributed to form the especial taste I have always had for a wintry landscape. In our continual expeditions from Barr to Birmingham, the drifted snow was so deep in many places as to be far above the top of the carriage, and that year an ox was roasted whole on the frozen Thames, and I believe that a fair was held there. I ought not to forget, amidst the amusements of this severe winter, the reading with my mother a beautiful description of the Ice Palace of Catherine II., and of her ice cannon, and thence diverging to many interesting descriptions of the glaciers of Chamouni and Mont Blanc, as well as that of the stalactitic cave of Antiparos.

I have now spoken of my chief occupations during this part of my childhood. About this period I went to stay several weeks in Birmingham, and that was in many respects a memorable time to me.

The slave-trade was a continual subject of conversation at this time. We were also deeply interested in the trial of Warren Hastings, and in Boswell's "Life of Johnson;"

and all the nation mourned, as with the mourning of children, the heavy calamity which had then befallen George III. With sad hearts his subjects listened to discussions on the need of a regency. Well I remember how no barrel-organ ever played "God save the King," without bringing tears to the eyes of many who listened; and good Mrs. Waring once saying to me, when I went out of the parlour full of what I had heard respecting the regency, "Well, God will not forget His own. His blessed gospel has lit many a captive in a dark dungeon. He will not forget the good king in his darkened and solitary chamber. He may be sustaining his heart as closely now as if he were on his throne, covered with precious stones; but O, let all his people bear him on their hearts day and night." And as I write this, it forcibly comes before me, how many vivid interests of time I have seen pass away.

I believe that in youth and in middle life, there is often a real conviction of the transitory nature of the most established temporal things; but in old age it is not merely a conviction, but a vivid palpable reality, and the eternal mountains do then indeed appear near at hand, whilst all the champaign around seems faded into shadowy distance; and I have often felt inclined to say, like the monk who had exhibited the picture of the Last Supper for forty years, that he had seen so many pass away, that himself and those he spoke to seemed a shadow, while the blessed institution of the Holy Supper stood before him alone a reality.

At this time, by far my happiest hours, as well as those of the greatest interest, were spent in the morning alone with my dear mother. Complete quietness was necessary

for her during many hours of the day. She was generally seated at her table with her books, her plans of landscape gardening, or ornamental needlework, whilst I was allowed to sit in the room, but to be in perfect silence, unless when my mother called me to fetch anything, or addressed to me some little kind word, which seemed not so much to break the silence as to make it more complete and happy by a united flow of heart.

One great source of happiness was the heartfelt consciousness of my mother's kindness. I still remember the little plate of Portugal plums or Naples biscuits placed on the sideboard for me, whilst I was enjoying a rich feast consisting of the Bible, with excellent prints from paintings of the first masters, or the third and fourth volumes of Lavater's Physiognomy. It was Madame de la Fitte's French translation, equally distinguished for an eloquence which gives it the effect of an original work, and for accurate physiognomical portraits, the peculiar characteristics of which have been altogether blunted and lost, in the English elaborate, but unfaithful plates. Hour after hour did I spend entranced over its contents. Its ardent piety, its elevated aims, and consecrated objects absorbed my whole soul, just as a first view of an ocean, a sunset, or a mountain. How did the eighth Psalm, as I now read it in Lavater, seem the utterance of my heart, and his picture of the family of adoring worshippers, looking upwards to God, with arms stretched out, soaring towards the immortal world, made an indelible impression on me. I took them to be all portraits; and my very heart said from its inmost depths, "O that I knew such people; people from

whose faces and attitudes the light of God's glory seems reflected!" Then I looked at all the other portraits, and read what was said of each with earnest curiosity. I loved to see how, in every face, some trace of goodness, or intelligence, or capacity for blessing, might be found. I remembered that whilst at Dawlish, my cousin Christiana Gurney had found, in an old woman's cottage, a black, begrimed and dirty painting, which she declared, amidst all its apparent worthlessness, to have been the work of a distinguished master. Accordingly, Sir William Watson, at her desire, had it cleaned and restored, and it came out a very beautiful picture. With just the same feelings which my cousin Christiana Gurney had for this picture, did I now begin to look at every human being. I felt sure each had been created in the Divine image, however spoilt by superincumbent rubbish and ill-usage, and that the original type might yet be reached, and perhaps restored.

Lavater had taught me that the restoration God effected in man was by intensity of love, and that a copy of that love is the only means of restoration man can employ towards his fellow; just as pieces of iron of various shapes and sizes, will grate against each other, till exposed to the heat of a furnace, when the cold hard iron will flow and melt together in one. These thoughts were the means of opening to me a new source of interest. I have mentioned while at Bath the amusement of my day-dreams, in observing the visitors we met in our walks, and imagining the histories that belonged to them. This was a mere idle amusement. I now felt a far deeper interest in wishing to

find in every person the true, the beautiful, the spark of the Divine image of God, and so to love it as to draw it forth. I never now saw a human face without that feeling. At times I almost longed to say, "Thou art created in the image of the great God; thy glory and thy dignity is, that thou art invited to be eternally happy in contemplating His glory. O think of thy destiny!" So vividly did I thus feel, that it was like the possession of a new existence, and yet is it equally true that the moral effect was by no means commensurate with the power of the impression. I have often marvelled at the cause of this. I think it must thus be accounted for. The impressions of childhood, vivid as they are, are widely different from those of maturer age. Mature age receives hardly any impression singly. The abode of the heart and intellect is already occupied, and no new comer can be admitted until welcomed, or at least tolerated by the old occupants: every new impression in after life is complex; it both modifies others and is modified by them. The impressions of mature age are like the melody of an organ which is accompanied by a thorough-bass, rich in harmony; while those of childhood are as distinct strokes succeeding each other on a stringed instrument. Again, early impressions are as seeds sown side by side, of conflicting properties, which do not interfere with each other whilst they remain latent or shoot up in single stems, but as soon as they grow up and spread forth branches, when they cannot intertwine, they enter into conflict, and the end is, that some of the plants must be rooted up. It is chiefly through impressions like those of childhood, distinct and separate on the one

hand, and through the multiplied associations belonging to mature life on the other, that the difference is formed between the impulses of an inconsistent, and the principles and sentiments of a consistent character.

At this period, then, a leaven was added to the meal, but was not incorporated with it. There was the salt, the corn, the staff of life, and the water, but they were utterly without coalescence; and this is the only way in which I can account at once for the strength of the various feelings I then experienced, and their want of continuous power.

It was to me of the deepest interest to watch every change in my mother's countenance, as I sat beside her. At times, the languor of nerves, so alien to the strength which distinguished her character, pierced me with sorrow and anxiety. Deeply did I feel that my mother, whose word was like that of a queen to all within her circle, and to whom I had ever looked as to a tower of strength, should invite me, a child, and me only, to be the witness and sharer of her hours of prostration. How often have I seen that powerful mind unable perhaps to reprove the least negligence or mistake without tears. It was not the trifle itself that she cared for, but the being laid low, and her inability to perform the part she desired. Oh! how fervently did I often pray to God, as I sat with her, that He would indeed give me an understanding heart, that I might comprehend the language of every look, and be able to supply her wants before she could express them. This became another source of interest to me in studying Lavater; I not only turned over his pages, and dwelt on every portrait, with the view to know the lines of character

in general, but I learnt to observe the fleeting changes which sweep across the countenance. And this feeling with regard to my mother, and this book of Lavater, have together been the means of laying the foundation of what has been the prevailing bias of my life. In after years, my physiognomical knowledge became much extended by a study of temperament and phrenology; and as time went on, my ardour expanded for tracing that connection of mind with the material world, that incarnation of truth in the forms of beauty which imparts the charm to landscape, to music, to painting, and to architecture, showing forth the attributes of the Divine Being in them all. Afterwards it became still further extended in the solemn yet blessed delight of studying God's own symbolism, not only in nature, but likewise in the study of the Hebrew language — His own appointed tongue whereby to convey the revelation of Himself, still under symbols, to His creature man; and thus, by a holy and blessed artistic power, to bridge over the immense interval that separates spirit from flesh, in order that HIS SPIRIT may teach man more easily to "search the deep things of God," by presenting them, as in the fulness of time He presented His dear Son, in a form in which the Divinity of the principle is both concealed and manifested, under the incarnation. Thus was the die of my inward life cast.

And yet at this time, very many other things, and not only things, but principles, took their turn in my heart.

I remember one day my mother saying, in the course of conversation, "Never give way to what is little; or, by that little, however you may despise it, you will practically

be governed." Another observation she often made was, "Observe how much more easy we find it to forgive crimes than weakness. He who falls deeply beneath a giant temptation, we sorrow for and sympathise with; but he who perpetually stumbles where there is no temptation that we can appreciate, must ever strike us as an utterly poor character."

Before my mother came down for the evening, I was often struck by the whole conversation being frivolous, sentimental, and full of flattery; I was no less struck by the change which immediately took place when she appeared. As the door opened, it seemed as if the whole party rose into a more elevated region, and the tone of conversation, just now so poor and despicable, became animated and refreshing, really answering the purposes of social intercourse. I also observed that every one of the actors in the little scene appeared to experience the same relief as myself, and to enjoy being raised from the low spot each had before occupied into higher ground, where they all seemed to breathe more freely and stand more erectly.

Truth, as the wise man says, is the most powerful of all things. He therefore who walks in the truth will ever practically hold a helping hand to those who are less strong or less single-minded, and will form a nucleus, round which will gather some who were floating helplessly along the stream of the world. I believe the strengthening and elevating influence of my mother's character was the great secret of my devoted love for her. In her

presence I became, for the time, transformed into another person.

Deeply as I felt the grandeur of my dear mother's character, its nobility, power, generosity, and self-subsistence, I was conscious how very different was the sort of elevation which actuated me when under the influence of Lavater. In him I saw before me a greatness which seemed not to stand in the majesty of earthly power or intellect, but in the contemplation of heavenly glory. I saw glimpses of the high dignity of man, not by anything he was in himself, by philosophy or intellect, but from the greatness of his call from God, and the greatness and goodness of Him who gave the call. I had ever contemplated with delight, the dauntless strength of the heroic character; now I began to have a glimpse of the higher strength of the martyr's spirit, and to see that all which philosophy can do, in its best and noblest form, is to concentrate man upon himself, and so to make self-esteem his motive spring. I began to see that the true elevation of man is founded on the complete abasement of the creature and exaltation of the Creator; the strength of man on a knowledge of his weakness, leading to rest in the arm of power; and I saw that the plainness and unworldliness which I so much valued had their higher foundation, not in contempt of others, or in the littleness of earthly distinctions, but in a love of eternal things, which enables the heart to sit lightly to all things temporal.

My morning hours with Lavater were succeeded by historical studies; and I can scarcely say how strongly I felt the contrast between the pure elevation of the one and

the brilliant, but very different glory of the other. And often as I entered with zeal into the principle that "knowledge is power," I began to question whether power be really happiness. I look upon it as an unspeakable blessing that, at this period of my life, it pleased God to place before me the occupation to which my mornings were devoted; notwithstanding all the varieties and alternations of mind which succeeded each other in the day, it was like a view opening itself before me of an ocean of glory yet unimagined. Though I might and did often turn my eyes from it, still I knew it was there; and again and again I returned to it for elevation and refreshment.

The view thus afforded might be obscured, but it could not be obliterated: the trifles of the world might often entice and occupy, but I could never forget that I had had a glimpse of heaven. I could not forget that I had been on Tabor, though alas! I felt unable to cast out the demons I met with on the road downward from the mountain. Nor were these contemplations only confined to my morning hours: their results had a very great influence in moulding my mental occupations through the day.

I frequently used to attend the Friends' Meeting. It was seldom I entered it without feeling my heart bowed within me. After a time of interior recollection, I looked with a deep and solemn interest on the countenances of those around; and whilst the whole assembly maintained an unbroken silence, which to a cursory observer might seem uniform, how varied, in reality, was the eloquence of that silence! Some individuals amongst them, I thought, had in possession the happiness I was then looking for;

and when the meeting was over, continually did I try to linger near them, in hopes they might give me some little word in passing. I should not have dared to address them: yet whenever they spoke to me, I was gladdened at my very heart, the whole day went happily, I felt it as the omen of a happy week, and I looked forward to this little moment in the week to come.

I used to observe the loving faces of the children, as they passed up the meeting to their respective seats. The expression in many of them, of affectionateness and simplicity, was very delightful to me. I liked to contrast it with the richer and fuller expression imparted by advancing years; it was like watching the stops of an organ gradually drawn out, from the simple diapason, then strong body-stops, and lastly the serene and ethereal tones of the swell.

My interest in countenances was at this time so great, that it was my constant practice to draw from recollection those which I had particularly observed. That these sketches were badly done, I need hardly say; I had no knowledge of drawing, and I have not naturally the organs of proportion: nevertheless, by dint of observation, and the study in Lavater of the connection of mind with its outward development, I acquired a certain degree of aptitude at seizing the characteristic lines, so that these likenesses, if such caricatures might be dignified by that name, were yet generally recognised. Some members of our circle who were much given to satire, praised these likenesses, and called them clever, but in truth what they mistook for wit was only an ignorance of drawing and proportion. It was in my mind not to caricature, but simply to produce, in

the best way I could, the characteristic lines. This habit continued many years, and so accurately did it fix in my mind the lines, the expressions, and the colouring of the remarkable countenances I then saw, that even now I can recall them with ease and exactness.

It was in the beginning of 1789 that my mother was again far from well, and my father sent for Dr. Darwin. Baneful and ominous these visits appeared to me, and I felt an instinctive dread of them, child as I was, for which I could assign no reason. All the winter I had been more or less under the upward aspiration I have described ; and when on Dr. Darwin's arrival, he entered the room and sat down to the usual well-spread table which had been provided for him, I felt an instant repulsion. His whole conversation, I remember, on that occasion was characterised by the merriment and so-called wit which aimed its perpetual shafts against those holy truths which, imperfectly though I yet knew them, afforded me the only comfort in distress which I had ever experienced, and seemed to me the only wells of living water in the desert where we then found ourselves. When I observed Dr. Darwin lingering over his repast, and recollected my mother's suffering state, and the high eulogiums with which she always spoke of him and her care to maintain his honour and to consult his comfort, I was struck equally with aversion and indignation at conduct which appeared to me to evince a total want of feeling. I do not give this as a judgment upon Dr. Darwin ; perhaps so far as his jocose manner extended, he might imagine it an alleviation in our care, but on me, a child, the impression was indelible. I could not admit

the possibility of his allowing any idea to intervene between his entrance into the house and his ascertaining my mother's state and trying to relieve her. I will mention one observation of Dr. Darwin's to show how grievous it is to receive objections to Holy Scripture without first looking round and ascertaining if there be not a reply. He said on one occasion that the Scriptures of the Old Testament were a tissue of fables, unworthy to be trusted even by their own confession, seeing it was there stated that the Book of the Law was lost for a long period, and only found again in the reign of Josiah. This staggered me not a little, for he omitted to add that this applied only to the original identical copy of the Law, since every king of Judah was obliged to transcribe a perfect copy upon his ascending the throne; that copies in like manner were deposited in every Levitical city, and that so exact were they in point of correctness, that the failure of one letter cancelled the sheet. Though I shrank with horror from such observations, and the sneering manner which accompanied them, and though they seemed to strengthen my resolution in the opposite direction, yet I believe from experience that it is wise not even to listen to things we know to be false, whether against the Holy Scriptures, or against the character of individuals; for though we may rebut them at the time, yet often in hours of weakness or particular temptation, those very things will recur again, and insensibly obtain a lodgment even in the mind which had at first unhesitatingly rejected them. Well has the word of God compared the arguments of infidels to thorns and thistles; like the former, how do they lacerate and en-

tangle the mind—or at least, as it were, catch the intellect or habits or tastes, which are the mind's clothing—and impede it; whilst, on the other hand, the sneers and gibes of the infidel, like the worthless thistledown, from their very lightness, are wafted far and near, and soon grow up into a crop of poisonous weeds.

About this time, I became much interested, during my Dudson visits, in the anti-slavery cause. In the evenings we often read pamphlets on the subject, or examined in detail the prints of slave ships and slave treatment. Mr. Clarkson was a constant visitor at Dudson, and also at my cousin Lloyd's; and both my cousins and I resolved to leave off sugar, as the only produce of slave labour within our province to discontinue. Lizzie Forster strongly urged me thus to maintain my anti-slavery principles.

When I returned home from Dudson, well furnished with the prints and pamphlets which had so deeply interested me, Mademoiselle diverted herself by laughing at me, and trying by every means in her power to make me give up this protest. I however continued stanch, from mingled conscience and self-esteem. Mademoiselle told me that a lady, a friend of hers, who had been foremost in preaching the disuse of sugar, and substituting honey, had herself fed the bees all through the winter on treacle! I replied that this lady having been foolish did not oblige me to be so; and that, as we had no bees, I could have no honey. She then asked me what difference it would make to the world, if a little child, or ten thousand as foolish as I, took sugar or not: it could not be as a thousandth part of a drop to the ocean. I knew not what to reply, for I thought

Mademoiselle had the best of the argument, and yet I had an internal conviction that I was right; and I think it was on this occasion I first powerfully felt, that God does speak to the soul in a language which the spirit of His children recognises as His Divine voice.

In the afternoon, when I recovered my spirits, and was in a better humour with Mademoiselle, I took a large sheet of paper, and drew her in the character of Apollyon, and myself as Christian, thrown down, with his sword escaped from his hand, but yet seeking and hoping to recover it.

I was very glad, when at Dudson on the following Friday, it so happened that Lizzie Forster said, how thankful she was that so many were leaving off sugar. "I hope," she added, "that this will be the beginning of a general effort about slaves; but whether it be so or not, it is of no little importance to the individuals themselves, whether that which is a practice of every day be grounded on a love of pleasing ourselves or on love to God and our neighbour, and the self-denial, though but in a little thing, will not be without a rich reward." I now felt armed against Mademoiselle, who however behaved with the greatest good-nature, as she did also on the following occasion.

She was very fond of ridiculing my love for plain dress, and liked to decorate herself in all the ornaments then in fashion, which happened at that period to be both numerous and contrary to good taste. Some of her acquaintance having come to visit her, they with one accord ridiculed our appearance: nor would they allow us to escape, but closed in around us to examine our dress in detail. Next morning before breakfast, it was my amuse-

ment to draw one of my sisters and myself in our plain white frocks, as Christian and Faithful confined in the cage at Vanity Fair, and Mademoiselle and her friends as the town-people, mowing and gibing at them from without. This picture I put up in Mademoiselle's bedroom. She heartily laughed with us, and enjoyed the joke as much as we did.

How truly I enjoyed my Dudson visit this year, and how distinctly does its impression stand out from the memory of all former ones, happy though they always were ! It was ever indeed with delight that I returned from time to time to my dear grandfather's, and to all the well-known and loved objects of that home. Every servant, every dog, and almost every pigeon, had its place in my remembrance ; and yet the impressions I now received were new, and in some respects peculiar. My grandfather was cheerful, active, and most orderly ; his rule, though strict, was one of respect and loving influence, the effects of which were diffused over the whole household, while the bond itself never obtrusively appeared. To look upon his venerable countenance, as he walked about his garden, put me in mind, in these my childish days, of Adam in Paradise. Fond indeed was he of keeping and dressing his beautiful garden, and fond was he of his multitudes of animals : his fine dogs, his fawns, his peacocks, his pheasants, his poultry, and water-fowl, all seemed to delight in flocking around him, to receive food from his hand, and to answer to his call. He gave names to all, like the first Adam ; and so afterwards, when I read of that Good Shepherd who knows all His own sheep by name, the

image appeared more powerful to me, from the recollection of my dear grandfather. Not one dumb dependent on his bounty was forgotten by him ; and I loved to see how continually he would recollect any that chanced to be absent, and have them brought back if strayed, or kindly nursed if ill.

I have often since thought how blessed it is, not merely to instruct children dogmatically, but to place before them in daily actions such living pictures of love and kindness as may teach the heart to understand the images of Holy Scripture.

I believe, too, that my very fragile health had perhaps materially added to my appreciation and enjoyment of the rest and repose of Dudson, and tended to the great pleasure I always had in the society of the aged. From the earliest periods of my life, I recollect a feeling of oppression when surrounded by numbers, and the exhaustion which I experienced from pleasurable excitement ; so that through my whole life repose has been peculiarly sweet to me.

At Dudson there was no rushing after anything, either worldly or intellectual. It was a home of constant activity, issuing from, and retiring to, a centre of deep repose. There was an earnest application of excellent sense to the daily duties of life, to the minutest courtesy and kindness as well as to the real interests of others. Everything great and everything little seemed done in the same spirit, and with the same degree of fidelity, because it was the will of God ; and that which could not be traced to His will was not undertaken at all. My dear grand-

father's heart often seemed to me as a fountain of love, overflowing on all his neighbours, tenants, and household, and yet the overplus was so rich that there was still enough for every animal around. I well remember the pleasure with which he would bring me different sorts of lettuce or mulberry leaves, to see which my silk-worms loved the best.

Nothing at Dudson was esteemed too little to be cared for, and nothing too great to be undertaken at the command of God ; and for this they daily exercised both their mental and bodily powers on the things around them, knowing that our Lord thoroughly furnishes each of His soldiers for his work, and places before each the task he has to do. These underlying principles I did not see at the time, but their blessed effect I deeply felt.

There are few things I remember with more thankfulness, than the association with those excellent persons it was my privilege to see continually at my dear grandfather's. They were mostly members of the society of Friends, an intimate and social circle.

According to the order of those times, I, as a child, never spoke but when spoken to ; but yet with my new and inexhaustible pleasure in observing countenances, it was a great delight to me to be allowed to sit up till nearly nine o'clock, and, as it were, to throw myself into the minds of our visitors with that intense interest with which young people enter into the unexplored ground of a tale or a poem.

To this day I remember two sisters, Betsy and Susanna Bradley, of Worcester, the plainest of Friends, who often

stayed for months together at my grandfather's. It surprised me, that they who were neither particularly elegant, nor accomplished, should be held in such high estimation by all around; that wheresoever they were, it seemed as though an unction was poured forth, healing and tranquillising as it spread over the whole circle. I often asked myself, "What is this?" I did not then know that it was "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" which had been received into their hearts, and thus poured itself forth spontaneously like a precious ointment on all who came under its benign influence. And so truly Christian were they, that they not only had themselves the perfect ease of those who forget self, but they succeeded in inspiring everybody around them with something of the same. How many circles, and how many persons had felt the influence of these holy sisters, while they little knew from whence it emanated till they were gone.

But the person who most deeply impressed my childish mind, was my aged cousin Sampson Lloyd. He was at that time probably more than seventy. His temperament was very sanguine, and when young he must have been exceedingly susceptible to all objects of taste and feeling: but now, his hair was snowy white, and his form bowed, as he sat at Meeting. His countenance bore traces of conflicts long past, in a heart and mind that could have felt exquisitely, and that had been deeply torn. I never shall forget the beaming expression of his eye, not unmingled with compassion, with which he looked on all, especially the young. Truly, he seemed like Moses who had been on the Mount, and who descended, with the glory still in his

countenance, to bless his people. Happy was that week, when I had the good fortune to receive a kind word from him as he went out of the Meeting. He was called "St. John," and he exactly realised the image of that beloved apostle in his extreme age, as he said, "Little children, love one another," a short sentence of tranquil wisdom, pronounced through deep experience of the life of Christ. One afternoon when he was sitting with Lizzie Forster and Susanna Bradley, they entered into a conversation, the beginning of which I did not heed. I think, from what followed, that he and his two companions had been speaking of some young person whose friendship or affections were excessive or misplaced. I will venture to paraphrase my recollections of the narrative he then gave, the facts of which I have since frequently heard referred to.

"Aged people," said my cousin, "often condemn the loving enthusiasm of the young, but they forget that love is originally of God. How often does God in mercy use human affection in all its discipline, its teachings, and its chastenings, to bring the heart to Himself! No one, I believe, could take more pleasure in outward objects and delights than I did when I was a boy; all that was beautiful or gay, pleasurable or pathetic, alike transported me. In vain did my pious parents, venerated though they were, endeavour to moderate my course: it seemed impossible to resist the intoxication to which I was subject. There are chambers in my past life I never reopen, though I allude to them now to speak of the mercies of God. I was particularly delighted with the society of beautiful and accomplished women, but amongst them was one who soon fixed

my especial attention, as indeed whose gaze did she not fix? Her name was Betsy Fido; you have no doubt heard of her. She was beautiful, but it was that beauty which is never thought of as such, because the outward form seems but a transparent covering to the soul. She was accomplished, but I never recollected that she possessed accomplishments, for her singing, her music, her recitation of poetry, and her eloquent speaking, seemed but the natural language of her heart. All that she said sparkled with intelligence, and wit, and kindliness. She passed before my eyes like a splendid vision, and thenceforth I had no light but in seeking the light of her countenance; all that I had hitherto called enjoyment ceased to be such, and I sought those higher pleasures which refine the heart and the imagination. Betsy Fido was some years older than myself. I earnestly sought thenceforth to acquire that character which would make me less unworthy even of her friendship, but ah! how different were the views of my Heavenly Father from my own. Sore misfortune fell upon the object of my idolatry; first, was the wreck of her fortune, but that was little; she continued to devote herself to the solace of her family: then came a fell contagious disease; they were all swept away, she alone remained — broken in health; her fine imagination, which had so often delighted me, now turned upon itself, and preyed upon her mind, which sank with it. She became for a time an inmate of an asylum for those so stricken. Such asylums were not then what they are now. In that lonely cell with its whitewashed walls and barred windows, God had mercy upon her; there the first beam of light broke in upon her soul. Then arose before her that

word which she had once heard from the lips of John Woolman, 'Think, O my soul, of the quietude of that heart in which Christ truly reigns ; and, in all thou dost, seek thou after it.' Long was darkness around her. In the deep prostration of her soul she looked around, and all she knew, and all her views of right, and all her powers of mind, seemed utterly without help in them. In herself was no help. She thus lay prostrate in body and mind ; then she raised her eyes, and met that Eye of Mercy which was looking upon her. I have heard her tell how that first beam was as the early ray of the morning, after the darkest night, as the first breath of the spring after a freezing winter, like the sound of faint and distant music wafted on a soft breeze over the desert ; she did not then probably recur to the language of the Psalmist, or she would have compared it to the distant echo of the far-off cymbal, telling the parched and thirsty traveler that the Living Water was near, and its fountain opened.

" Gradually her heart received the heavenly message. In solitude, and away from human influence, not only was her health restored, though she remained feeble ; but from the conviction of the heart, she returned to the usages of the Friends, and assumed their garb, and this, she has told me, not from adopting a rule, but because each of their practices was the exactly suitable channel in which the teaching of her spirit found utterance. Some years had passed over. From a boy I was become a man ; from a son dependent on his father I had entered into possession of an independent and honourable position. I knew her deep affliction, and I longed to be her helper ; and though, in profound respect, I felt the distance greater than ever be-

tween us, yet I knew there was but one title under which a young man could acquire a right to be the efficient help and protector of a still young and beautiful woman. My heart faltered, yet I determined to see her, and learn what form that vision which I had never yet dared to behold in connection with myself, would assume. When I came to the door of the small cottage in which she then lived, and looked on the beauty of the little garden and its flowers, I still recognised the same hand of taste and beauty, and felt as if my die would be cast when I looked on them next when quitting the house.

“I was ushered into a little parlour; I found myself alone: I had time to observe the neatness and delicacy, but the perfect plainness and simplicity of all around, when the door opened, and the one vision of brightness that my heart had ever known, appeared, — but oh! how altered! What a change had passed over her! The elegant taste of her dress was exchanged for the delicacy of Christian simplicity; in her eyes, which had once been playful with wit and kindly brilliance, was now the expression of peace, yet that peace of a deep inward life, constantly varying in lustre, or mantling the complexion with shades of thought and feeling. Truly a change had passed over her. If my natural reverence for her had been increased by her misfortunes, now it was as the holy reverence we feel for one to whom we see that God has spoken, and by whom His voice has been heard. She had, indeed, passed as it were through a bitter death since I had seen her: she had entered it in the beauty of naturalism; she had risen from it in the beauty of spiritualism. I was

silent, and I believe I should have gone away without opening my lips on the subject for which I expressly came, but for the thought that I might still be her helper and support, and her restorer to that wide field of blessing she had so well adorned.

“With great effort to myself, I tried to begin, but in a few words she checked my proceeding. She said that she had tasted the sweetness of converse with heaven in the deepest of human calamities, and though she cordially and gratefully thanked me, she felt thenceforth unfit for earthly things, and she looked for happiness alone in her heavenly home; that she had found the peace of God all-sufficient, and she would not exchange it for anything this earth could give. She then with much kindness and affection told me, that she should best testify her deep sense of the sympathy I had shown her, by endeavouring to point out to me the same inestimable treasure which she had herself found, by leading me to the same Good Shepherd who had taken care of her; and she asked me to sit down by her, and have a heart’s conversation, as of two friends called by the same grace, traversing the same ocean of life, and bound to the same port. I did sit down: long and deeply we conversed; how long I cannot tell, for it was morning when I entered, and the sun was fast declining when I took my leave. The particulars of what was said I know not, but never, never will the impression go from my heart. I felt that she had indeed heard the voice, the potent voice of Him who calls the sleeper in the grave to come forth, and who is Himself the resurrection and the life; and I felt, though yet on earth, she had her portion in

a true spiritual resurrection, where they think not of marrying nor of giving in marriage, but are like the angels of God. The impression of that hour was the turning point of my life. I entered that room admiring a woman; I departed from it in deep communion with an angelic spirit. I closed the door of the house; I looked again at the flowers. I had entered the house with a bright vision before me; it had passed away; and though I never had the temerity to give it a different shape, I felt the one hope of my life, its one inspiring motive, was for ever gone. But then, yes, even then, I also felt that a seed had been dropped into my heart full of vitality, even the seed of the Kingdom, the manna from heaven, which would thenceforth grow and germinate, and which, I was enabled to hope, might not only issue in life eternal, but was so even then, for 'he who believes *hath* everlasting life.' I have reason to say, 'How good is a word spoken in season: it is like an apple of gold, seen through a network of silver.'

"How little did I think, when in my blind though affectionate zeal I went to offer an earthly home to this stricken one, that she had a home far better than any I could give her, and that she would be the means of showing me an everlasting home, and of clearing the way for the building in my soul of 'a house of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' Oh! the good we do is not in proportion to our dispensing earthly, but heavenly treasures. And now, my friends, think not lightly of earthly love, or the love of youth, for our Lord by His divine alchemy can change it into gold, and make it a stepping-stone to the riches of His grace."

Such was, in substance, my aged cousin's narrative. I seem yet to see him, and look upon his venerable and loving countenance, his white hair, and the tears streaming down his cheeks as he spoke, — tears such as I had never seen before, for they seemed to tell of mingled affection, gratitude, and peaceful joy.

When he had done speaking, I felt so absorbed by what I had heard, that some time elapsed before I returned to a distinct consciousness of myself. When I did, I felt as though my soul were knit to this aged man: it was the first time I had seen a loving heart fully exhibited; I seemed to understand it, and to cling to it.

My cousin Sampson Lloyd resided at a place called "The Farm," about two miles from Birmingham. Some years after the events here narrated, he married, and amongst his children I found in future years one of the most precious friends of my life.

Very different from my cousin Sampson was his half-brother Charles, perhaps some thirty years younger. He, too, was a man of remarkable character. Whilst my cousin Sampson drew forth the religious affections, the conversation of his brother tended to establish religious foundations. I have often thought how great is the blessing of associating both with those who possess the inspiration of the Spirit of Love, and also with those who are in the habit of accurately defining and strictly applying truth. It is good to have not only a loving spirit, but a sharp and definite outline of truth. In this my cousin Charles Lloyd was remarkable. His wife was the daughter of my venerable great-aunt Farmer. They lived in Birmingham. They had a large

family of twelve children, some of whom I knew intimately as I grew up, and amongst whom several have been distinguished for talent and piety.

My aged great-aunt Farmer stands prominently depicted in my remembrance. I have understood that in her early youth, she had been amongst the gayest of the gay, and the most worldly of the worldly, so far as comported with high respectability. Her mind was shrewd, firm, and strong; her objects were those which by the intelligent part of the world were highly prized, and her judgment was much looked up to, independently of the facility with which the world always congregates round those whose homes are distinguished by opulence, elegance, and intelligence. Her heart, I have heard, was once inflated by the consciousness of her own superiority; her word was law to her circle. She was as a beautiful vision, reflecting splendid colours to the many below, who looked up to her, but it pleased God in mercy to touch this bubble, and it burst. I know not her history, but my earliest recollection of her is that of the plainest among Friends, very aged, with great dignity of manner, marked by good sense, simplicity, and perhaps severity, tempered with kindness. As a little child, I well remember how I always felt for her a degree of real confidence, though not unmingled with fear. Whenever she spoke, I involuntarily listened, for I felt sure that, if it were on a moral subject, some foundation would be cleared, — if it were intellectual, some light would be eliminated.

And thus it is our Heavenly Father in His good providence sends us blessings sometimes by one, sometimes by another and very differently gifted servant. Let us re-

member there were twelve distinct tribes in Israel, each bearing a different standard, each inheriting a different blessing ; nor could he who belonged to one, transfer himself to another ; yet all formed one army, all looked to one sacrifice of atonement ; all had the same ark, over which was the same mercy-seat, in which was laid up the same holy law, the same sweet manna of promise, and the rod of the same High Priest ; and while each stood in his own division, all were united in one great body under one Law-giver and one Captain of their salvation.

Our blessed Lord made the multitude that followed Him through the desert sit down in their respective companies, and the same food which had one blessing and consecration from Him was divided by twelve disciples amongst the various companies, and each company seems to have had enough and to spare, for there were twelve baskets left, one to each different disciple. Again our Lord says, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

In the temple, which probably was the outward house referred to, there were above a hundred different apartments, each having its distinct appropriation, uses, and privileges. O may we, then, rejoice in Him, and rejoice in each other ; value as most precious His gift to us, without thinking that less precious which His wisdom has bestowed as more appropriate to another. Only let it be our concern that we be indeed of the trees of righteousness, whose twelve manner of fruits our Lord has equally recognised ; that we be planted by the rivers of water, that each may bear its own fruit in its season, that our leaf may

not wither, but that it may rather be for the healing of those around us.

One more person I will mention, who was likewise a frequent visitor at my grandfather's. Her name was Mary Capper. This lady was the daughter of parents in the English Church. They were truly religious, and I think her father was a clergyman, but they did not live in times like the present, in which persons are so often intent, not merely on cultivating their own garden, that it may bring forth abundantly, but in which much time and labour is employed in weaving thorns and quick-set hedges, to divide it from their neighbours. How it happened I know not, but this excellent person, Mary Capper, was placed by her friends for education in a convent in France, with a view to perfect herself in the French language and embroidery. The nuns were excellent persons, but they were devoted to their Church. They spared no pains to set before her its impressive ecclesiastical observances; they furnished her with lives of their most eminent saints, and placed before her instances of holy and devoted piety. All this Mary Capper deeply felt; her heart acknowledged many whom they introduced to her as really taught of God, many of their rites and ceremonies as instituted to His honour, and through which she could not doubt the hearts of many had found a ready and spontaneous utterance; nay, her own had often found utterance in her necessary attendance on these religious services. But then she also recollected the religious devotedness of her parents in another branch of the Church of Christ, and the true dedication of heart of many who had never heard of the dogmas, nor imagined

the impressive ceremonial of the Church of Rome, and she had the internal experience, that she had found a blessing in both Churches. It then suggested itself, Does not the truth lie still deeper than either, and is it not self-subsistent and independent of both, a *life* of which all forms are but the changeful garment? This was a key unlocking many an intricate passage. The end was, that she simplified in everything more and more. She then met with the works of Madame Guyon. By degrees she gave up ceremonial worldly habits, and worldly dress, and her exterior as well as interior became, step by step, widely different from those around her, while she became more closely united to them in spirit. Her education finished, she finally became a Friend, and a most blessed member of their body; most blessed in her ministrations to those who heard her, but yet more so to those who could study her devoted course in daily life. Her dress was as plain as it was possible to be; all her clothes were of the coarsest material, and she wore the little flat beaver hat, and black silk hood, then worn by the plainest Friends. Her income, I have been told, did not exceed forty or fifty pounds a year; nevertheless, she was an eminent benefactress in the large congregation to which she belonged. How often, when the mother of a family was ill or from home, did she feel that her temporary absence might rather be a blessing than a loss, if Mary Capper would supply her place, and manage her domestic concerns, and superintend the education of her children; and Mary Capper possessed the education as well as the piety which rendered her visits a true blessing to many. In the same way she often paid long visits to

minister to invalids, and therefore did I use the expression, that she was a permanent blessing in her congregation, for she supplied a place which none other less gifted could fill. Another way in which she was highly useful was in directing the education of orphans in that class of society who needed instruction in order to become teachers. How often, too, was her clear head and unwearied patience useful to the widows of shopkeepers and others, in disentangling accounts and intricate affairs, and in helping them to conduct their business. Nor was the practical knowledge of medicine and dexterity of finger in needlework, which she acquired with the nuns, less a blessing to the poor. I have mentioned these particulars at length, because it is blessed to record an example, how with little means great things may be effected, and how when there is a will consecrated to the Lord, ways will open to serve Him.

To return to Barr. My dear mother this year changed her room, and occupied one which looked on a different view, and I was then invited for a time to sleep in a little dressing-room adjoining. I went to bed long before my mother, but it was a great pleasure to me in the morning, almost always to find something pinned up at the head of my bed, on the dimity curtain, showing that she had remembered me as she passed through my room; sometimes it was a short passage for me to learn, either from Scripture or Milton, often a little paper of gooseberries, and sometimes a few pencil lines, to invite me when I got up, instead of going to Mademoiselle, to meet her at six o'clock at the hall door, and be her companion in her morning walk.

It was in the month of May, I remember, that I had these happy hours. She walked very slowly, and on such occasions I always carried a little magnifying glass, and an insect box. Then we used to wander either into the garden, or into the woods, and while she sat down on the trunk of some fallen tree, or on one of the rustic seats which were everywhere around, she sent me to look out for a plant or insect, while she read some poet in English, Latin, or Italian; and when I returned from my search, she would lay down her book, and with the help of the magnifying glass unfold to me many wonders of vegetable or animal life. I now remember with much thankfulness how careful she was to point out that everything which in nature appears a beauty has a real use, and that the attainment of beauty never seems to be the main object, but is always the result of an exquisite adaptation of uses. How closely are intellectual and moral truths associated! My mother showed me in the colouring of the sky, the trees, and the fields, that the pleasure they afford to the mind results partly from their purity, which is associated with purity of mind and health of body, and partly from their colouring being best adapted for the eye to rest on; and especially she took care to show me that every want of the very least creature is provided for as perfectly as if that were the only want in the universe. One day she showed me under a magnifying glass the wings of a midge, the perfectness of its nervure, its transparent and silky texture, reflecting in its speck-like dimensions every tint of the rainbow; and long before Dr. Chalmers's *Astronomical Sermons* were published, my dear mother had shown me how the great-

ness of God is manifest, both in the illimitable vastness of His creation, in which unnumbered stars thread their ceaseless orbits with unerring precision through the immensity of space, and by the faultless perfection of every atom, of which that universe is composed. "This," she said, "is greatness, but the truest greatness of all is, that every instance of this power was put forth by love." Thus spoke my dear mother in my early childhood, but it was not till many years after, that another voice unfolded to me the still more stupendous instance of His greatness, that inverse miracle, by which the same stupendous power, instead of putting forth, concentrated its manifestations, and as the crowning miracle both of love and power, vouchsafed to take our nature and bear our sorrows, and to shroud the Divine under the garb of human nature, to save that world so glorious in its creation, and to purchase at the price of blood each soul, and to dwell in each heart of His poor creature man. "O LORD, our LORD, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!"

These morning walks were most sweet to me. I did not at that time, as now, fully appreciate the kindness with which she, who had the keenest relish for works of literary taste, would interrupt her reading to talk to me again and again of the treasures of flowers and insects which I continually brought to her.

Occasionally I met with some of those little accidents which from time to time occur; I was stung perhaps by a wasp or ichneumon, or tore myself with thorns, or jammed my fingers in a gate. I was always very sensitive to pain. Never shall I cease to be obliged to my mother for the kind

and yet decided manner in which she exhorted me to bear it. "No person," my mother said, "either respects himself, or knows the value of spirit above matter, who willingly loses peace of mind on account of pain. The spirit, where its worth is known, is not easily overcome, and how can we ever serve others or ourselves, or how dost thou think any great or noble work that requires continuity of exertion could ever be achieved, unless persons are practised in the art of turning their attention from themselves to what they have in hand? Dost thou think Homer's 'Iliad,' or Sir Isaac Newton's 'Principia,' or even thine own favourite 'Les Veillées du Château,' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' would ever have been written, if the author had been interrupted by every headache or petty annoyance that occurred? Little men love self so much and so unwisely, that they are interrupted by these things: great men consider others as well as themselves. Remember, it is a privilege to be a woman instead of a man. Men, heroes, and others, do things partly to do good, and partly to obtain a great name; but a woman's self-denial and generosity may be as great, and often greater, while it is unknown to others, and fully manifest only to her own conscience and to God: to work for this, and for this alone, is the highest of all callings."

My cousin, Joseph Freame, and Mr. Leathes, with their attendants, came to pay us a short visit this summer, and to take back my cousin, Christiana Gurney. This, I was going to say, was a heart-breaking, but I may rather say, an imagination-breaking sorrow to me. I yet can hardly describe the blank and vacancy her departure caused; and this was yet more increased by the absence of my former

playfellow and companion, William Priestley, who had been on the continent with his uncle, Mr. Wilkinson, for some months, and was now gone with him to Paris, where he expected to remain some months longer.

My cousin, Christiana Gurney, had spent nine months with us, and in that time, while my dear mother was the main-spring of my life, she had yet nearly an equal influence in those minor details in which my mother, since her illness, had been unable to take part.

The warfare in my mind, which I have described as beginning at Dawlish, continued during all these months. I wondered why, if pleasing others were a duty of benevolence, dissatisfaction should always follow, even when my attempts had succeeded. I wondered also how it was, if I had really acted from benevolence, that failure always put me out of sorts, and I found nothing in my mind corresponding with that ancient philosopher who, having lost his election, declared that he could only rejoice that Athens possessed fifty men more worthy than himself. Another difficulty was, that I was constantly taught to bring everything to the test of reason, and to do nothing of which my reason was not convinced, while at the same time I was instructed that it was my bounden duty to obey my teachers. But when their commands and my own reason disagreed, how was the point to be settled, and where was to be the appeal? I often thought these things over, but there was none whom I could question, or ask to unravel my perplexities. I often said, "O that I were like Theseus, and could find some Ariadne to give me a clue, whereby I might extricate myself from this labyrinth:"

but alas ! no Ariadne came. And here I would observe, that wholly ignorant as I was of the doctrines of Christianity, and ignorant of my own heart, I yet did know there was a God, and that He was a God of love, and that both by His Providence and inward voice He would teach those who sought Him ; but I did not exercise faith in the very little I did know. "The just shall live by faith ;" that is, by laying hold in life and love of the truth really given them ; and had I, instead of perplexing my mind with innumerable reasonings and doubts, and thus entangling myself in an inextricable web, only turned to God, I feel an assurance that help would have been afforded ; but I sought self and not God, therefore did I continue in death, instead of embracing life ; and the tangled web which surrounded me became every day more entangled and more inextricable.

And yet I may here say, that I do believe that every guide of youth should not simply have it at heart luminously to point out the right, and distinctly to exhibit the law he wishes to enforce, but that he should also enter with sympathy into both the mind and heart of his pupil, and endeavour to understand his perplexities of thought and feeling. How continually from want of experience do the young confound under one head, and designate by one name, many things absolutely opposite in their foundations, and distinct from each other, and thus go on with confused and unfixed principles, because they had not disentangled their integral constituents : and how often a wise and sympathising friend or counsellor will unravel, in a few words, complexities and difficulties with which the

unassisted mind may have struggled for years. Still, in the midst of this conflict, like most children, I had many seasons of outward occupation and pursuit in which these things did not press upon me, though they were ever returning in my hours of solitude.

Gradually I began to resume some degree of interest in the society that frequented Barr. My mother used frequently in the summer evenings to drive over and take tea with Mr. Berrington and his sister. I occasionally accompanied her, and even now I recall the pleasure with which I saw the little white gate that opened into Mr. Berrington's demesne at Oscott! The chapel formed a wing immediately attached to his house. The colouring of both had the rich brown hue of aged brick buildings; the windows, which were surrounded with roses and creeping plants, glistened brightly in the sun. An enclosure of two or three acres, partly shrubbery, partly kitchen-garden, and partly flower-garden, surrounded the dwelling; hedges, flowers, fruit, and espaliers, all in the greatest luxuriance, yet kept in that trim order united with elegance, which formed the especial characteristic of Mr. Berrington. Before the house was an exterior porch, with neat stone seats, and within, an interior one, thus forming a summer and a winter porch. Here we constantly found some of his people, peasants, or their wives, waiting to speak to him, or to receive alms, or food, or medicine, and, while resting themselves, the mothers and their little children would often enjoy a plate of ripe cherries or other fruit. Here we were often greeted by the poor, and by his little dog "Vixen," whom I especially

loved, because he singled me out as the only person whom he met without a bark. In the little stone hall of entrance were one or two Scripture pieces or prints of holy men, to give an upward direction to the hearts of those who might be waiting there, and, as it were, pour an unction over all concerns of business, or pleasure, or domestic life, on which they might be engaged. On the one side was a small but comfortable dining-room, with a fireplace of rustic stone-work, where, amidst scrolls of foliage, was engraved in old English characters,—“*Melius est vocari ad olera cum charitate, quam ad vitulum saginatum cum odio.*” An oak staircase brightly polished led to an airy landing-place; immediately in front was a small pleasant room, with a bow window, and chairs, and writing table in the midst: this was Mr. Berrington’s library.

How well I remember, in the drawing-room, the window-seats where I often used to sit and look at the vines creeping over the windows; also two or three beautiful prints of saints; but, above all, a fine portrait of the Catholic Prince Charles Edward, which made a great impression on me, because I knew the part my great-uncle, Cameron of Lochiel, had taken in his cause, and that my grandfather and great-grandfather of Urie had had a full-length likeness of the Prince, before which they taught their children to bow every day, especially since the cause of the Stuarts, whose blood mingled with their own, had been unfortunate. This picture I often contemplated, and thought how happy those were who, at Falkirk and Preston Pans, and even at Culloden, had laid down their lives for the cause they loved. So highly did I then over-estimate what men term honour,

and the value of an earthly crown ; and so much did I underrate the actual value of a soul.

Miss Berrington's little room contained an altar-like dressing-table, on which were always some holy books bearing on their bindings a cross, and marked with registers, whose appendages, the Lamb of God, the crucifix, the blessed Virgin, and the symbols of faith, hope, and charity, greatly excited my interest and curiosity ; and though I was not free enough to ask their meaning, I exercised all my observation to obtain some light on the subject ; for I was sure some sacred meaning was attached to them. And when I looked at Miss Berrington, and observed her uniform cheerfulness and apparent happiness, and when I thought of my own enjoyment in reading Lavater and meditating on what I learned there, I wondered whether those books too contained secrets of happiness, that might be poured out over the life, and I then wished I knew what was in them.

There also was over the chimney-piece a beautiful little print of Joan of Arc, in maidenly modesty and beauty, and yet in firm calmness, going onward to battle. Above was a tinted drawing of her, when almost a child, as she had stood under her favourite fairy tree at Domremi, her eyes fixed on a rustic cross, communing in spirit with her favourite saints, and, yet more, with the Lord of all saints.

These prints strongly arrested my attention, partly from the beauty of their execution, and partly because I had just that degree of semi-knowledge which enhances interest with the united pleasures of memory and hope, when an object delights us by recalling something we do know, and

urges us on by the vivid love of exploring that which as yet we know not. Thus did I stand before these pictures.

On one occasion when Miss Lunn happened to come into the room, she pointed to the picture of Joan of Arc on her charger: "Voilà la femme forte," she said; "Yes," replied Miss Berrington, quietly pointing to the cross in the picture above, "and there was the source from which she drew." How earnestly did I wish to have these enigmatical words explained. I saw, by the reverent change which passed over Miss Lunn's countenance, that some deep meaning was thereby intended; I knew not what, but deeply did I ponder these things in my heart.

I omitted to mention that in the drawing-room was a folding door which had excited my curiosity. One evening after tea, my mother asked if it led to Mr. Berrington's study. Miss Berrington smiled, and opened it: we entered; we found ourselves in a broad tribune or gallery, looking down immediately into the chapel. Miss Berrington knelt down and crossed herself, and I involuntarily stood in silent awe before the crucifix and high altar, which were directly opposite to us, at the farther end of the chapel.

I used very much to enjoy these social evenings. There was in Miss Berrington a playfulness at times and a sympathising kindliness of demeanour, without ever departing from her own centre, which made her society very delightful. She was eminently a Christian gentlewoman. Miss Lunn, full of drollery and *espièglerie*, had all the playfulness and pranks of a kitten, and in their society there was a certain sort of indefinite charm, which gave a constant feeling of happiness to those around them. I often asked myself in

what it consisted: there was no grand outline, as in my mother; no intellectual excitement vividly to amuse; no fascination, as in my cousin Christiana Gurney: they seemed like persons who went forth in love to others, without any return on self, or any desire to produce effect; and that because they had found peace, they were at liberty for a hundred little sallies of playfulness, which those who are unanchored in the deepest things have no heart for. It is only when we are no longer captives in the territories of the great enemy, that we willingly take down our harps from the willows, that our mouths are filled with laughter, and that we burst into a song.

I have often been very forcibly impressed with the vast difference in the practical results of the schools of religious training; of those who are brought up in comparative solitude, and of those who are from childhood placed in collision with others. Many eminent saints have been trained in each mode of discipline; but I think I have observed, among young persons who were members of large families, like the Gurneys of Earlham, a degree of power in the pursuit of their own plans, yet without any jostling against others; a flexibility, and amiableness, and brotherly kindness in the little affairs of daily life, which are often vainly looked for from persons, however excellent, that have been brought up much alone. Whatever examination such may have made of their own hearts, they have not had the opportunity of knowing the hearts, or of entering by close sympathy into the difficulties which beset the paths of others, differing from them perhaps in age, position, or circumstances.

I have often deeply regretted in myself the great loss I have experienced from the solitude of my early habits. We need no worse companion than our unregenerate selves, and, by living alone, a person not only becomes wholly ignorant of the means of helping his fellow-creatures, but is without the perception of those wants which most need help. Association with others, when not on so large a scale as to make hours of retirement impossible, may be considered as furnishing to an individual a rich multiplied experience; and sympathy so drawn forth, (let it be remembered,) though, unlike charity, it begins abroad, never fails to bring back rich treasures home. Association with others is useful also in strengthening the character, and in enabling us, while we never lose sight of our main object, to thread our way wisely and well. Let any person in Cheapside compare the different mode of walking of one who, from some country retreat, for the first time sets foot in the closely-thronged metropolis, with the easy disengaged walk of him who is accustomed to thread its mazes every day: the first, probably, is as intent on his business as the last, since it has stimulated him to the unwonted exertion of putting himself in a new scene; nevertheless, he is speedily bewildered by the multitudes around him; their want of sympathy sinks his spirit, their jostling retards him, and after much labour he is perhaps unable to accomplish his object; while the other, who may have a far less important end in view, is able in half the time to achieve it, and neither jostles against others, nor is once turned out of his way himself.

Not many years ago, I met a lady, eminent for talent,

who was much interested in lunatic asylums. She, with her husband, a scientific man, had visited many, both in England and on the Continent. She told me that, in all the asylums she visited, she found that the most numerous class of patients were almost always those who had been only children, and whose wills, therefore, had rarely been thwarted or disciplined in early life; whilst those who were members of large families, and who had therefore been trained in self-discipline, were far less frequently victims to this malady. However this may be, the peculiarity of what may be called a public education, in giving both flexibility and persistence of character, has often been to me very striking; and I mention it here, because I think the subject demands attention from those who are engaged either in self-education, or in that of others. Such was our mode of life at Barr.

PART IV.

1789—1792.

“Meanwhile prophetic harps
In every grove were ringing—War shall cease;
Did ye not hear that Conquest is abjured?
Bring garlands, bring forth choicest flowers to deck
The tree of Liberty!”

“Liberty!
I worshipped thee, and find thee but a shade!”

WORDSWORTH.

It was one evening in this summer, towards the end of July, I well remember, the glorious sun was declining behind the distant hills, and the long shadows were spreading over the woods and meadows, when we saw at a distance a vehicle (usually employed to carry servants to town or church) returning at more than its usual speed. After some minutes the door of the drawing-room opened, and in burst Harry, William Priestley's brother, a youth of sixteen or seventeen, waving his hat, and crying out, “Hurrah! Liberty, Reason, brotherly love for ever! Down with kingcraft and priestcraft. The majesty of the People for ever! France is free, the Bastille is taken: William was there, and helping. I have just got a letter from him. He has put up the picture of the Bastille, and

two stones from its ruins, for you," (addressing himself to me,) "which you will soon receive; but come, you must hear his letter." We all stood thunderstruck. After composure was a little restored, he read an account of the event. Such was the first announcement, to us, of the bursting of that tempest which had long been gathering in France, and which finally overthrew the monarchy and the church, which destroyed public property, which levelled the altar with the dust, but which also was the means of ruining, in its actings, the earthly peace of so many thousands of private families; and, in its principles, of laying low and annihilating that Divine trust which might have proved their shelter of refuge from the ruthless storm. The revolution in France was to be considered not merely as a political movement affecting that country only, but rather as a vast experiment of which France was the principal théâtre. I am not now about to speak of public events, with which I have nothing to do, but of the effects they produced on the domestic sphere with which I had experience. I have seen the reception of the news of the victory of Waterloo, and of the carrying of the Reform Bill, but I never saw joy comparable in its vivid intensity and universality to that occasioned by the early promise of the French revolution. It can only be explained by that deeply latent heresy of the human heart which, while it asserts that knowledge is power, ignores that power is both fratricidal and suicidal to happiness, till laid at the foot of the Cross, and till the heart that wields it is baptized and regenerated by the love of God.

How varied, in the course of time, have likewise been

the changes wrought in the face of society by new developments and applications of intellect, for I lived when steam-power, vaccination, and the electric telegraph were not; yet at the end of all, how does nothing remain as an addition to happiness, but in so far as it has been of God! And how little have the greatest misfortunes had of a venomed sting, when the peace of God has been truly in the soul!

Every one of the great changes which have been wrought of men has been hailed by them as though a new millennium were about to dawn, and every political misfortune has been dreaded as though an utterly crushing extinction were at hand; but how different has been the result! The brightest imaginations of fallen man have ever ended in darkness, like a fair morning speedily overcast; while the darkest and most gloomy prospects have gradually brightened into light. Compare the universal joy and glowing hopes which hailed the French Revolution with the bloody night of the Reign of Terror which so soon succeeded; compare the colossal power of Bonaparte with his silent tomb at St. Helena. Such were the progress of man and the power of man. Contrast with this that word spoken, in a remote mountain of Galilee, to a few fishermen: "Preach the gospel to every creature." That eternal Word was the same which had before said, "Let there be light: and there was light." So is this second word of power still running its course of blessing, after the lapse of eighteen centuries.

I have seen the two or three originators of African emancipation opposed and derided by the whole world, but

the word of God was with them, and it did not return unto Him void, but accomplished that for which He sent it. In my own time did a few men originate the Bible Society, and now those waters of life seem almost to overflow the habitable globe. Oh, that our Lord may give us a heart to be deeply penetrated by their inestimable value, and to drink of them freely to the refreshment of our souls!

How has every great popular movement generally begun in a real and sincere wish to rectify some flagrant evil, or the accumulated abuses of ages; but how, in its progress, unless the leader—yea, and every individual enlisted under him—continued to take counsel of Divine truth and wisdom, are their ranks soon filled up by successors of a very different stamp, and the original object which once so dazzled the view becomes wholly clouded or merged in darkness.

Thus did the real and deep corruptions of the Church of Rome call forth the Reformation, and thus did the early reformers soon find themselves overwhelmed by the blind fury of those who professedly set out as their partisans. Were the causes of Luther and Calvin most injured by the popes whom they opposed, or by the fury of the Anabaptists, and other lawless ones, who were originally enlisted as their followers?

When any great corruption becomes universal and glaring, it calls for redress; but with this the temptation urgently arises, both to reform according to our own unassisted view, and to use our own unassisted means; and hence it is that the dreadful shipwrecks in the times of revolution arise. In the pressure of the temptation, we forget that

with every temptation God will make a way of escape ; that He is both a Counsellor and a mighty God, He who can give wisdom to discover ends and power to wield the right means. How beautifully does the abolition of slavery in the British dominions exhibit the power that accomplishes a work both begun and carried on in God !

But to return. Though all the consequences of the French Revolution were then unimagined, the joy its first tidings occasioned was of short duration. The horrors of the 10th of August, and other succeeding scenes, formed a sort of dark cloud ; yet still, hope was rife that however atrocious the ebullition of popular fury, such would prove transient, and faith in the cause was not essentially weakened.

I can look back on my surprise at the total change introduced at this time in the subjects of conversation. Even with my father's scientific friends, politics became all-absorbing ; from his philosophical friends we heard continually anecdotes of the profligacy of kings and nobles, and of the shackles imposed by the privileged orders ; of the abuse of parental authority, the dungeons of the Bastille, of Vincennes, and of *lettres de cachet*. From the religious party of whom Dr. Priestley was the head among us, we heard of the fraud and superstition of the Roman Catholic Church, the inordinate power of the priests, the vast revenues of the English clergy, and the grievances imposed by the Oath of Supremacy, and the Corporation and Test Acts ; so that those who had hitherto fancied themselves free, and had moved about in perfect liberty, began to feel their necks galled by heavy chains. Nor

was it long, and especially about the day of Federation, before France was universally held up as an example to England. Much was said of the empire of reason and benevolence, of the rights of man, and of tracing things to first principles, instead of adhering, as in England, to antiquated customs. Much was said of the folly of declaring "the king can do no wrong," of allowing him to plunge nations into war, and thus to break the bonds of universal love; of the injustice of the law of primogeniture, and of scandalum magnatum, the privileges of the higher orders.

All these things I eagerly listened to; they seemed to me to accord with the teaching of the New Testament, where we learn that all men are equal in the sight of God, that all are taught by Him, &c. &c.; yet I had a deep uncontrollable feeling, that those from whose lips these sentiments came, exhibited a spirit wholly different from the saints of old.

Thus it was in the dawn of the French Revolution. Amongst the young, during its progress, it became an established maxim, that all which had stood the test of experience was false and to be abandoned; and that all which was a mere chimera of speculation was true, and to be followed; that all which professed to be of God was an injustice; that all which had its foundation in human impulse was certainly justifiable; that every grade of society, except the lowest, was steeped in falsehood and prejudice; and that all wisdom was with the inexperienced and uninstructed; that, moreover, all the relations of life established by God were mere bonds of selfishness; that marriage was

a monopoly ; that parents, teachers, and the aged were to be treated with an insolent contempt designed to manifest emancipation from the shackles of former things.

As to all business and regular occupation, it was a trammel to be cast away by a rational creature, a child of reason, whose glory it was to be ever plastic to the impression and exigence of the moment.

Amidst this universal intoxication, Friday, the day spent with my grandfather, seemed to me the only sober or really happy one of the week. Then, if any of those present began to speak of French affairs, with that glow of enthusiasm which these so universally excited, my grandfather would often quickly answer, "Let us wait till we see the end ;"—or Lizzie Forster would sometimes say, "Great hopes are entertained of these changes, but when God is not taken into the council plans will fail, and when He is they must succeed." If it were replied, "No good can be achieved by spiritual speculation, we want what is practical," my grandfather would answer, "There is a narrow and there is a wide way of knowing God. We may seek His will only in His revealed word, and forget that His providence and the physical laws of the natural world are also revelations of His mind." As my grandfather spoke, my heart went with him ; besides which, I saw that he, and those amongst Friends who were like-minded, remained in peace, whilst all others who surrounded me, excepting my dear mother, were in perpetual hurry and perturbation.

Yet notwithstanding, a habit was gradually formed in my mind of less respect for authority and greater confidence in my own opinion ; of less deference to experience and

more confidence in reasonings for which I did not perceive I had not all the data. How could I, even as a child, look up to the guidance of those who, I plainly saw, were searching out the way themselves? Could I defer to those who were conflicting in opinion with others, whose talents gave them equal claim to my respect and credence?

I think most persons are little aware of the silent but irresistible testimony that permanence gives to truth; for the false is self-destructive, whereas truth is self-consolidating. I have often felt that nothing, perhaps, is so important to children as to be with those who possess that permanence of principle which can alone result from a foundation on eternal truth. That which has always been the same to us, even from our earliest recollections, involuntarily commands our respect, and seems a preparation for that piety and reverence which is afterwards to be transferred to God. To the child, the unchangeableness of the parent forms a sort of eternity; he found it there at his earliest recollections, it has accompanied him ever since, and it prepares his heart to look to that Rock on which he will not merely seek refuge in his childish years, but which will be his stay through all the vicissitudes of life, from infancy to hoary hairs, and which he learns has accompanied the Church from the gates of Paradise, and will accompany her to the consummation of all things.

Amongst the changes which at that time took place in the subjects of conversation, I must not forget to mention, that animal magnetism, which was just before at its height and exciting universal interest, then suddenly dropped, nor was it resumed, so far as I know, till forty years afterwards.

As men became more engrossed with the visible world, and with the things of time, those questions which had their beginning in the invisible world, and which derived their paramount interest from the connection of spirit with matter, the boundary which separates them, and the laws which regulate their action upon each other, became less interesting.

The connection between the visible and invisible world is one of the greatest of all questions, and it must ever remain a subject of deepest concern, especially to *regenerate* man,—that creature distinguished not only from the brutes by his intellect, but from the fallen human race by the renovation of his spirit, and who, thus connected with the animals by his body of dust, with man by his intellect, and with the Church above by his renovated spirit, stands on the verge of two worlds, and must ever, therefore, be deeply interested in their bearing and connection with each other; and I believe it is only a lapse into a grosser and more material state of being that can annihilate that interest.

Often at that time, as a child, I heard it said, “We can no longer think of shadows, we have now too many realities to occupy us:” but, at the end of sixty-five years, all those from whose lips I heard the sentiment have learnt that it is the invisible world which constitutes the only reality, and that those pressing interests which they once conceived of as vivid realities have proved to be the passing shadows.

Such was the summer of 1789. Towards the end of the autumn, my cousin Priscilla Hannah Gurney, sister to my cousin Christiana, paid us a visit.

The anticipation of this visit was a very great pleasure to me. My cousin Priscilla was one of those persons whom no one, having once seen, could ever forget. The remembrance of her became enshrined in one's memory. She combined the expression of holiness and purity with that of the greatest delicacy of perception and intelligent flexibility both of mind and heart. Her stature was small, but perfect in symmetry; her features were chiselled with exquisite delicacy; her countenance announced the deep peace and sensibility which arise from a finely perceptive intellect combined with placid and serene affections. She had what is called a helmeted eyelid, and a beautiful and serenely arched eyebrow, which contributed to the devout and tranquil expression, whilst her dark intelligent eyes, her well developed eyebone, and beautifully formed nose, indicated at once strength and acuteness of intelligence, and great delicacy of taste.

Her costume was that of the strictest Friends of that day. How well, I remember, her coarse stuff gown contrasted with the exquisite beauty and delicacy of her hands and arms, her snow-white handkerchief, and her little grey shawl; her dark-brown hair divided after the manner of a Gothic arch over her fair forehead. Then she wore a black silk hood over her cap, and over all a black beaver bonnet, in the shape of a pewter plate, which was then esteemed the official dress of the gallery.* Her voice was most musical and enchanting: as clearness and brilliance

* The gallery is the particular seat which is generally occupied by acknowledged ministers amongst the Society of Friends.

was the characteristic of my mother's voice, so sweetness and flexibility was that of my cousin's. My mother's words delighted and animated the mind, my cousin's descended like dew on the soul, penetrating and abiding there, and after many days bringing forth fruit. It was a common observation with those who cursorily saw her, that she wanted but wings to be an angel. Such was my cousin; her visit to us was made under peculiar circumstances.

I know not if I mentioned that my cousins, Christiana and Priscilla, were the daughters of my aunt, Lady Watson, by her first husband, Mr. Gurney. They were then nominally Friends, though not strict ones.

My uncle Watson was in the habit of spending the winter in town, the summer at Seagrove, and the spring and autumn were generally passed at the Crescent in Bath. This city was distinguished at that time for its religious and literary society. Amongst the most prominent were Mr., afterwards the celebrated Dr. Herschell, David Hartley and his sisters, and the Bowdler family. All these were united in friendship with my uncle. With Mrs. Francis Bowdler my cousin Priscilla formed a close intimacy. She was a clever woman, had a strong mind, and was thoroughly devoted to the English, or what was then called the High Church. It is no wonder that Priscilla, who was then under deep religious impressions, turned from the mistiness of most Friends' books of that day, and sought instruction from a person who appeared really devoted to God, as well as perfectly grounded in the principles of her faith. To Mrs. Bowdler, then, my cousin turned, and under her influence joined the communion of the Church

of England. But my cousin has often told me, that when she was baptized, and when she received the Holy Communion, she had such a deep feeling that she was merely complying with empty ceremonies, that she could scarcely refrain from leaving the Church, and casting all away. Surely, whatever else she had been taught, she had not learnt to look to Him in the baptism of water, whose Holy Triune name, if received into the heart, is the source of Eternal Life. Surely, though she partook of the bread and wine, she did it ignorantly, "not discerning the Lord's body;" for if Christ be received, Christ within is the hope of glory.

I am, however, only the narrator of what my cousin herself told me. It was to the effect, that being at this time without true spiritual life, she felt trammelled by what appeared to her vain ceremonies, while her own participation in them seemed like hypocrisy and vain profession; a lying to God that was intolerable.

About this time a proposal of marriage was made to her, by the possessor of one of the most noted and beautiful places in England. Wearied with all she had gone through, her heart seemed inclined to turn to some other thing; and I have heard that her taste, and to a certain degree her affections, were so far drawn forth, that she was on the point of accepting her suitor. When all seemed nearly concluded, it suddenly came into her mind, "Shall I bind myself to man, while I am ignorant what is my real tie to God?" She at once changed her course, dismissed her admirer, threw off her profession of belonging to the English Church, and determined, whatever the conse-

quences, that she would take no rest in anything till God should lift up upon her the light of His countenance, and show His will respecting her. That day there was a large and splendid party at the house. I have heard from one who was present, that my cousin Priscilla's appearance was radiant in beauty and elegant in fashion, so as to rivet the eyes of all ; it seemed as if she alone were seen. From that party she went up into her room, locked her door, and casting herself prostrate before God, in the despair of her heart made a sort of vow that she would never leave that room till she had obtained some light upon her path. Into the conflict which followed it is not for me to enter. Suffice it to say that, at the end of several days, she came out of her room in the attire of a plain Friend : peace was upon her countenance, stability and serenity were in her manner. The habitual presence of a plain Friend would have been an anomaly in the circle of my uncle Watson, and, cordially united though they were, such a position would have involved trial to my cousin herself. It was, therefore, arranged that it would be best for her to select a home amongst her many attached friends, who had been long walking in the path she had now chosen. I am not acquainted with all the circumstances which decided that home to be in the house of Richard Reynolds, whose noble philanthropy and princely affluence made him well known as the munificent, yet humble Christian benefactor of every vicinity in which his abode was cast. He was at that time residing in the beautiful valley of the Severn, in Coalbrook Dale. The large iron works carried on there, where the roaring of the blast furnaces, the long beds of glowing coke,

the jets of flame and showers of sparks, and the stalwart forms of the various forgers, mingled with the woods, the rocks, and caverns, or reflected in the broad waters of the Severn, gave it a peculiarity of appearance which I have never seen elsewhere. Nor were its moral less distinguished than its physical peculiarities. The beautiful village of Madeley, the abode of the holy William Fletcher and of his equally remarkable wife, was only about a mile distant from the Dale. The clergyman of the parish was a devout and assiduous pastor of his flock, and all the firm of partners in the well-known company of Coalbrook Dale, with their families, were amongst the most strict, and excellent, and beneficent members of the Society of Friends. Perfect unanimity reigned amongst them: each and all seemed, before all other interests, to have it at heart to further the kingdom of Christ by self-consecration to God, and brotherly love.

Continually were the Friends to be seen with Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, supporting their schools, and continually did the Methodists and Madeley party attend any distinguished meeting amongst them. Truly was it said that this populous and picturesque valley was a "school of prophets" and a land of saints. Alas! that we may now write upon it the pathetic motto of the house of Bruce,—
"Fuimus."

In this happy valley, Richard Reynolds occupied the principal mansion. My cousin Priscilla was on terms of intimate friendship with him and his wife, and they gladly made an arrangement to receive her at their house as her future home. She had her sitting-room and bed-room,

and one adjoining for her little maid Joan,—a stable for her horse “Serena,” and her open carriage, in which she used often to drive about to visit the poor and enjoy the country. Besides this, Richard Reynolds and his wife formed for her what Catholics would call a *Solitude*, a walk through a thick grove which terminated in a verdant open space, where was a rill and cascade falling through the rocks into the river below: here was a sort of open summer-house, and behind it were two more substantial rooms, one of which was furnished with books, writing materials, and everything suitable for contemplation or solitary employment: the other was a little apartment in which Joan was ensconced with her book and her needle, when her presence was not needed by her mistress.

Such was the principal home of my cousin Priscilla Gurney. She continued her residence with her fatherly friend Richard Reynolds, for the long period of more than twenty years. My cousin came to visit us, when on her way from Seagrove to her new home. All the mental conflict she had endured for several years had abundantly told upon her sensitive and delicate frame. She was considered at this time in a very precarious state of health, and seemed wholly unfit to cope with the difficulty, or rather with the apprehension, of a home as yet untried.

My dear mother, who had been an intimate friend of her early youth, urged her to stay a few weeks with us at Barr, for rest, and for the benefit of Dr. Darwin’s advice. I have no distinct continuous recollection of this time: some few pictures stand out prominently, and have left their indelible impression on my memory. How well I

remember my cousin's arrival! It was a beautiful summer afternoon, when, emerging from the turn of the wooded valley, where the road was first visible from the house, we saw a "Friendly" drab-coloured one-horse chaise, slowly advancing. Preceding it, mounted on a tall gaunt horse, sat a figure, likewise tall, and clothed in drab: his large slouched hat seemed raised high above the ample coat, with its deep flapping pockets; the huge shoes were surmounted by buckles; the long stiff back seemed without vertebræ. This was a guide, sent by the monthly meeting to show my cousin her way. An unmitigated solemnity overspread his features. Next followed my dear cousin's little carriage in the most approved mode of "Friendliness," but yet modified by her own elegance. Her little horse, Serena, was beautiful, and I well recollect its docility and tameness. From this carriage alighted my cousin Priscilla, her exquisite beauty attracting every eye, and her little maid Joan, a bright country girl, whose rosy cheeks, and a certain *espièglerie* in her dark eyes, formed as striking a contrast to her plain Friend's dress as her bright complexion did to the marble delicacy of that of her mistress. My dear cousin was very ill, and she was taken directly to her own apartment, which she mostly inhabited during her sojourn with us.

One day my mother sent me to her room with a basket of fruit and a message. Her apartments on this occasion were in what we often called "the Catholic quarter" of our house, because so often used by Catholics. They were the same which a few months before had been occupied by our friend Miss Berrington, to whom I had also once been

sent on a message; and the contrast between the scenes presented by the rooms and their occupants on the two occasions forcibly struck me. When I went with no small awe to Miss Berrington, I saw on her dressing-table, Missals, the "Imitation," and other devotional works on one side; the Peerage and Court Calendar, and the looking-glass on the other: but the latter books appeared new, as if seldom opened, whilst the former, though perfectly well and reverently kept, looked as if used daily. There were on the same table essences and various powders, and artificial flowers, the usual accompaniments of dress in that day: but there also stood scales to weigh medicines for the poor, a crucifix, and beads. Before the table, in her easy chair, sat Miss Berrington, her figure tall and elegant, her dress gay and tasteful, and her manner kind, yet brilliant with finished politeness: there she sat in all the adornment which I had learnt to consider as a thing of the world, but her table and often the floor were covered with work for the poor, which all her solitary hours were occupied in completing; and whilst her conversation was full of wit and mirth and anecdotes of the great world, the early morning beheld her solitary walks to attend the little chapel at Oscott, or to visit and cheer the sick and needy.

When the same apartment was occupied by my cousin Priscilla, it had undergone a complete transformation. The looking-glass was banished, and on the table were the works of the venerable Isaac Pennington, whose memory, with that of the legislator Penn, and the genius of Milton, have consecrated the little village of Chalfont. Few have probably read these books which my cousin loved so well,

without a blessing, and without drawing nearer in soul to that God who was the bond of union in that blessed society. But, above all, you ever saw with her the Holy Scriptures open, and on entering the room and looking on her countenance, it seemed as though the reflection of light, and love, and calmness from the written and inward Word, beamed from that face with an impress not to be mistaken. Truly, when I opened the door, I felt "This is holy ground;" and whilst I thought myself at an unutterable distance from her, I was elevated in spirit, as we always are in the presence of the greatness which is of God, in contradistinction to that which is of the world. There my cousin Priscilla was sitting, engaged in reading, or in holy meditation, and sometimes in speaking to her little maid Joan. It was beautiful to watch Joan's lovingness, and yet the dignity of my cousin's manner towards her, partaking of the authority of the mistress, the tender care of the mother, and the forbearance of the Christian, whilst the little maid herself, with her rosy cheeks and beaming black eyes, looked up to her mistress with a reverent and affiant love, as though she were listening to a being from another sphere. Nor were these the only inmates of the room. In one cage was the little squirrel "Ariel," and in another two canary birds, with a tree for them to perch upon. All the doors of the cages were open, and the inmates constantly came to my dear cousin in the midst of her reading, perching on her head or hand, to be fed with nuts or sugar.

I have often since thought, how happy are those whose love, like the anointing oil, overflows from Him who is

the Head, even to the extreme fringes of the garment, so as to be exhibited, not merely amongst men, but down to the very animals. Thus St. Francis of Assisi was wont to gather around him the fawns, the birds, and hares of the forest, calling them his "brothers and sisters;" and as he knew that God blessed them when they came from His creating hand, so did he delight in standing, as it were, a priest appointed by God in the Temple of Creation, to utter the voice of thanksgiving for them to the Father whom they knew not.

One other picture I will recall. It was the scene in the drawing-room. My cousin had been consulting Dr. Darwin, and was joined there by my mother and Mr. Berrington. I did not consider myself, a child, as part of the company. It would be impossible perhaps to select four persons of more strongly marked characters, and yet more dissimilar one to another. There was my mother, lofty in grandeur of heart, and in philosophic dignity of mind, eminent for beauty, and for a severe simplicity combined with richness of costume. Then my cousin Priscilla, almost ethereal in the expression of purity and holiness, her countenance continually growing upon the heart of the beholder, and replete with the charm which reveals a deep tranquillity in eternal things, while the surface is plastic to varying thought and emotion; like the immortal music of Palestrina, which flows on with one uniform soul-filling harmony, the fundamental bass continuing its uninterrupted stream, whilst the superficial parts display endless variety, grace, and adornment. Then came Mr. Berrington's lofty, aristocratic figure, his intellectual and perhaps

proud bearing, as he held up his glass, and looked, with a slightly sarcastic and yet playful air, on those around him. And I still seem to see Dr. Darwin sitting on the sofa, as he gazed with almost a sneer on the beauty before him, beauty not merely physical, but yet more moral and intellectual; and never shall I forget the contrast between his figure and the fragile form of my cousin, who, as his patient, sat next him; fragile, indeed, she appeared, as though a breath might annihilate her; and yet there was that about her which seemed as a panoply of Divine strength, and before which the shafts of Dr. Darwin's wit against Divine truth, aimed cautiously at first, but afterwards more openly, recoiled innocuous. "My dear Madam," said he, "you have but one complaint; it is one ladies are very subject to, and it is the worst of all complaints; and that is, having a conscience. Do get rid of it with all speed; few people have health or strength enough to keep such a luxury, for utility I cannot call it."

One of the party having expressed the hope that one day he would receive Christianity, he replied, "Before I do that, you Christians must all be agreed. The other morning I received two parcels; one containing a work of Dr. Priestley's, proving there is no spirit, the other a work by Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, proving there is no matter. What am I to believe amongst you all?" I never shall forget the look with which this was said.

On another occasion during my cousin's visit, the lady whom I designate as "cousin Sally," and who was much attached to her, said to Dr. Darwin, "But Doctor, you will surely allow dear Priscilla to read religious books?" To

which the Doctor replied, "My dear Madam, toss them every one into the fire. I cannot permit one of them, excepting Quarles' 'Emblems,' which may make her laugh."

After a short time, my cousin ended her visit to us. Before she went she gave me a box containing dissected portraits of the kings of England: and after some remarks on the study of history, she concluded by saying, "Thou and I shall never, like these kings, be great or distinguished, but we, too, shall pass away like shadows, and have nothing remaining to us of value, but what our Lord in His mercy shall have planted in our hearts. When thou lookest at these portraits, may this thought often lead thee before the King of kings!" At that time, she also made me a present of Gough's "History of Friends." Both these gifts I ever highly prized, and many were the hours which I happily spent in reading and meditating on that book, which dry and ill-written as it is in language, is often great in thought.

My mother's health was by no means fully re-established, so that in the course of that year and the next Dr. Darwin frequently visited us. I cannot answer for the exact period at which the incidents I shall mention took place, but I give them here as they occur to my memory. One observation, justice and truth, with Christian charity, call upon me to make. Let it be remembered that I am writing my own biography, not Dr. Darwin's. I am, therefore, describing not his character, but the impression he made upon me. The baleful impression made on my principles, habits, and feelings, by intercourse with that society, of which he, at that time, was the culminating point, was too powerful

to be lightly passed over. I feel it a deep debt I owe to society to point out an evil, in the effects of which I was so long and woefully entangled.

When I remember how lightly many persons are accustomed to speak, how lightly they allow themselves to say, colloquially, that which they would not fully sanction when in earnest, I would not record these painful characteristics of Dr. Darwin's conversation were not my motive to show the great power of casual influences over the minds of children, whether for good or evil.

When I consider the effect of many of these things on myself, I seem to understand the awful warning that for every "idle" word we shall give an account. By "idle," I understand the lightest word which spreads evil around, however sunny or soft the air that bears it, but I do not understand by it the beautiful and sportive flower that gives fragrance and grace to the solid rock it garlands.

Dr. Darwin often used to say, "Man is an eating animal, a drinking animal, and a sleeping animal, and one placed in a material world, which alone furnishes all the human animal can desire. He is gifted besides with knowing faculties, practically to explore and to apply the resources of this world to his use. These are realities. All else is nothing; conscience and sentiment are mere figments of the imagination. Man has but five gates of knowledge, the five senses; he can know nothing but through them; all else is a vain fancy, and as for the being of a God, the existence of a soul, or a world to come, who can know anything about them? Depend upon it, my dear Madam,

these are only the bugbears by which men of sense govern fools; nothing is real that is not an object of sense.'

As I heard these things, and remembered the high esteem in which Dr. Darwin's talents were held, and the respect with which his dicta were listened to, my mind seemed shaken to its centre. I felt perplexed and bewildered. My faith was disturbed even in the little I knew. Yet I had a latent misgiving that all these reasonings could not be true, and it sometimes occurred to me that the electric fluid, the magnetic attraction, the power of animal magnetism (then much in vogue), though imponderable and unseen forces, were the most powerful of agents; and that our perception of any substance depends not merely upon its being obvious to our senses, but upon our being gifted with those particular senses which enable us to receive its impressions. If a deaf man go into a ball-room, does the music cease to inspire the dancers because he hears it not? And are we not constantly subject to the power and operation of causes which we have not the faculties to investigate, though we are sensible of their effects? And may not the being of God, the spiritual world, the immortality of the soul, be as important spiritual realities to man as the equally unseen agency of the loadstone and electricity are in the natural world? Such were surmises which often presented themselves to my mind.

Dr. Darwin at that time was occupied in writing his beautiful poem, "The Botanic Garden." The second volume of this poem was published first; he preferred it to the former, and gave as a reason for this order of publication, that it "was well to put the best foot foremost."

Great was the pleasure which the perusal of the poem gave to our evenings at Barr, and the absorbing charm with which I listened to its brilliant and exquisitely finished music, rendered alternately by the clear and flexible voice of my dear mother and the deep-toned utterance of Mr. Berrington: both had equal delight in it, both had their favourite passages: the impression of many, though at the distance of sixty years, I shall never forget. The opening canto, the description of the ruins of Palmyra, and that of the destruction of the army of Cambyzes, cannot but leave an indelible impression on all who read them.

My dear mother was enthusiastic in her admiration of Dr. Darwin's views on poetical composition. They appeared to her to leave nothing to be desired; and she had exquisite poetic taste.

I cannot say, however, that I felt completely in the same manner. Yet as I had little taste for poetry, and was a child, I made no doubt for many years, but that I was mistaken, more especially as I could not define the want I felt; but in these latter years of my life, I am inclined to think I was more right than I supposed. Immense as was the success of this poem at the time, its celebrity has now passed away, and, notwithstanding its beauty, it is but little read. Whence is this? I believe it arises from an universal though vague feeling similar to that which I myself experienced, and which, as I have since been enabled to define to my own satisfaction, I will here endeavour to explain.

We may apply to all the fine arts, and equally to painting, sculpture, music, architecture, and poetry, the maxim,

"Le beau n'est que le splendeur du vrai." The highest beauty and the highest privilege of art is its expression of spiritual and moral feeling. As man has a threefold life, the animal, the intellectual, and the spiritual, so he is susceptible of as many different species of pleasure; hence the three sources of pleasurable expression in every work of art, culminating in worth and beauty, from the animal, which is the lowest, to the spiritual, which stands super-eminent.

Those works of art, then, are the most complete which not only give utterance to this threefold life, but in which the higher constantly predominates, the spiritual rising above the intellectual, and the intellectual above the animal. And every work of art is proportionally poor and meagre, as it wants the expression of the higher lives and exhibits only the lower, in whatever degree of perfection that may be.

This, I think, explains the defect of Dr. Darwin's poetry. It speaks only of earth; there is everything to fix the eye below, on what is transient and mutable; nothing to raise it above, to the permanent and immutable: there is all in it to delight the eye or ear, nothing to touch the well-springs of the heart. It is a beautiful body, delicate, symmetrical, faultless, but it is destitute of soul: it is a perfect image, but without the inspiring Promethean fire: it is a beautiful visible creation, but it is deaf and dumb, for it hears not the voice, and gives not the utterance of the invisible; and yet that visible creation was set forth to tell of the invisible; by the things that are seen, it was intended to set forth the eternal power and Godhead of Him

who made them : the Heavens were made to declare His glory, and the firmament to show forth His handy-work ; and oh ! how poor the utterance, when this language is not understood !

Nevertheless, the popularity of this poem and its brilliant success were at the time universal. Under the specious names of philosophy, equality, universal benevolence, and right reason, the age was steeped in materialism and naturalism. It seemed as if the whole intelligence of man were occupied in eliciting, as in the distillations of a mental alembic, the recondite uses of the material world, and that his imagination was steeped in Sybaritic luxury, in the enjoyment, more or less refined, of sensible objects. Human society and the human faculties seemed fallen from their high estate ; reason no longer thought it a privilege to learn her axioms at the mouth of God, and man, abandoning the Centre of love, and beauty, and holiness, revelled in the debasing elements of a creation miserably despoiled by sin.

No wonder, then, that a poem precisely adapted to the fallen genius of the age, should have the popularity which seemed to spread like wildfire through every class of society, and like its own magnificent description of the deadly Upas of Java, seemed to dwell in gigantic greatness amidst a plain of death.

I think it was many years after, that this truth was brought home in vivid relief before me, in reading Southey's "Roderick." How much less of harmony and grace, but how magnificent in the immortal and eternal truths which inspire almost every description as with a living soul ! Its

great truths are drawn from the Eternal fountain, and are, therefore, endued with power truly to refresh the heart.

It so happened that Dr. Darwin paid us a visit shortly after the publication of the first volume of his work, and in the midst of its success. He told us that his bookseller — I think the well-known Mr. Johnson — offered him for the copyright, or for the edition, (I forget which) a sum at the rate of ten shillings a line. This was said amidst our large family party, our Oscott friends being present.

On another occasion, my dear mother said to him, "I was much pleased, Doctor, with your magnificent description of the Upas; but I was also much surprised, and more especially at the notes containing an elaborate account of it, for I had always considered what we heard of the Upas as a myth." The Doctor laughingly replied, "And so do I, my dear Madam. There is not one word of truth in it; but so long as I can get the public to believe me, by dint not only of my own poetry, but also by the notes of my ingenious friend, and as every line puts ten shillings in my pocket, I shall go on *ad infinitum*, as haply the monks of old did with their equally true saintly legends." — One good effect these things had upon me. They made me think that Dr. Darwin did not value truth, and I hence received, from his own lips, a salutary caution, and a standard by which to measure his dicta on other subjects.

I must, however, here in candour add one observation. When I retrace, in my mind, much which Dr. Darwin said, the review strikes me with the utmost horror and wonder. Yet there was much to make the tone of his

remarks then appear less extraordinary to those who heard them. It seemed as though the French Revolution had affected the whole fabric of social life, and had been the occasion of a sudden outburst of universal delirium, sweeping away all its courtesies and decorums.

The conversations, then, of Dr. Darwin, though extreme even at that time, were yet in keeping with the universal spirit of the day.

I remember reading, in I know not what French memoir, that in the reign of Louis XIV., the Duchess de Béthune, one of the brilliant circle of that Court, being invited to a reunion, in which were Fénélon, Madame Guyon, and the Duke and Duchess de Beauvillier, was absorbed in delight at the heavenly spirituality of the conversation ; but when, at an early hour, her chair was announced to rejoin the Court party at Versailles, she awoke up as from a trance, and thought, "Surely all these good people are mad ! How different are they from the realities to which I am now going !"

Even the excellent Dr. Priestley, in those days, continually dwelt on the blessings of free inquiry and the overthrow of superstition, and on the coming time when all would be free to carry out their own opinions, and to be occupied in the search after truth, though all probably might come to a different result. Some others there were, not so devout, but more logical, who, taking up the matter where Dr. Priestley left it, said that since no positive result could be obtained, the search might as well be spared !

Child as I was at the time of the French Revolution, always accustomed to be with my parents and present in

their social circle, I was full of intense interest in these things. How often, in a year or two after this period, while I listened to these philosophers, was I reminded of the tiger, which is at first playful as a kitten, but which, when once it has dipped its tongue in blood, assumes the glare of the eye, shoots forth its talons, exchanges its kind purr for a fierce growl or ominous spring, and spares neither friend nor foe in its cruel onslaught.

When I think of these sad times, it has often appeared to me that these philosophers were like ignorant children, who expect beautiful blossoms or fruit to grow if they merely stick severed stems into the ground; while my grandfather, and those who thought with him, were like wise gardeners, who, planting the root and leaving it to be watered by the dews from Heaven, are assured that the germ which contains the vital principle will grow and produce its proper fruit. Blessed is he that exercises himself day and night in the law of the Lord: he shall be like a tree planted by the living waters, that shall produce its fruit in its season, and even its leaves shall not wither. His demeanour, his countenance, his daily habits, and his bearing will silently speak, and become the living illustration of his words and the complement to his actions. How great and how awful the difference in the course and the utility of those who act only with a view to immediate results, and of those whose actions are the development of principles! And as the truth of a principle remains the same whether tried on a large or a small scale, I believe that he acts wisely who applies — in the minutiae of daily life, in the selection of his friends, or in the examination of

his own heart or conduct,—the question, “Am I acting in simplicity, from a germ of the Divine life within; or am I shaping my path to obtain some immediate result of expediency? Am I endeavouring to compass effects, amidst a tangled web of foreign influences I cannot calculate; or am I seeking simply to do what is right, and leaving the consequences to the good providence of God?” Truly may I say that I have ever found dignity of character and peace of heart to bear an exact proportion to the recognition of this principle.

The experience of our forefathers has been the stepping-stone on which our own experience is grounded. They followed their own reasonings, which, alas! formed the *ignis fatuus* which misled them. Let us bless God for our happier lot, and let us, with a reverent pity, look at the mistakes of those who have preceded us, to some of whom perhaps we are deeply in debt for much knowledge we may have learnt from their lips, and not less deeply, perhaps, for those errors which to us have proved a salutary warning.

Our circle did not escape from the effects of the influences described in the preceding pages. In it were many whose public virtue stood high, and whose intellect was pre-eminent. Very few in that circle were more distinguished for vigorous intelligence, and for varied knowledge, than my father. He was a man of the most ardent thirst for knowledge, with the single exception of Mr. Watt, that I ever knew. He had an insatiable desire for improvement, and a love of bringing everything, even the very least, to the standard of perfection. Whether it were natural history, or natural philosophy, geology, chemistry, or a magic-

lantern to amuse his children, or weighty concerns of business, one might think he had devoted his life exclusively to that subject, so much did he excel in all that he undertook; and everything in his house and grounds was characterised by his original appliances and contrivances. He possessed a mind acute in detail and in discerning differences, which gave him, in argument and in the business of life, all the keen and subtle perceptions of an able lawyer; and which, in the social circle, put into his hand the double-edged falchion of cutting sarcasm and pungent wit. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that, with a mind so intent on progression, and so keenly gifted to detect a flaw wherever it existed, my father should have quickly joined the ranks of those men of public virtue, who hailed the French Revolution as the auspicious day-star of social regeneration.

But I feel that this is the place to say a few words of that part of my father's early history which has been related to me; for how much more truly can we appreciate a person's course, when we know the mental fatherland from which he came. I have spoken of my father's intellectual endowments, and I ought to add, that God had also gifted him with a most kindly heart.

He was the last survivor of eight children: two only of his sisters were living at the time of his marriage. My remembrance of my aunt Betsy is like a shadow, or it may be that I only recollect having heard her spoken of in my early infancy. My dear aunt Polly, whose holy life I well recollect, and whose memory is treasured up among my

sacred remembrances, I have spoken of in the beginning of this memoir, and from her my very earliest religious impressions were derived. She died before I was six years old.

I recollect hearing my father say that, when he was a child, he went for a time to the school of James Fell, a Friend who lived in the neighbourhood of Worcester, and whose academy was famous in his day. In early life, my father was placed as a student in the dissenting academy at Warrington, which, I believe, immediately succeeded that of Dr. Doddridge at Northampton. In Dr. Doddridge's time the academy was a truly religious one, and the strictly pious training of the Presbyterians of that day, united with their teaching and habits of business, gave a character to dissenting academic colleges very different from that which belonged to them after his death. But in all dissenting bodies, where there is no fixed ritual and no determined creed, whatever excellences may at times appear, how little can stability or permanence be secured ! Their creed, their worship, and indeed their dogmas, must always depend more or less on the personal instructors of the day. There is no standard of appeal ; all believe and do more or less that which is right in their own eyes, and experience shows that societies thus constituted have a constantly downward progress.

Accordingly, even Dr. Doddridge's academy was, before its close, more than suspected of having departed from the integrity of its faith ; and I well remember how an old grey-haired pew-opener at Kidderminster, as he showed me Baxter's pulpit, told me with tears, that from that

pulpit, which he had known in his boyhood as the centre from which life and light were diffused, were now heard cold and cheerless Unitarian or perhaps Deistical principles.

At all events, the academy at Warrington was, in my father's time, no longer what it had been. It was eminent for talent, honour, and decorum, and, I believe, for the conscientious lives of its distinguished professors; and when I mention Dr. Priestley, Dr. Enfield, and Dr. Aikin, as being at its head, I need say no more of its high literary and moral standard. There my father spent many years; there was his first introduction to the intellectual world, and to that habit of scientific scrutiny, that ardent spirit of free unshackled inquiry, which subjects everything to the alembic of discussion and criticism.

Distinguished in many ways was that varied society, some with enviable, some with unenviable, distinctions. Amongst them was that unhappy son of the saintly Lady Mary Fitzgerald, who commonly bore the name of "fighting Fitzgerald," and whose untimely and awful death cast such a deep shade upon his mourning mother's heart.

Thus did my father acquire much knowledge of mankind, from a wide observation of character, in contact with, and under the training of those, who, as instructors, profess to implant both the principles which should bestow the true ends of life, and the knowledge by which its aims should be best achieved. But my father could not fail to perceive that his gifted instructors had yet no settled principle amongst themselves; while they professed to seek

truth, they passed by the greatest of all truth, and lost all religious reverence in endless speculation.

After my father had remained some years at Warrington, he returned to my grandfather's roof; and his character was, doubtless, much influenced by the united action of both these varied courses of teaching. My grandfather's instructions were calculated to give shrewd and keen habits of business, and the love of minute order and detail; but my father's insatiable thirst for knowledge, made his books, his laboratory, and other appliances for scientific research, more attractive to him than general society. He had a large folio blank book, in which he was wont to set down stray pieces of knowledge, which thus became permanent instead of fugitive. Information on diet, on training, on pugilism, on horses, on building, the various resistances of timber, &c. &c., he noted in this book, which was entitled the "Book of Knowledge;" it was alphabetically arranged, and formed many volumes.

My father, as I remember him when I was a child, was usually occupied for a few hours every day at his house of business in Birmingham; but from about one o'clock, when he usually returned, he was chiefly engaged at home in intellectual pursuits; and of these he had an endless variety. Some interesting experiments which he made in optics were the means, through his friends Dr. Priestley, and Sir Joseph Banks, of his being elected a member of the Royal Society; and his attainments in natural history and botany were the cause, afterwards, of his becoming one of the earliest members of the Linnæan Society, established by his friend Sir James Edward Smith. Besides this, my

father possessed considerable skill in chemistry; and he had no greater pleasure, on his return every day from Birmingham, than to occupy himself in the formation of his botanic garden. Truly it was impossible to be in his society without deriving pleasure and benefit from the variety of his knowledge and acquirements. Nevertheless, my father's character, earnest and impetuous, was not one of repose, and the various elements of which it was composed issued in conflict rather than rest.

And here let me pause to draw from these recollections a deep lesson of instruction with regard to characters constituted, like my father's, of powerful and antagonistic elements. Experience has convinced me that the comparative value of individual character, depends on the same principles which regulate the value of an effective and well-ordered friendship. He who selects his friend for possessing a reduplication of his own qualities or of his own temperament, increases indeed the force of those qualities and temperaments in volume and in power, but does not add to his original resources by the introduction of any new element; nor does he obtain the help necessary to obviate the evils or supply the defects of his own organisation: whereas he who chooses his friend, not indeed it may be on phrenological calculation, but by the instinct of the heart and mind, and finds in him powers antagonistic to his own, will experimentally learn that such a friendship is affluent in resource, and efficacious in checks to evil, — as in a well-ordered kingdom, in which a variety of different grades and interests mutually conspire to strengthen and assist each other; or like a ship's crew, in which the

various officers have distinct parts to perform, but in which the union of the skill and industry of all is needful to insure the well-being of the whole.

One thing, however, is necessary to effect this: as in the case of the kingdom, the government must be one, and as in the case of the ship the captain must be one; so in friendship there must be the mutual recognition of some one standard of principle, to which both parties submit which determines for both their rule of action, and by which both regulate their course. By this means their mutual diversities are restrained from conflict with each other, the power of united action is increased, and the largest amount of efficiency secured with least degree of jar and friction. The same law obtains in individual character. That is the most affluent in resource, and may be practically the most useful, which abounds in antagonistic organisation and temperament: and a rich blessing is in store for those who bring their wealth of feeling and intelligence to consecrate all to God. The Prince of Peace, when reigning in such a heart, is manifestly shown to be also the King of Glory. The value of diverse gifts depends indeed on the force of the one sovereign controlling power, and their amalgam becomes the fertile source of endless variety in unity. Nay, we even see the same law obtain in the physical world; and it is obvious that the antagonistic forces of fire and water, brought into union by the genius of Watt, have produced results altogether unparalleled, not only in diversity but in power.

In the midst of the conflict of opinions which I have described, my mother stood like a tower of strength always

the same. All these discussions, whether political or religious, passed by her as though they were not, and her converse still continued as before, the eloquent enunciation of noble sentiments adorned with a rich tissue of historic or literary lore ; while the society of Mr. Berrington and his Catholic friends, eminent in scholarship, and entertaining a high sense of the decorum of their sacred office, continued to impart a literary and moral charm to our circle.

I must mention that the increasing delicacy of my health now led to my father's assuming the direction of my studies. I suffered many things of many physicians, and became more and more shattered in nerve. The source of the evil was believed to be in the spine, and my parents at this time heard of a machine invented by a certain Mr. Jones, which was esteemed an infallible means of supporting the spine, and this instrument it was determined I should wear : which I accordingly did, from the time I was eleven till I was eighteen years old. My parents, full of kindness to me and hopes for my benefit, little realised the continued and often severe pain occasioned by the application of this machine. It was taken off only at night, and during the hour and a half when I was allowed to lie down in the day ; nor did they perceive the deleterious effect of a plan which for so many years, from childhood to womanhood, absolutely precluded the use of any vigorous bodily exercise : and not only so, but by this very preclusion threw me disproportionately upon mental pursuits.

Frequently at first I besought my dear mother to allow

me to leave off this miserable machine, for the pain it occasioned seemed almost more than I could bear; but she answered, as I am persuaded she would have done had the case been her own, "What is that character worth which cannot bear a little pain? All thou shouldest inquire is the effect to be produced, and if the result be good, learn to bear the pain cheerfully, and abide the test, a discipline which every great and noble character must go through."

As so much more time was necessarily given to reading and learning, and so much less to bodily exercise, my father, with the kindest intentions, now undertook to help me in some of my pursuits. His time was, however, fully occupied, not only with his business engagements, eight miles off, the buildings and additions he was making to our house at Barr, the forming of gardens, the direction of his estate, and his own scientific pursuits, but far above all with his constant anxiety on account of my dear mother's health; he was, therefore, able to give me only the remnants of time already more than engrossed, and of a mind thoroughly pre-occupied. This was, perhaps, the reason that, notwithstanding my father's exact ideas respecting female conduct and character, I was allowed much indiscriminate reading. Shaftesbury's "Characteristics," Voltaire's Works, of which we had the fine edition in about seventy volumes, Molière's Plays, "Gil Blas," Bolingbroke and Swift, succeeded each other, and mingled their evil influences with the large and varied mass of scientific, historic, and classical reading which also occupied me.

My father, who was little used to children, often amused

himself by proposing intricate questions, or cases of casuistry on various moral truths, while he well knew how to weave around an inextricable moral labyrinth, from which he had pleasure in seeing the efforts to emerge; just as parents who visit Hampton Court, with no apprehension of danger might amuse themselves with bidding their children enter the labyrinth, in whose mazes they are soon bewildered, whilst the clue is perfectly known to themselves.

I remember about this time hearing an observation in reference to the Bible, which greatly staggered me. It was said, "It is contrary to universal experience that miracles should take place, but it is according to all experience that men should lie." I had indeed an inward conviction that this was hollow sophism, but I knew not how to detect it. It was not till years after that I began to see that, even on the ground of philosophy, we must of two difficulties abide by the least. Now it is said to be improbable that God should work a miracle! but is it improbable? Whatever date you assign to the creation of this universe; when it did start into existence it was a miracle, and a miracle of which we constantly behold the reality. It is not then true, that God has never wrought a miracle; the probability that He will, or that He will not, do so again, must therefore be measured by the cause there may be for the exertion of miraculous power. Now, it has pleased God to create man with moral sentiments; would it not be the greatest improbability, that, having bestowed on man this gift, He should afford him no means for its exercise on a true object? But how can that object be

known, but by a revelation of the mind of God from God Himself? and how can that revelation be given from Himself, to a creature formed in the image of the Divine Trinity, without a revelation which speaks with a triple voice to his threefold being?—to the spirit of man by the Divine Spirit, to the senses of man by outward signs of power, and to his understanding by deductions from both. This being the case, the reality of a communication by miracles to the senses of man, involves no greater improbability than the fact that God should have given man a revelation at all. But these and many other things never occurred to me till years after, when the abundant difference between the fruits of the trees of life and of death led me to search into that outward philosophy respecting them, which then, however, was merely a corroboration to the testimony of the Spirit of God, the deep conviction from within, that the fruit of life was in the one, and that of death was in the other. My father was so little accustomed to live with his children, that he was not aware that what he considered only a salutary exercise of mental strength was, unknown to him, sinking into my spirit, perplexing my thoughts, or perhaps fanning into a flame some latent evil of my heart. There were many circumstances which prevented my father's kindness in instructing me from completely answering its intention. Often when I had laboured to the utmost, and that for hours, to prepare my lesson, perhaps in Latin or arithmetic, if it had one single mistake or imperfection, my father would refuse to look into it further. On such occasions, I was deeply disheartened. My father, no doubt greatly wearied, would

often say it was lamentable that my mother, who was so bright and intellectual, and that he, who was so fond of science, after having hoped for intellectual companions in their children, should be tried by one so stupid and wayward. The fact really was that I was almost in despair. I felt such fear of my father, that my words, thoughts, and feelings seemed frozen when he spoke to me, and, I often thought, a sort of numbness of feeling alone enabled me to live through these bitter hours of childish trial.

Sometimes, indeed, my father was able to give his attention fully, during the short time devoted to me, but then his mind was remarkably affluent and fertile: mine has always been slow in receiving the rudiments of that which is new to me, or which is addressed to an organisation I do not possess. Now, unhappily, almost all my father's instructions were addressed to those organs of calculation and proportion in which I am deficient, and with a view to assist me (though a mistaken one); and through the rich resources of his own mind, he would often show me four or five different ways of coming to the same result. By this means I often got completely puzzled, and I neither understood a word of my father's explanations, nor dared I tell him my difficulties. All my efforts were vain. For a long time my sense of duty to my father made me earnestly try to please him, whatever the result; but, step by step, the revolutionary doctrines I had heard in our circle, concerning the tyranny of parents and governors, and the equal rights of all, whether men, women, or children, made some impression on me; and whilst my loyalty of heart, I believe, never in my life once swerved from my mother, yet in this

instance, towards my father, I think I rather resembled Bishop Andrewes, who told the king he considered him justified in taking his brother Neile's money, since Bishop Neile himself had inculcated the indefeasible right of kings. Nevertheless, I constantly went from these lessons with hopeless misery in my heart. Often I spent long hours in tears, and often in a stupor-like despair. At that time I was seldom alone with my dear mother; still it was a delight to me to be in the same room with her, and to listen to her conversation in the circle of her friends, although I could not shake off the mournful sorrow which oppressed me.

Again and again did I earnestly wish I could please my father; deeply I felt it to be a duty, and again and again, in the midst of my troubles, came the vivid remembrance of how, when a little child, he had taken me on his knee, and the same voice, which now often spoke to me in tones of displeasure, had amused and instructed me, by explaining chemical experiments, or by telling me long stories of the wanderings of Æneas and Ulysses; and as I thought of those happy hours, I wept in the bitterness and anguish of my soul. And earnestly did I again try, with the utmost labour, to achieve some task which he, in his theory of the human mind, thought perfectly easy, but which to me was impracticable.

There was deep sorrow, but there was also an envenomed wound; a murmuring spirit of rebellion and a feeling of resentment began to grow up. This I now think of with acute pain. I then only saw the side that tried me. At this distance of time, I see how sorely I must have tried my father. Nevertheless, he often thought me rebellious

when I was not ; he looked upon my deficiency and slowness in arithmetic and algebra as so many proofs of wilful rebellion : he likewise considered my want of order, which I am sure must have been most trying to him, as intentional undutifulness, and the blank silence in which I listened to his displeasure appeared to him insensibility, instead of being, as it was, only the excess of misery.

How difficult it is truly to represent the chaos of the natural heart ! I still loved my meditations on Lavater as much as ever, and the unseen world he opened to me, and the vastness and beauty of the heavenly truths he spoke of ; and I ever felt, as I admitted them to my heart, their blessed influence of peace, love, and elevation. They still seemed the refuge I sought ; nevertheless, there was this great difference,—I now doubted of their actual and substantial truth, whether they were beautiful visions of poetry, or a deep reality ; whether the internal voice I had so long recognised as the voice of God, and enjoyed in the silence of the Friends' Meeting, or in the solitude of night upon my bed, in the approving or condemning conscience when no human eye beheld, and which I had heard speak, as from every tree and flower and stream and sunbeam when I walked abroad ;—I began to doubt whether this holy voice were not a pleasant imagination, instead of the healing paternal invitation of the God of truth, the lisplings of the natural language of man's true fatherland.

In this doubt, my shield was gone, my hedge of defence taken away, the fortress to which I had retreated for safety crumbled to the dust ; and in that doubt my natural eagerness, together with my timidity and melancholic tempera-

ment, led me greedily to seek what amusement I could find in the books, good and bad, which were set before me. My distressingly weak health, indeed, and Jones's instrument, almost precluded me from any other occupation than reading. I could take a moderate walk, but I could join in none of the healthful pleasures and vigorous exertions of my younger brothers and sisters.

Often in a beautiful summer day, or in a bright and wholesome frost of winter, did I see them set out with Mademoiselle, on some party of healthful recreation, from which I was necessarily excluded, and I had to wait in solitude the hours that intervened before their return. Many were the tears I shed, unknown to all. My only living sympathisers were the beautiful dogs, of which we had always many at Barr; they alone in the world, except my mother, seemed to love me, they alone to rejoice in seeing me; and hence I suppose the love I have ever felt for these animals.

My whole endeavour when down stairs, except when I was with my mother, was to say as little and do as little as possible, in order to avoid giving offence; but when alone, in the hour that my dogs did not come, I tried to bury myself in my books, and throw myself entirely into any world but the one of misery in which I actually was. I read with insatiable interest and amusement of the disguises of Don Raphael and Ambrose de la Mela, and of the tricks of Scipio, and soon I began to desire to emulate them. Good and bad things mingled together, and not being sure of the truth, the bad carried the day.

Here let me, in a parenthesis, observe, that if a portrait

painter find it difficult to take a faithful likeness of the person who is at the moment sitting before him, and to give a representation which shall neither be a mere *beau idéal* on the one hand, nor a caricature on the other; how far more difficult, nay, impossible, must it be to give an accurate representation, either of persons, or of facts, when the lapse of many long years has severed us from them. All faithful autobiographies must contain pictures of those passages which by their excess of brightness or depth of gloom have had the effect of leaving an indelible impression on the character. Things are not portrayed merely according to the proportions they actually occupied amidst the sameness of every-day life, but assume a relative importance which depends partly, indeed, on the incidents themselves, but chiefly in the impressions they made on us. The reader then must remember, that many a valuable and improving intellectual hour, full of interest and knowledge, was furnished by my father in these days to his children, and that many a delightful recreative time was passed in the scholar-like and high-toned society attracted by my mother; nevertheless, the facts I have recorded rise up in the midst, and cast their deep shadows far and wide over all around. And under these feelings, gladly would I have passed over many painful things in my remembrance; but I believe that all biography, like all history, can have but one true object — that of showing the dealings of God with mankind, or with each individual soul; the methods through which it pleases God in Christ, by His Spirit, to rescue His fallen creatures, by addressing

them through His word, through His providence, and through His judgments, till He has taught man his own nothingness and the vanity of all earthly things,—and that it is only by being conversant with God that Reason can manifest her own nobility. It is thus, of His mercy, that He permits those misunderstandings and delusions of our fellow-creatures, which are necessary discipline, to show us that He alone is our end; and if, instead of resting in subordinate details, we take our experience as a whole, how wise, how divine, how well-ordered do His dealings appear. Truly, the discipline of my soul was, in fact, like that of the whole Church. As in early times, God made Himself known by his title of *Jehovah*, and called the patriarchs from time to time, conversing with them often as friend with friend, and showing them He was “their shield and exceeding great reward,” so in early childhood did our Lord give me many sweet views of His peace, and a happiness therein, in converse with Him whom, however, I, as yet, saw but dimly; and in the subsequent history of the patriarchs, I have seemed in like manner to trace the leading features of the outward course of my own life. Blessed, like them, with the early favour of those among whom my lot was cast, allowed for a time to taste whatever worldly advantages and abundance could afford to satisfy the heart, I was, like them, to learn, when brought into a sore bondage, that all the learning of the Egyptians was not able to deliver me; that the Lord had called me forth into the wilderness to sacrifice unto Him, and had Himself provided a Passover of forgiveness;—and by my own bitter experience, He at length taught me, as He taught His

people Israel, that the fear of the Lord is indeed the only beginning of wisdom.

And if, through His mercy, I too am permitted to look back from the precincts of Zion through the long years of my past history, "on all the way the Lord my God. has led me," it is not to mourn over the "burdens" or the "task-masters," but to rejoice that they were made by God the means of my deliverance, so that, now at rest and dwelling among "my own people," I seem well able to understand the glad response of those of old to the gracious injunction, "to show kindness to the stranger," because they had been, for a season, themselves as strangers in the land of Egypt.

Thus does our Heavenly Father ever intermingle cordials amidst His chastenings, and His mercy, even in the most gloomy path, does not leave us wholly destitute of an evidence, if we would but take it to heart, that He is yet mindful of us.

My mother's Sunday instructions in my childhood have made that day stand out from my earliest years as a day of blessing. How thankful and how delighted was I, when, after the long interval of eighteen months, she was again able to resume this practice! Nor can I ever think, but with the deepest gratitude and affection, of the unremitting labour which she bestowed upon me in her convalescence; for though unable to devote herself to me, beyond the times I have mentioned on Sundays, yet she occupied many hours, and expended much of her strength, in making a collection for me, in three or four manuscript volumes, of all the most striking and beautiful fulfilled

prophecies in the Old and New Testaments, with historic accounts of their fulfilment. This was partly taken from Bishop Newton, assisted by her own wide historic reading. How invaluable did this work seem to me, both from its own intrinsic excellence and as a monument of her love and kindness! Nevertheless, my Sunday instruction was not what it had been before my mother's illness. She no longer began by a solemn pause, nor took the Sermon on the Mount, the Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer, as texts by which, sentence by sentence, to interrogate me on the intentions of my heart, and on my conduct during the week. Possibly she thought that such an examination was more likely to be answered in simplicity and truth by a little child wholly trained by herself, than by the same child in after years. She saw, too, I was timid, and probably thought these questions might be a snare for my integrity, yet in reality this omission deeply pained me. She was the only being in whom I felt a full confidence. Whilst I could never have shown her my feelings, I always could, with perfect fearlessness, tell her my faults, and it was a real unburdening of my soul when she invited me to open my conscience to her. Her directness, her truth, her strength, and her magnanimity, supplied me with the support I wanted; and just at this time, when my conscience and views were plunged in chaotic perplexity, I deeply felt being bereft of that aid of which I had now fully learnt the value.

Parents and instructors often imagine that children do not like the restraint of being advised and spoken to by those older than themselves, but I believe nothing can be

a greater mistake. Judging from my own experience, I should say that the most severe sufferings of childhood arise from perplexity of view and uncertainty. I could not probably have *told* in what the difference consisted between my present Sunday's instruction and that I formerly received, but I sensibly *felt* it. On looking back I now see that formerly all my mother's religious teaching, though consisting of the merest elementary truths, was given so as to bear upon the conscience, and to address itself to my own heart individually. It really touched my hopes, my awe, and the deepest desires of my soul; the truths were few; but they stood before me as realities, as the realities that ruled my destiny and that of all around me. This now ceased to be the case.

My dear mother was a beautiful reader; eloquent in speech, she gave inimitable eloquence to the utterance of others; and after the lapse of sixty or more years, many passages of the Bible never rise before my mind but as associated with her image and heard in her voice. I particularly recall many passages in the Book of Deuteronomy, the beautiful and heart-affecting prophecies of Isaiah and Zephaniah against Babylon and Nineveh, and the magnificent ode of Isaiah on the fall of the King of Babylon. I remember she used to say, with Longinus, that the passage in Genesis, "Let there be light, and there was light," was the most stupendous passage that had ever been written, excepting, perhaps, the one at the opening of Isaiah, "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken."

Thus was the character of the scriptural instruction I

received intrinsically changed; nevertheless, it was still most valuable. The words of Holy Scripture, under whatever aspect they are approached, can scarcely be dwelt on without sinking more or less through the imagination into the heart; and at this time I do believe, though no longer to me what it had been, scriptural truth being now rather a glorious prospect than a certain and constringent reality, yet it did in a measure for a season present a dike against the overwhelming flood of infidelity and naturalism which surrounded me.

In our circle at this period, I not uncommonly heard our Lord spoken of as the wisest and best of beings that had visited the earth, His morals as the most pure and elevated, and as best suited to the dignity of man; yet I was told, in reference to His miracles, that in those early ages nothing was known of philosophy, natural history, or chemistry; that the writers of Scripture, though they were probably good men, could not be expected to go beyond their age; and that it was impossible for us at this distance of time, to discern the limits which separated the true from the false. The morality of the New Testament was enforced upon me as most worthy of the highest philosophy; that Plato in his *Phædon*, that Epictetus, that Seneca, that Socrates, had never really surpassed Jesus Christ; and that, as His morality was not only preached but exhibited in practice, it claimed our highest study and reverence; and although St. Paul was a bad reasoner, the *Apocalypse* a spurious invention, and the first chapters of St. John, St. Matthew, and St. Luke interpolations for which there was no authority, yet, as a whole, the New

Testament was worthy of very high consideration. As to the Old Testament, it claimed a constant perusal, in order to form the taste and genius, and as containing the finest poetry in the world; and that whoever wished to store their minds with noble imagery, with lofty imagination, or their hearts with sublime and generous affections, ought thoroughly to study many of the books it contained.

And now I began to imagine that perhaps all my scriptural instruction was not given me as true, but only as beautiful, and henceforth I was shorn of the last vestige of strength.

But that which at this time the most certainly undermined my belief in religious truth was the conduct and bearing of some who professed themselves believers.

The Scripture speaks of the Church as clear as the sun, fair as the moon, terrible as an army with banners. The persons to whom I now allude, on the contrary, always tried to avoid speaking of Christianity (as though they were ashamed of it), professing a sort of belief in the whole, yet denying it piecemeal. It seemed as if their only study was to agree as far as possible with its enemies, as far as possible to modify its practices, running down and ridiculing those who were Christians in deed and in truth. This gradually inspired me with a deep feeling that Christianity could not be true, since even those who professed its doctrines were ashamed of them. I record this because I wish that all who name the name of Christ may be indeed aware that those who do not confess do virtually deny Him. Woe be to those who think they are servants of the king, and yet wear the colours of the usurper! "Whosoever shall

confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in Heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in Heaven."

In this year my dear mother again left home on account of her health, and I remained at Barr with my brothers and sisters.

How delicate are the fibres which cement human hearts, on the preserving or the severing of which concord and harmony depend ! Oh how well were it that those who have the care of children, not only knew but practically remembered, that no human beings can be placed closely together without at times mutually and severely jarring against each other ! One of the most holy and universally beloved persons I ever knew, once said to me in her old age, "My child, seek faith with your whole heart, and obedience to God ; for, however amiable and devoted those around you may be, there is much need of forbearance with the innocent infirmities of human nature, and a variety in providential destination, fully enough to try that faith and love at times to the utmost." If such be the experience of mature Christians, what must be the collision between undisciplined children, if placed together without suitability of object and without control ?

I think that, with a very little management, my little brothers and sisters and I might have been made, in a measure, to understand the necessities of each other, and not to consider those things in which we differed as a mark of ill-will ; whilst the same wisdom might, during many portions of the day, have made us helpful to each other, by

the advantages which might have been derived, to me from their strength and spirits and to them from my greater interests in the objects of pursuit required from both.

Sensitive as I was by nature, the addition of the misery produced by Jones's terrible instrument rendered me quite incapable of entering into their amusements and pleasures. The trial to me was great, when from the quiet enjoyment of the society of my mother and her friends, I became subject to the high spirits of my young brothers, on their return from school, and the noise and frolic in which they delighted. Even their most innocent mirth and playfulness appeared an empty weariness to me, who had always been accustomed to associate cheerfulness with some intellectual combination. I was grieved, too, by their appearing to forget my dear mother's regulations, which I looked upon as sacred, and this, though but the natural consequence of their thoughtless age, was a daily trial to me.

Yet, oh, how deceitful is the human heart! If I had then looked into my own, I might have seen that, in some respects, I was virtually as unmindful of my mother's wishes as they were. No temptation would indeed have led me not to attend my masters, or prepare my exercises, at the appointed hour, nor do I ever in my life remember having been blamed for neglecting them. But then, though I attended in bodily presence, I had the habit of learning my lesson, or writing my exercise, probably in half the time allotted for it; and for the rest of the hour, whilst to others I seemed absorbed in study, my mind was far off in Dream-land, living in an ideal world, which I peopled according to my fancy, and where, in truth, I sought to

indemnify myself for my unhappiness by an imaginative creation.

How has the remembrance of these days impressed me with the great importance of our early habits and associations! The mind of infancy is ductile; little channels of thought and affection are soon formed, and then it becomes almost impossible to prevent every accession of knowledge or feeling from pouring its currents in the same direction, till that which seemed at first but as a narrow brook soon becomes worn into the deep bed of an irresistible stream. Well has the Psalmist said, "The rain filleth the pools." Whatever reservoirs we make, they will soon be filled, either like the Lake Mœris, by the floods and slime of earth, or like Solomon's cisterns and Hezekiah's pool of almonds, by the rain from heaven.

What a respite it appeared, when one day in each fortnight, we went to Birmingham to attend our masters. On such occasions we usually walked from my father's house of business in Steele-house Lane, to that we at this time occupied in winter, where we took our lessons.

In this walk we necessarily crossed the large churchyard of St. Philip. As I hopelessly followed Mademoiselle, how many hundred times have I looked at the sods of that crowded churchyard, and thought I would have given all I had to be lying under one of them!

It is one effect of being sunken in spirit and broken-hearted, that we lose even our power of exciting sympathy; and this was probably felt by those around me. It was just two years since the time of my first grief, when my dear mother had been taken so ill; but now, oh! how

different was my case ! I then loved God, and I wished to do right. Now the stronghold of principle, for such it was even to a little child, was gone. I knew not if there was a God, and I knew not right from wrong ; darkness brooded over the deep, and my misery seemed hopeless.

Such was my state at this time. During the hours in which I was ordered to lie down, I was left to the amusement of reading many historic, many infidel, and many of the political works of the day ; and though my reading time abstracted me for an hour or two from my social trials, it only added to the root of misery, by infusing still deeper doubts into my mind, and bewildering me amidst a galaxy of arguments, too brilliant not to puzzle, and too contradictory to convince.

Nevertheless, that dark and desert time, even that passage through the land where no water is, by the mercy of God was interspersed with occasional oases.

Among the most sweet and pleasant of these were occasional visits to the Catholic chapel at Oscott. Few, indeed, and far between, they were, but the sweetness of their remembrance must ever remain. After the society of literary unbelievers, and amidst the discussions I have mentioned, and the misery and perplexity of mind they occasioned me, how can I describe the rest it was sometimes, on Sundays, to take our quiet country walk, through meadows and green and silent lanes, to this little Catholic chapel. As we went, the budding flowers, the sweet singing-birds, the bursting trees, and all the rich creation of that bountiful God whose very existence I had so continually heard questioned, seemed to speak an invitation

to the wearied spirit, and to allure the heavy-laden heart to come to Him, to sit at His feet, and find rest in His life-giving word. I, indeed, little understood the detail of the service, nor had I any clear apprehension of the doctrines taught; yet I perfectly understood from the heart, that the little company of wise and happy poor who alone surrounded me reverentially felt the reality of the Divine Presence. I saw before me the semblance of the Redeemer upon the Cross, exalted above their heads, and as though looking down in blessing; and I saw that in Him they found peace, that they bowed to His supreme authority, and confided in His love, as the best wisdom, and that in His immediate presence the sense of all else vanished; that earthly joys enticed and earthly sorrows oppressed no longer; that the heart had returned to her rest; that they came not to discuss and to judge, but to submit themselves to the judgment of His truth; that they did indeed feel the paramount value of the soul and the momentous realities of the world to come; and that they worshipped a God whose love and compassion was as far beyond the estimate of human hearts, as His holiness was beyond the conception of man's conscience, or His wisdom and power above human intellect; and this deep conviction I felt a preservation and a blessing: and though sixty and more years have passed over my head since that time, the sweetness of the remembrance yet remains, and the savour of the happy though solitary walk home. Well do I remember how all echoed the solemn voice I had heard, and especially did the tones of the hallowed and elevating anthem of the "Te Deum" fill my soul, while the prim-

roses seemed to whisper of the resurrection, and the bright and heavy dew to tell of refreshing grace. Sweet and heart-elevating were those moments, and the savour of them often continued for awhile; but alas! like a sunbeam upon autumn flowers, or a ray of light upon a sepulchre, bright, but ineffectual to awake the dead that sleeps beneath, these feelings passed away as "a tale that is told," or as sweet-remembered music to the heart; yet I cannot but think that, however transient, such impressions were a signal mercy. They did not, indeed, substantially fix my understanding on the truth, nor give me definite instruction, but they did what perhaps was better still — they implanted a deep conviction, that the slightest religious feeling, even to one as ignorant as myself, could impart a joy and happiness which the intellectual investigation of truth had failed to give; and thus was laid the foundation for a resolve to seek a distinct knowledge of what the source of that happiness might be, and to seek it with my whole heart. But for the present my darkness and perplexity returned in full force. Even the public newspapers added to these feelings. There were pages of mourning and of blood; execution followed execution, and wholesale butchery and confiscation were perpetrated against all who had the misfortune to bear an illustrious name, or to be distinguished for holiness or excellence.

The massacres of the Swiss Guard, that of September, and of the Carmelites, the destruction of monasteries, the turning their helpless inmates adrift, the massacre of the clergy and nobility, the brutal usage of the unoffending Royal Family, and the tyranny which surrounded them,

filled my heart with sorrow, compassion, and indignation. Amidst my unbelief, I earnestly and continually prayed to God that He would help their misery. Oh how ardently did I wish I were a man, that I might aid them or die for them ! This was the constant subject of my day dreams. Never shall I forget an anecdote which reached us, that in the dreadful moment when the royal party were hurried back to the Tuileries, amidst an immense mob of infuriated demons carrying human heads on spikes and exhibiting them to the Queen, the procession having stopped for a moment, one very poor woman rushed out of her house with a glass of clear cold water, and bending her knee, presented it, saying, "Madam, wherever you are, you are my queen and mistress still." I recall the tears of delight which gushed forth as I read this. But alas ! the Royal Family were taken back and immured in the dungeons of the Temple ; and I said in my heart : "Oh God ! how long ?"—but the next instant, I exclaimed : "Surely there can be no God in heaven or earth, or He would not now be silent. Can God be less pitiful or less compassionate than this poor woman ?" And then, with the strange inconsistency of childhood, I exclaimed : "Oh ! Jesus Christ, who saw and remembered the widow's mite, will remember and reward this poor woman at the resurrection of the just."

Such was my miserable state. Notwithstanding all this, circumstances, as well as my own suffering, contributed to add to my horror of oppression. I read with tenfold zeal all the books which Lizzie Forster had lent me against slavery : and I abstained more zealously than ever, though alone in my family, from using sugar, as the produce of

slave labour. All those I knew who still professed to be religious, detested and reprobated slavery on Christian principles; all the *esprits forts* condemned it as infringing on the equal rights of man. The aristocratic condemned it as dangerous amid the general upturning of social institutions; the democratic party condemned it as a tyranny to be put down. Even I had felt, by bitter experience, the yoke of a heavy bondage, and of a tasking far beyond my intellectual strength. In the midst, then, of the ruin and overthrow of almost every great principle of religion in my heart, and consequently in complete perplexity as to every practical result in moral conduct, the abhorrence of slavery seemed alone to tower above the desolation as an impregnable fortress. Whatever became of the belief of a God, of a soul, of a future state, of the relation of man to man, this abhorrence remained unchanged; and perhaps because it was the only point that did so, I clung to it as with an unwonted tenacity and zeal. The misery I felt often suggested the agonising doubt, whether in reality I had any conscience or any desire after truth left, so that I embraced with joy this sacrifice, which bore a comforting testimony to myself that I had some real principle, and that my want of it in other instances might be justified by the uncertainty in which all other truth was involved. And here let me pause. How earnestly I wish I could impress my own conviction upon every heart, that the want of any one Catholic principle is like the loss of a limb, and leaves us so far undefended and unhelped through the whole of our future course. Never, I believe, do we admit any principle into the heart, that does not, like an inmate of our family, walk

side by side with us, throughout our day, and either at every turn confronts us as an enemy, opposing or hedging in our course, or betraying our sliding feet, or else journeys with us as a faithful domestic friend, helping us in every moment of trial, disentangling our path, and bringing light and strength to our existence. Who can tell what may be the effect of any one principle in its continual actings either for good or for evil, or what we may suffer from the rejection of any true Catholic principle? And little do we know at the time the rejection is made, of the many battles and conflicts in which its loss will be felt, and the battle-field lost perhaps for want of it. This conviction is the fruit of bitter teaching — long-tried experience! At the time of which I am speaking, I knew no principle: I was in the dark as to what ought to be the governing rule of conduct. It could not be to please God, whose existence I doubted: then ought it to be to please my neighbour or myself? But I was of equal value with each other human being as each other was with me, so that the question must ever remain undecided, or be decided by the caprice of the moment. Next, what was doing good either to others or myself? If there were a soul, if there were a heavenly home to which we were tending, then, indeed, there was a fixed standard of good, in what furthers our own progress or that of others towards it; but if that were denied, what *was* good? Ought we for ourselves or others to sacrifice a temporal good, a substantial reality, for an eternal good which might be a phantom? On the same principle, ought we to sacrifice, for ourselves or others, any immediate vivid pleasure close at hand, for a weightier happiness which belonged to

a contingent future? And thus the mind relapsed into the ancient Hellenic saying, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

It was a signal mercy of God, that in the midst of this darkness, He vouchsafed to give me clearness both of mind and conscience, respecting slavery. This I saw, and this I held tenaciously; and because I held it, I was subject to daily ridicule and taunts. I say I esteem it a signal mercy that this one point God enabled me to see and hold in fidelity; because the very difficulties I encountered were the means of proving to me that peace of conscience, in the sense of obedience to God, even on one single point, bestows a happiness, far deeper than any mere enjoyment can give without it; and this conviction was a means, under God, of keeping alive in my heart a sense of the unspeakable value of obedience to the truth, if indeed there were truth to be known, but for the present, I was in deep perplexity.

Sometimes circumstances suspended for a season my distress of mind. Amongst these was a journey my father and mother took to Liverpool. I accompanied them, and I well remember the noble and majestic woods of Trent-ham, and the contrast afterwards presented by the road, and bare landscape, from Warrington to Liverpool, and the impression made by the striking and imposing appearance of Liverpool itself. Her groves of masts, the noble estuary on which she stands, her broad quays covered with foreign and especially West India produce, and the palace-like residences of her merchants, all filled me with delight. I was reading Telemachus, and I seemed to see before me

the glories of ancient Tyre, and the wealth of Narbal. I gazed with delight on the affluent contributions of a hundred foreign lands, and of every different zone from the arctic to the tropics, and it was a lively pleasure to trace in imagination all these various commodities to their native lands. As I walked with my parents along the busy and crowded streets, where everything bore the aspect of energy, business, and successful traffic, I looked around, in vain, on all the busy faces I met, hoping to find amongst the crowd some venerable Termosiris, on whose countenance I might rest my eyes, and from whose lips I might, like Telemachus, learn wisdom ; but none such appeared.

My visit to Liverpool left a lively impression on my mind, and contributed an entirely new element to my individuality, as well as a new development of my organisation of form and colour.

My parents had a very interesting social circle in this place, amongst whom I particularly remember Dr. Currie, the author of the "Life of Burns;" and Mr. Rathbone, whose hair became grey before he was thirty, with intense theological study. Alas! that this honourable and conscientious man had but been convinced, that truth is to be felt after by the heart, as well as thought after by the understanding. His wife was the daughter of the philanthropist Richard Reynolds, of Coalbrook Dale, whom I have mentioned as my cousin Priscilla Gurney's particular friend. Mrs. Rathbone was characterised by the humility, exquisite imagination, and delicacy of taste which afterwards distinguished her daughter-in-law, the accomplished author of "The Diary of Lady Willoughby."

Besides these persons, my father had also a very large acquaintance with the affluent West India merchants of Liverpool. They were most kindly, generous, and hospitable; their houses were like palaces. I was amazed to see the sumptuous drawing-rooms, rich with satin and silk, in houses where there was no library, and at the large assemblage of gaily-dressed and jewelled visitors, many of whom seemed to think that books were as much a superfluity as the great Pascal esteemed brooms and towels. But what surprised me most in the aspect of Liverpool was the multitude of black servants, almost all of whom had originally been slaves; this deeply moved my compassion, and when I saw the table laden with West India produce, in its various forms of fruit and sweetmeats, and saw the black servants looking on at the produce of a land, their native home, which they had left for us, and of which they might not partake, my heart often ached; and it is no wonder that my resolution was confirmed never to taste anything made with sugar, or to use other West Indian commodities.

Often, too, was my resolution helped by little circumstances which, in the course of my visits, I heard concerning the Blacks. At one house where we visited, there was a black boy, about sixteen or seventeen, who appeared remarkably docile and intelligent. The lady of the house told me her husband imported him when he was twelve years old. I know not where the ship stopped in her passage, but it was not till a long period of time had elapsed that she reached Liverpool. The poor boy, who had been torn from his mother and a large family of brothers and

sisters, had been deeply depressed, and was only beginning to get better when the ship arrived. His new mistress, who was extremely kind, immediately sent for him. She was sitting in a vast drawing-room, one end of which was occupied by a large pier-glass, which extended nearly from the ceiling to the floor. The door of the room was opened; the moment the little Black entered, with an air of deep dejection, his eye instantly caught his own semblance in the pier-glass; he stretched out his arms, and rushed towards it, crying out, "Oh! my brother! my brother!" and in an instant the crashed pier-glass fell in fragments on the floor. His kind mistress added, that she never saw such a change, from sudden joy to disappointment and sorrow, in any human countenance, as his at that moment presented, that her feelings of interest and commiseration were strongly drawn forth, and from that moment she resolved to supply the place to him of an affectionate guardian as well as mistress.

I heard many other anecdotes concerning the Blacks which deeply interested me; but I must not omit to mention some other things which do not concern them. One house, where we visited, was remarkable in stateliness and show beyond all others. The West India merchant who owned it, had, I believe, been a ship-carpenter. A successful prize, taken by a privateer in which he was concerned, made his wealth seem great, even amongst the wealthy. On the day we dined there, a large party was assembled, and the dinner was most sumptuous. I never shall forget the beautiful simplicity with which the mistress of the house said, "God has been merciful to us; in this very

house where I now sit at the head of the table, I was but a few years ago the cook, and my husband worked as a carpenter, and therefore I hope the ladies and gentlemen whom I now receive, will consider that all they see around is intended to do honour to them, though it is far beyond what would be suitable to me." My dear mother was much moved by this. I felt my heart beat as she answered, with her perfect yet charming dignity, "Madam, you would confer honour on any rank, and not take honour from it." The most pleasing part of my Liverpool journey was the aspect in which it placed my father. It was delightful to listen to the stores of varied knowledge he poured out in conversation with my mother, and often to me, concerning the variety of new things which we saw around us, and it was quite an example to watch his continued industry in gaining the utmost information from each of the many objects that surrounded him, the scenery, the varied effects of light, atmosphere, and colouring, the beauty of the trees, architecture, and the various historical reminiscences. My father looked minutely at the results of different systems of cultivation in the country through which we passed, the plans of road-making, and their respective merits; he also always observed the rate of driving, and the comparative speed of horses in summer and winter, as well as at different hours of the day. I have often thought what an immense amount of practical information my father accumulated by these habits, though they were often annoying to me at the time, as many a tale told me by my dear mother, and the observation of many a beautiful scene was

interrupted by his setting me to count the foot-falls of the horse, or the recurrence of the mile-stones.

How much reason I have since had to be thankful to my father for many little details of information which he was in this manner the means of my picking up. It is true my mind seemed more elevated and expanded, as it delighted itself in the beauty of my dear mother's conversation; yet, on the other hand, the accurate knowledge imparted by my father, if it did not equally awake the heart, yet furnished the intelligence with stores for the practical utilities of life. Knowledge is the treasury from which we are enabled to supply our own wants and those of others; but knowledge can never be available unless it be definite and accurate. How I have ever increasingly felt the importance and value of this habit of accuracy in my father!

PART V.

1792—1793.

“Truth, which doth only judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature.”—BACON.

“And a sign shall be mercifully given to the doubt of love, which shall be refused to the doubt of indifference.”—ROBERTSON.

SEVERAL months have now slipped away, during which I have been prevented by illness from going on with this autobiography, and whilst it is my earnest desire to do so, I feel, even after this brief interval, that it is no light thing to continue my work.

At the end of seventy-five years, it is almost overwhelming to turn back to the vivid memory of the past, for though in age our perceptions become blunted, and that which is around us excites perhaps no keen emotion, and the converse of the heart is naturally amongst those whom it has known and revered in years long passed, yet we more naturally dwell amongst the anticipations and glorified views of which our earthly friendships were the germ, than on the literal recollections of what that germ was in its earthly envelope. Hence that view of the Church

triumphant, which is the real rest, and hope, and animating joy of the aged; in which, though memory is not without pain, it is merged into nearer and brightening hope. Widely different is it when the mind of set purpose leaves that celestial region, and returns to the scenes that have passed, and the inhabitants who once peopled them. This converse is no longer with the *living*; we traverse the vast cities of the dead; we seem again to listen to voices we shall hear no more on earth; we look upon countenances no mortal eye shall ever more behold; and as we recollect the motley train of good and evil in which they were connected with ourselves, we are like one traversing a vast cemetery, where the heart tremblingly says to herself, "Alas! in this vast multitude, Thou, Lord, alone knowest which amongst these sleepers have heard the voice of the Son of Man, and now live before Thee!" Yet as is the majesty of God, so is His mercy; and how many persons who have been dear to us on earth, over whose lot an impenetrable veil has hung, may we one day find rejoicing in His love and mercy!

But this is by no means the only nor even the chief reason of the deep feeling with which I renew this occupation, and, as I believe, perform this duty. What I have to speak of next is full of evil. I have to mark the gradual and increasing darkness of the heart when it is alienated from God. Oh! the deep solitude and isolation of the soul which knows not God, or has abandoned Him! Who that has been rescued by His mercy, as it were, from the brink of the grave, can turn again after the long lapse of years to unlock once more the doors

of that dreary prison-house without shuddering? If such is the pain in following out the progressive fall of any human soul once created in the image of God, what is it when that soul is one's own? Such are my feelings at this moment.

I have no striking events nor remarkable exterior circumstances to record in my life; it has in a peculiar manner been a life of contemplation, not of action; one in which, therefore, I have had more leisure for self-observation than most, and for distinctly noting the effects of what may have seemed passing trifles upon the character; an observation which included the effects of not only what I myself selected as my mental food, but likewise of the different modes of training under which I fell.

It is not my intention to enter minutely into every detail of this period of my history. I should feel it impossible fully to describe a course with so little external, but with such great development of internal life. A heart where the Spirit of God reigns not is chaos, and who can tell its darkness and its contradictions?

After our return from Liverpool my father and mother went to pay a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Priestley, whilst I returned, in the same hopeless state I have before described, to the school-room. Occasionally I turned to my favourite Lavater. I again looked at the beautiful country, at the glorious sun, at the trees, and at the flowers, but it was always with a saddened heart; for I feared that the picture Lavater drew of the dignified destiny of human nature, and of a heart purified by faith, was perhaps but a poetical and ideal phantom.

I will, however, amidst the gloom, mention two recollec-

tions which stand out prominently in the review of my rapid descent.

One evening during a sunset, when the bright light bathed the prospect in glory, I happened to open a book of beautiful prints (I think of the Florentine Gallery). The picture represented a sacrificial procession: there were long trains of priests; then came the oxen, the sheep, and the swine, the animals clean and unclean, all trapped out with gold and rich garlands of flowers, yet all led as victims, by those who conducted them to the altar, to pour forth their blood and die. "Oh!" thought I, "as these heathen priests of old did to these poor unconscious animals, so, if there be a God, is He perhaps doing to us; and even this beautiful face of nature, and wealth, and riches, and honour are but the gilding and the deceitful trappings with which He leads His wretched victim, man, the clean and the unclean, like the ox who licks the hand of his conductor, or the boar who with his tusks would destroy him, and hurries them alike and ruthlessly to one common doom."

I also recollect that, after a time, I determined to go on in this uncertainty no longer, but to come to a definite result. The religious books that I had from time to time enjoyed reading, either at home or at my grandfather's, whilst they expressed devotional feeling did not impart distinct religious knowledge, nor did they unfold the grounds of religious faith. I saw, indeed, that those who delighted in these books were the happiest people I knew, but also that they never gave accurate definitions of the doctrines of their faith, or of the basis on which it rested. From this

I, in my presumption, concluded that the writers were persons without sense, and that their opinions were of little value. It was not until many years afterwards I learnt that, having proved the value of Christian truth by experience, they had no necessity, on their own account, to dive into the philosophic grounds for the belief of that good of the efficacy of which they lived in a daily and hourly experience.

On the other hand, I knew that those who disbelieved were universally, at least in my experience, esteemed the most acute logicians, and the most highly gifted of men; they always spoke of a bright order of things to be achieved, which was in the progress of being realised; and though no signs of it appeared, I was wholly perplexed by their arguments, and caught as it were in a net. The only person I knew who was esteemed a man of high talent, and yet religious, and who was also our intimate friend, was Dr. Priestley, and his works were the only religious books I heard spoken of with respect amongst the intellectual society at Barr.

The writings of Dr. Priestley professed not merely to be devotional, but to contain instruction in Christianity. To these I now determined to appeal, as the only standard of belief within my reach, in order to satisfy my mind as to the truth or falsehood of Christianity. I would especially mention "The Institutes," and the "History of the Early Corruptions of Christianity," and some other works on Materialism and on Philosophical Necessity. All these books having become familiar to me about this period, I cannot positively say to which of them it was I appealed on

this occasion, though I recollect with perfect distinctness both the room and the hour in which I made this, to me, most important research.

Well do I remember, too, the earnest spirit with which I entered the solitary study; but how different from that of the prophet! He came, with a heart emptied of all things, to listen in reverent silence to the word of the Lord: I came, with a heart full of conflicting preconceived opinions and wild and false imaginations, to seek guidance from the opinions of a man,—a good though mistaken man, indeed; but little can they hope for truth who inquire of idols, whether of clay or of gold. My thoughts were conflicting, compounded partly of prayer to God—if, indeed, there were such a being—that He would guide me; partly of an indomitable reliance upon self, and the power of my own spirit to weigh the evidence brought before me. I determined not to let anything pass which did not bear the fullest scrutiny of my reason.

Thus, in my pride and folly, how little did I see the ridicule and absurdity of bringing the truths of the ever-blessed God to be judged by the ignorance and incapacity of one who was yet little more than a child. Hardly less foolish, perhaps, does it seem to the holy angels, to see the most capacious of human intellects constituting themselves the judges of Divine truth, instead of bowing the heart, and saying, with the prophet Isaiah, “Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for Jehovah hath spoken.” Let it be remembered it was Dr. Priestley’s standard of Christianity to which I was about to appeal. If he succeeded in proving it to be true I was fully resolved to receive it; if false,

to cast it off: yet in deep agony of heart, and under a strong desire to find it true, I read with riveted attention; and the books seemed to prove indeed that Jesus of Nazareth had lived, and that He was a good man; but as I went on, they declared Him to be no more than man, and that the Gospel histories were written long after the events recorded had occurred, and that though there was sufficient truth in them to entitle them to be called a Divine Revelation, yet there were so many interpolations, so much expressed according to the manner of the time, that in truth every person must make the best use he could of his own reason, in the search after the truth contained in these records, and exercise free inquiry concerning them. I thought I had here found the highest and truest exposition of Christianity, from its most excellent and gifted champion, one best calculated to define what it really was; and my heart sank within me. Though I never had received any doctrinal knowledge of Christian truth, yet I had entered that room with vague and glorious ideas concerning it, which pointed to the conviction, that the bright prospects and holy and sweet feelings I so much prized, both issued from and terminated in the truth, not only of God's existence, but of His having taught men through a chain of holy prophets and apostles, and, above all, through His Son, Jesus Christ, by an outward revelation in the word of Scripture. I thought that the same Jesus Christ, though I never had distinctly contemplated Him as Divine, was yet all-powerful, since He was declared to have made all things: also that He was omniscient, since He saw Nathanael under the fig-tree when afar off, and constantly answered the thoughts

rather than the words of those about Him. I had also thought of Him as speaking to every heart, and that none were left desolate who chose to turn to Him; that death was a gain to all His children, as they would be with Him for ever, in a fulness of bliss.

I thus entered the room, believing Christianity, if true, to be the most glorious and blessed of all things. I quitted it, not indeed believing Christianity to be false, but convinced that I had wholly mistaken its object, its hopes, and sanctions. That Dr. Priestley was a sincerely religious man, it was impossible to doubt. Nevertheless, it is as true that the principles his writings set forth produced on me at this time an evil effect, which total infidelity had never fully achieved; for infidelity I could not altogether accept. His teaching of Christianity I supposed must be true, and I found it wholly unsuitable to my wants, and powerless to assist and sustain. I was isolated and separated from God and man. I felt my heart full of conflicting evil passions, and my soul was prostrate in the midst of enemies stronger than myself. I needed a Saviour, who to human sympathy added Divine strength, to bestow life as well as consolation. I was wholly perplexed amidst intricate doctrines and teachings I was unable to unravel, and precepts I could not definitely understand. Vain was it to me to have revelation put into my hand, unless the Divine Author were Himself near to explain it, by the communication of His Holy Spirit of life, love, and knowledge: nor did I only need the truth as set forth by a mere inaccessible lawgiver; but, above all, I needed the love of it, and fervent zeal for it to be kindled in my lonely heart. O what a vivifying cordial would it have been, had I then known

assuredly that the Good Shepherd had given His life for His sheep !

My mind was thoroughly perplexed by the difficulty of reconciling what appeared the contrary requirements of the holiness and of the mercy of God. If He enforced the implacable law of holiness before which I shrank, where was His mercy ? If He did not enforce it, then where was the use or object of promulgating any law at all ?

To Dr. Priestley no doubt these sentiments, so far, indeed, as my impressions were really founded on what he said, would bear a very different aspect. He had been trained in a most orthodox Gospel faith. His affections and his habits had been formed and disciplined in the old Presbyterian school. It was only in after life that he gradually imbibed his peculiar sentiments, so that it might almost be said, that his heart and life were implanted in the principles of Gospel faith, and that his subsequent sentiments were merely speculative opinions. With me it was very different. My youth needed not intellectual opinions, but constraining principles to afford a goal of assured hope, to bestow a distinct light on the road leading to that goal, and to present a sufficiently strong and firm curb of discipline to rule the conflicts both of the heart and intellect. Christianity no longer appeared glorious to me. I felt at that moment as if the Fatherly relations of the ever-blessed God to each individual soul were become extinct. As to prayer, it seemed a vain mockery to creatures whose doom was, according to the system of philosophical necessity, everlastingly sealed. My blood curdled as I thought of the many martyrs who had joyfully laid down their lives, as they believed, for the truth of the Gospel, but who, on this

supposition, had only, by an early death, added so many years to the long period of unconscious sleep. Oh! how different from the declaration of the apostle, "To live is Christ, to die is gain."

I have recorded this conflict at length, not only because it was a turning point in my own life, but because I have seen the same principles acting in the same evil manner in the case of others. Many I have known who groaned under the same unhappy teaching. I would express my deep conviction, that it is in infinite wisdom that true religion is simple. The teaching of man would lead us sometimes to think the contrary, but the religion of God can never be of a nature which is incomprehensible to children, as I have heard it said, because they are too young; or to the aged, because their intelligence waxes feeble; or to the ill-educated, because they are too ignorant; or to the un-intellectual, because they have not sufficient mind. O, blessed be God, who has declared that to the poor the gospel is preached, and whose truth, according to the favourite expression of the present day, is "truth for the million!"

Thus was my former misery and wretchedness sealed upon me tenfold. Much could I state of my sufferings at this time, but I will pass on. The unblessed principles I have spoken of waxed stronger from day to day. How awful to me is the thought that although with the lips I did not confess it, I yet in the depths of my heart rebelled against the ever-blessed God, considering Him as having doomed me to a life of misery, having given no hope of life beyond the grave, and bound me by an iron law which He had given me no heart to love, nor power to

fulfil, and having subjected me, in His providence, not only to ill-health, but to the unkindness of some around me, who seemed to grind that little temporal life which was the only one now left me into the dust, and to preclude me even from plucking the brief blossoms which sometimes occur to the most desolate.

Towards my fellow-beings my heart was equally embittered, because all that I suffered I now looked upon simply as so much misery unjustifiably added to the weight of my existence. Thus did the tares seem at last wholly to choke the wheat; thus did a few false principles shatter at once the double table of the Divine law of love to God and love to man. Thus was I left a stricken desolate *waif* upon the stream of circumstances; and thus hoping for no love from God or man, my heart became changed within me, and the dark and bitter waters, of which it was full, soon overflowed on all around. The difficulty I felt in believing Divine attributes which appeared to me absolutely incompatible, and destructive of each other, the misery of living in a world of cruel oppressors, the horrible fears and anticipations which haunted me, the bodily weakness which compelled me to spend my hours alone in intellectual exercises,—all seemed to render it impossible I could bear up longer. The consequence was that I sought, by every means in my power, to take hold of all that fell in my way, however trifling or pitiful, that could give me a moment's distraction. I was as a drowning man who feeling himself engulfed in a mighty whirlpool, seizes not only any branch which might afford the prospect of effectual help, but even instinctively catches at every

worthless straw that might for an instant delay his doom. My character seemed wholly changed. Trifles which before were unheeded became important. I had ceased looking into myself; my love of observing character, now shorn of its elevating objects, became caustic and harsh, and I sought amusement in the foibles of those around. My spirit had changed within me, and I may truly say, that where the perusal of Lavater had formerly inspired me with what I should call a fine perception of the lines of character, their edge was now turned into a hard and sharp and cutting outline. All the little indulgences of life, even in the article of food, or going out for a walk or a drive, or company, or, in short, any trifle which came before me, and which once would have been uncared for, now swelled into a matter of importance; just as I have read that, to the unhappy captives in the Bastille, their brief half-hour's daily walk in the air became a matter of vital interest. In books, too, my taste was changed. Stories that tended to nothing, full of improbable wonders, mawkish sentiment, or exciting incidents, became my favourite reading, anything sufficiently pungent to stimulate, or soporific to lull me. All useful pursuits no longer attracted, all affectionate and deep interests ceased; the single deep and unquenchable love and admiration of my mother yet burned as the only beacon still casting one ray of light over the wild and dark chaos of my mind.

Well has my own bitter experience given me a key to unlock many an evil passage in the page of human record. Truly do I understand how, in the hour of calamity, those whose hearts are overwhelmed within them, and who know not God as a Father through His dear and only Son, are

forced, as the only alternative, to seek distraction in dissipation and folly; and thus the conduct of men, in great domestic or great public calamities, as they peacefully centre themselves in God as their rest and refuge, or flee to the distractions of the world, throws an unmistakeable light on the internal path which, in each case, has preceded. Strong trials not only show what men are, but what their course has been. How astounding, and to some persons impossible, it seemed, that robbery, the plunder of the dead and dying, and heartless and reckless debauchery and dissipation, should have been rife in that metropolis where, at the time of the Great Plague, dreadful omens appeared in the air, and the death-cross marked most of the closed houses, where the death-cart was constantly parading the streets, and the solemn call, "Bring out your dead!" was only interrupted by shouts of revelry and mad laughter. How little could some believe that during the Reign of Terror, whilst one ghastly train of execution and massacre daily followed another, the dreadful "Bal aux Victimes" could find place, where every dancer was to have lost, within the month, a relative in the first degree; or that the height to which the blood of the decapitated victim could spout, would form a subject of amusement, or of bets, to little children! And how impossible did I at one time find it to believe that one distinguished alike for his talent and his fidelity in our own circle, should have designedly spent the last closing hour of his beloved wife's mortal agony in a play-house, and sought in a pantomime the solace he could not find in that Christianity from which he turned away. But now I perfectly understand it. My

heart has received a deep lesson, that calamities can be received only in two ways. Either the spirit must soar far above earthly mutabilities to heavenly peace, whilst the soul and body are thus strengthened to receive the chastening from a Father's hand, or else they must be met by stupifying the soul in indifference, hardening the heart in rebellion, or sharpening the spirit in acrimony against God and against man.

It is a common proverb with respect to honesty, "It is hard for the empty purse to stand upright." It might be as true with respect to kindness, "It is hard for the heart that is not replenished with a sense of receiving love, to give forth love." If such be the deplorable result on hearts which have wanted the fostering effects of human love, what must be the state of that miserable heart which is destitute of the Fountain of all love, which has no perception of the love of God !

I speak from my own experience. I may truly say, the workings of my own heart have taught me the wickedness of the wicked, as the mercy of God to that evil heart has taught me, likewise, the blessedness of having the eye in any degree open to the perception of that love, and rejoicing in it as the strength, the cordial, and the restorative of the soul, and a sunbeam to the very heart and life. How well I know, by experience, that laughter is mad, and "as the crackling of thorns under the pot ;" and how well have I understood the case of the actor at Rome, who wept scalding tears of misery behind the comic mask under which he kept the whole amphitheatre in a roar of laughter !

Well I comprehend how, under the harsh and cold armour

of austerity, the heart may wrap itself in its misery and isolation. I have long thought that the experiences of daily life, and the ample and vivid page of history, form, as it were, a lock and key to those who take the trouble to apply them.

How small an incident in our own private life may throw light on volumes of cruelty, oppression, and hardness of heart we could not otherwise understand, and from the contemplation of which, but for that key, we should rise in relentless judgment, when, with it, we can weep as sympathising brethren, and as fellow-sinners smite upon our own breasts.

Then again, if we look at the page of history, it gives a salutary and awful warning of the end in which little germs of evil, as we may have called them, would have terminated but for God's mercy. Thus I may truly say, that the horrors which were raging around me in the period of the French Revolution, and the political state of things with us, taught me a deep and ineffaceable lesson, of how evil is man, and how great and glorious is God.

Under these evil influences, I became careless and heedless of all my duties, though still zealous for intellectual improvement. I was turbulent, contradictory, and disputatious against the authority of all placed about me, constantly supposing that I knew better than they. I well remember telling Mademoiselle, that it was a mere popular prejudice that years confer sense, and that she had taught me to despise popular prejudices!

About this time, my mother sent me a little present of an ink-stand in a leather case, like two quarto volumes,

and at the back was inscribed, in gilt letters, "M. A.'s Miscellany." It was accompanied by a note, in her own hand, yet more precious than her gift, in which she told me she knew I was fond of writing; that she had therefore given me a writing-case completely furnished, and provided with a good lock and key, that it might insure to me that perfect freedom which is needful to the full development of heart and mind. I cannot express the delight this present gave me. It seemed next to giving me a friend to whom I could communicate everything; and it was indeed a refuge thus to be able to escape from outward annoyances, and to converse in quietness with my own heart; it was of all gifts the one I should most have liked, yet the glowing sense of my dear mother's kindness and love was the gladdening thought that crowned the whole. Sweet was this, and as a seasonable balsam it distilled upon my heart, but oh, how yet more sweet, more consoling, and more cordial, would it have been, could I have seen in this gift the deep sympathy of Him who has all hearts in His hand; sending gifts sometimes from Himself immediately, sometimes through the instrumentality of those we love, and thus, like a generous as well as tender friend, using the bounty of His own love to strengthen, to sanction, and to sweeten our bonds to others.

Ever since this truth was brought home to me—many years after the time of which I am now speaking,—I have experienced that the habit of taking out of the hand of our Lord every little blessing and brightness on our path, confirms us, in an especial manner, in communion with His love.

I found my dear mother's present invaluable. Daily did I occupy my hours, sometimes in pouring out the effusions of my own bitter heart, sometimes in writing accounts of what had peculiarly interested me in my reading. Such, for example, as striking traits of history, remarkable trials, or descriptions of memorable events. Amongst these I particularly remember descriptions of the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 1783 ; also a translation I made from Tacitus, many passages in the life of Germanicus, and the account of the destruction of the army of Varus, La Rochefoucault's *Maximes*, and many passages in the history of Cortes and Columbus, together with sundry translations and copies of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. Such were then my tastes.

I fell into a temptation about this time, the circumstances of which are vividly depicted on my memory, because it was the only occasion on which I was ever tempted to deceive my mother. I have mentioned how careful she was about the books which she gave me to read ; but now, in her absence, it was the custom of my governesses to read aloud at tea, or in the long autumn evenings, books of which I felt certain that she would utterly disapprove. I tried at first, while these readings went on, to introvert my mind ; and how easily could I have done so, had I continued looking upwards, even through a cloud, yet a bright cloud, towards God ; or had I felt the happiness I so often had enjoyed at Dudson and in the Friends' Meeting, when my heart was full of Laver's views of all that was holy, loving, and happy ; but it was not so now.

How do those who have no happy home within their own hearts become the prey of the external circumstances upon which they are driven ; just as, when life ceases in the body, the external agents over which its vital principle gave it the mastery, decompose it at pleasure. "Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

After a time it so fell out that one of the most pernicious of these books was in course of reading, which yet the genius of the author rendered most interesting. We were interrupted towards the end, and I was filled with intense desire to know the sequel ; and, from circumstances which I now forget, I expected to be absent at the reading the next day. I was alone in the room, and though with some misgivings, I went to the book-case, and put the volume which was a small one, into my pocket, promising myself to read it when I should be alone next day before dinner. The following morning, after I had done my lessons, just when I was about to retire to my own room and read the book, the sound of carriage wheels was heard, and my dear mother entered. The surprise and gladness of this unexpected meeting at once filled my whole heart, though the moment after, I felt it overcast by the expression of fatigue and delicacy on her countenance, and all thought of the book was forgotten.

My dear mother soon called for the reports of our masters and governesses, to see how we had been going on. She looked at them all till she came to mine, when she said : "This report I will open, though I know I need not, for Mary Anne always loves me, and always does more than well." At this instant the recollection of the book, still in

my pocket, rushed into my mind, and surely the very agony of guilt must have been written on my countenance. I exclaimed: "Oh no!" and I was about to declare the whole, when pride, and the sight of those whose disobedience had led me into this temptation, stopped me, and with my whole soul I inwardly prayed to God (so strange are the anomalies of the human mind!) that He would grant me His help, during my mother's short stay, that she might not ask me any questions which would lead to a discovery; for, childlike, I had an instinctive fear of her knowledge; and that she might not have a suspicion of what I knew would give her such unutterable pain.

She asked me no questions. I sat in misery the whole time of her visit. Whether it was that she really felt more than usual from her having been so long away, or whether from the remorse of my own evil conscience, her love seemed manifested on this day in an unusual degree, and every word she said, which otherwise would have been so sweet to me, pierced me to the very heart. At length she rose to go, almost equally to my acute pain and inexpressible relief. As she went towards the door, my heart smote me, and I said to myself, "Is it possible I should be such an unnatural child as to be able to rejoice at the departure of my dearest mother, of the person on earth I love the best, and who is wont to be as the sunshine of my heart; and all through my own disobedience and wickedness?" She had given a little remembrance to each of my brothers and sisters, and when she got as far as the door, she turned back, and gave me a beautiful basket of fruit from Dudson, and said, "I picked this fruit for thee myself, and rose

an hour earlier to do it, because I thought thou wouldst love it better for being gathered by thy mother, and the time seemed to me so short, as I was thinking of my eldest, as my good and dutiful child." I pushed back the basket, as I hurriedly exclaimed: "Oh! no, no, no, indeed I am the worst of all," and I put my hand in my pocket to draw forth the book; but the look of deep illness and fatigue on her countenance again stopped me. The servant and Miss P. told me to be silent; I burst into tears, and she was gone. I rushed into my own room, and double-locked the door. I threw myself prostrate on the floor, in deep self-abhorrence. Oh! I would have given anything at that moment, if my dear mother had but known the truth, even had she expressed her sternest displeasure, and I had been free from the traitor's part of receiving her approbation, and a kind present, at the very moment I was deceiving her; and then, again, with many tears, I earnestly vowed to God that it was the last time in my life I would be guilty of such a transgression. I replaced the book immediately, unalterably resolved never willingly to look at another that I knew was evil; and this resolve I have kept unbroken through life; but the agony I then underwent left an impression which the lapse of sixty-two years has never effaced.

After a considerable time I arose. On my table was the basket of untouched fruit. Long I gazed at it, with a heart-piercing sense of my mother's kindness. I looked at the beautiful manner in which it was packed, and tied up with that exquisite perfection which characterised all that she did. Then I untied it; and as I touched the work of

her hand, I remembered the passage I had read in Milton, of Satan's putting his foot on the holy ground of Paradise, and that his touch was a profanation. When I took off the outside leaves, I again contemplated the fruit, and the feeling sank into my heart, that it had indeed been gathered expressly for me, since it consisted of the sorts of fruit my mother knew I liked. As I write this I recall the beautiful peaches and nectarines, the rich Moor Park apricots, green-gages, and the large bunches of grapes, with the pine-apple crowning the whole. Long I looked at it, and wept as I traced her kindness. Beautiful it was, fresh in dew, and scarcely a particle of its bloom disturbed. I said to myself, "How beautiful and how perfect is that which my mother does, and now into what hands is it going to pass? Had it been pulluted by unwashed hands, or by the ravages of hundreds of insects, she would not think her gift so defiled as by the touch of a deceiver." My heart sank within me. Then I arose suddenly, and exclaimed to myself, "And it never shall be so defiled; I will never thus dishonour my dear mother's kindness." I then took the basket, and went down to the dining-room, where the family were assembled. I laid it down, and asked those present to divide the whole among them, excepting a portion I resolved to reserve for our lame Catholic boy, who was my mother's especial *protégé*.

They gladly took the fruit. I waited sorrowfully till they went out to play, and then I gathered up the leaves, and stalks, and every remnant, took them to my own room, and taking a sheet of drawing paper, the only one I possessed, I packed them up carefully, and depositing them

in the little basket with its string, I put them away, as a sacred remembrance of my deep humiliation, and the solemn vow which I had taken.

Shortly after this we all removed to our winter house in Birmingham; and here, though the same sorrows and conflict still weighed on my heart, yet there were many outward alleviations.

My father no longer took part in my studies, which were differently arranged. A clergyman attended to give me Latin lessons, besides which we had a drawing and a music master. All these pursuits were very delightful to me, more especially because my dear mother, from time to time, superintended them, but also because they harmonised with the reading and conversation which were my chief recreations in the drawing-room. Well I remember many of the interesting works my mother at that time read aloud, and which she conversed upon after tea, for some of them formed the germ of almost all the tastes which have since been developed in me. Amongst these I would especially note a reperusal of White's "Selborne," and all Gilpin's Works on the Picturesque. My dear mother had an exquisite taste for landscape gardening; and the general capabilities of ground, with the varied dispositions of water, wood, and rocks, became an interesting subject of study to me. I also loved to observe the various growth of different kinds of trees, and the distinct characters of the beauty they imparted to the landscape, together with the different effects of their colouring on aërial perspective; and I delighted to hear my mother point out effects of scenery, or of light and atmospheric changes at different periods of

the day or seasons of the year, remarks constantly illustrated by observations made at the places we visited in our summer excursions. From this the transition was easy, through the medium of prints and descriptions, to the scenery appropriate to various zones, from the tropics to the arctic circle ; and this again furnished a rich interest in books of travels, and in the botany and natural history illustrative of each. All Addison's charming papers on Imagination, and his illustrative critique on Milton, furnished the basis of most interesting conversation.

We read, too, with much pleasure, the papers on Sir Roger de Coverley. These were truly conversational evenings, during which we children either read, or drew, or conversed. The books were the best help to elicit thought and the flow of general intercourse.

But the great interest of the winter was Bruce's Travels. This book was then new. Bruce of Kinnaird and my maternal grandfather, Robert Barclay of Urie, were intimate friends, and when all the world, with one voice, scouted what they considered the improbabilities detailed in these travels, my grandfather Barclay always said, "I have known Bruce intimately from his early years; he is too strong a man to have been thwarted by difficulties, he is far too able to have been deceived, and he is infinitely too proud to tell a lie." My mother, noble herself and above suspicion, gave his writings full credence. I sometimes counted the hours till tea-time, or I eagerly listened for the movement of my mother's silk gown as she came down stairs, and when she entered the room we drew closely round her, to hear her vivid sketch

of what she had read in Bruce that day. The Baharnagash, Ras Michael, Ozoro Esther, and Tecla Mariam, became as familiar as domestic names, and when we came to the final crossing of the Great Desert, and the whole caravan was lost, and Bruce, as the last resource, crawled to a little eminence, placing his head in his hands and shutting his eyes, to listen intently for any sound, and at last caught a scarcely audible murmur of the distant water of the great cataract, on which their salvation depended, our anxiety was almost breathless. I never in my life felt any narrative as I felt that. My dear mother, who never entered into things by halves, read this book with enthusiasm, and sent for a copy to give to her friend Dr. Priestley, and rarely was a gift more prized.

Dr. Priestley frequently visited us this winter. He was never tired of talking to my mother of Bruce: he thought the passages containing the history of Abyssinia, and the details concerning the Queen of Sheba, gave an important attestation to the truth of Scripture history, and afforded a clear light on the rise of many religious customs and doctrines. He was a full believer in the authenticity of Bruce.

How little Dr. Priestley anticipated, when he uttered these sentiments, that the day would arrive when Babylon and Nineveh would again be laid open to light, when the hieroglyphics of Egypt would be understood, and Babylon, and Assyria, and Egypt would, as it were, conjointly break the silence of a tomb of forty centuries, and unite their voices to give one concurrent three-fold testimony to Him, proclaimed by Moses to Pharaoh, by Jonah to Nineveh, by

Daniel to Babylon, even to the Triune living God, the Jehovah of Israel.

Amongst the circumstances which were a great pleasure to me this winter, I must mention the many presents of books my dear mother gave me, which amounted in all to about four hundred volumes. But the book of all others which I most valued, was a fine copy of Virgil, in Latin, in two large octavo volumes, the type splendid, and enriched with interesting notes. She told me that all the books she gave me were mine, to do as I pleased with ; but this one was an especial keepsake, in remembrance of the happy winter we had spent, and as expressing her complete satisfaction in my conduct. Deeply indeed was this book prized by me.

We were much interested during this winter by a narrative my dear mother began to write, in which she supposed my father, and one of my brothers, his tutor, and a youth who was his servant, to be travelling on the Continent, through Holland, France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany ; and every evening at tea she brought down a letter purporting to be written by one of the party ; and the character of each was excellently kept up, giving a vivid description of the impression each had respectively received from the incidents of the road and the sights they had seen. How earnestly did we long for the tea-bell, and how many conjectures did we form as to whom the letter would be from, and whence it would be written ; some of us hoping for the accurate information of a letter from " Papa," others longing for the lively and witty descriptions of my brother, sometimes in verse, and sometimes in prose ; some wishing,

and others not quite wishing, for the more erudite and classical epistles of the tutor, and others delighting in the amusement of the man-servant's impressions, in letters to his mother and fellow-servants. This was truly a very great delight to us; how beautifully, and with how much genius did my dear mother write; and how, in her weak health, did she expend, upon what was to be seen by her children only, a brightness of talent which would have established a brilliant reputation to those who covet such baubles; but she was ever contented with *being*, and not *seeming*. Many years after, on a visit to London, she suggested the plan of this book to her cousin Priscilla Wakefield, who adopted it, and published several interesting volumes in consequence.

This whole winter abounded in pleasant things. My dear mother, my governesses, and my masters, commended me most highly for my progress and conduct. In truth it was my unceasing endeavour to do all that might delight my mother, and doubly as an atonement for my late offence, yet the burden would not go. There can be no remission of sin without humble confession before God and man, nor without a far better satisfaction than man can ever make; and I now learnt experimentally by the earnest endeavour of many months, and surrounded by all outward prosperity, that the well-doing of one day cannot atone for the sin of another, and that nothing we can do or suffer can really wipe away guilt from the conscience. The sun shone upon me, my path was without stumbling in the sight of men; but I was weighed down by a heavy burden I could neither lose nor diminish, and which never

left me till, like Christian's, it fell off at the foot of the Cross.

It is not a matter of speculative opinion with me, but of deep heart-affecting reality, that guilt can neither be removed by our own repentance, nor by austerity of self-inflicted punishment, nor by self-abhorrence, nor yet by all good deeds on our part. One alone, I have found, can pardon sin. One alone can make His voice be heard in the utmost recesses of the dark sepulchre of the natural soul; and He who condescends to say to the dead, "Awake," says, at the same time, "Arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." These things I believe because I *know* them, because I have experienced them.

Well did I know for many years the bitterness and misery of a sense of unforgiven sin amidst luxury and wealth; and well have I since known the joy, the peace, the sunbeam, and the blessing which the God of all mercy, the Saviour of men, can bestow amidst outward trial and straitened circumstances, the infirmities of age, and the still greater pressure of many remaining evils and much unfaithfulness.

Truly, it is a matter of experience to me, and not of speculation, that that sin over which the blood of Christ has flowed is washed indeed, and when the Saviour of men has made atonement, that atonement, if applied, cleanses indeed. "I love the Lord, because He heard my voice and my supplication;" "I was brought low, and He helped me." He indeed delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and will, I trust, deliver my feet from falling.

The children of Israel had light *within* their dwellings, and they were little sensible to the plagues which raged *without*. When God does not speak peace, what can give it?—when He does, who can let it?

I think the experience of this period of my life has deeply wrought upon my mind as to the value of human opinion. While those around praised me and called me clever, I internally felt myself a fool who was walking as in the dark, and stumbling at every step.

Towards the end of winter, another element arose which exercised a very powerful influence upon me in after years, both in its immediate action, and in its subsequent reaction.

My dear mother, as I have before observed, was remarkable not only for her taste in the arts, but for her keen perception of the beautiful in literature and poetry. She delighted not only in all our English classic poets, but in French, Latin, and, above all, Italian poetry. Dante, Metastasio, Ariosto, and Tasso were her daily companions. Yet still more did her lofty and heroic character seem to expand, as in its native element, in the majestic pages of Æschylus and Homer. She was, however, unacquainted with Greek; but was so familiar with the celebrated translations of Potter, of Pope, and of Cowper, that there was scarcely a remarkable passage she could not repeat by heart. These works, and those of our own Milton, were her favourites, and she greatly wished to impart to me the same taste. But my mind was unlike hers. I delighted, indeed, in several of the sublime and devotional passages in Milton, but I could not enter into the awful horrors of his Pan-

demonium, and I was wearied and repelled by the incongruous mixture of classical and sacred allusions. My dear mother seeing I had but little taste for Milton, soon substituted Pope's Homer, and it became my inseparable companion. The wrath of Achilles, the wisdom of Nestor, the force of Ajax, but above all, the acts of Diomed, filled me with delight, and tended not a little to elevate self. Nay, so completely was this warlike poem* the utterance of the pride and self-exaltation of the natural heart, that whole lines, and frequently whole passages, fastened on my memory with the same force as if they had been the original utterance of my own mind. This book was never out of my pocket, except when in my hand; and the great pleasure I felt in it, seemed to absorb all others.

During this time my dear mother frequently called me to her on Sundays, and still taught me many of the Scripture prophecies; and though she no longer examined me, probably because I was older, as to giving an account of what Moravians aptly term my "heart's course" during the week, yet at such times she frequently made me read aloud passages in Scripture, containing moral precepts and rules of life; such, for example, as the Sermon on the Mount, both in St. Matthew and St. Luke, the Ten Commandments, many parts of the Old Testament, and many of the parables in the Gospels. This reading was still very pleasant to me, and, from old associations, my heart felt a reverence

* It may be noted that Plato, fearful of the Homeric influence, banished poets from his imaginary Republic.

for it, although I no longer could be said to be a real believer in Christianity.

It so happened that, one afternoon, owing to my father's going out to dinner, I had the treat of dining alone with my dear mother, and passing the whole of the afternoon and evening with her alone. She proposed our spending it over Homer's "Iliad." Well do I remember the pleasure with which I got the maps of Greece and Asia Minor, the Biographical Dictionary, and Pope's Homer, to have a thorough study with her of our favourite author. Many hours passed in which we were completely absorbed, and delightful was it to listen to my mother's solemn, beautiful voice, as she read aloud the most striking passages. I have in my time heard many of the fine readers of the day, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Jordan, Mr. Wilberforce, and many others, yet I never heard any who appeared to me quite comparable to my mother. Her voice was unrivalled, both as to sweetness, power, flexibility, and justness of musical intonation; but, above all, her inspiring mind, in which genius blended with good taste, enabled that instrument to be used with perfection. She had the energy which gave the full bearing and force to her subject, and, in that respect, some others whom I have heard equalled her, but she surpassed them in the delicate sense of that which is seemly for the expression of a noble-minded, highly-educated, and refined woman. She read Shakespere, not like Mrs. Siddons, or as if she were Lady Macbeth, but as if she perfectly understood what Lady Macbeth was. She was wont to say, "The pleasure arising from good acting is single, that of hearing good reading is

two-fold. The one arises simply from having the part well expressed; the other has, in addition, that of unfolding the moral and intellectual character of the reader."

On the occasion to which I have alluded, I seemed to expand to the subject, and gradually to imbibe its full spirit; so that, when bed-time came, I seemed to wake up, as it were from the actual scene — from Ulysses, Ajax, and the aged Nestor, wending their way along the sounding shore, from the camp of the Greeks to that of Achilles; — the regular sound of the billows and the tranquil moonlight were still present with me, and I went to sleep full of these thoughts.

The next day was Sunday, and after dinner my dear mother sent for me to repeat and study the "Sermon on the Mount." I entered the room, my imagination still full of the stirring and vivid feelings of the evening before; the same scenes were before my mind's eye, the same voice seemed to fill my ear; and now, for the first time in my life, I sensibly felt her animated instructions on Saturday form, as it were, an absolutely incompatible counter-current in my mind to that she so earnestly was wont to give me on Sundays. I could not reconcile them. My feelings could not run at once into two channels, which appeared to me diametrically opposite. This passage from Pope still sounded in my ears, and vibrated in my heart:—

"Tell him, all terms, all commerce, I decline,
Nor share his council, nor his battle join;

* * * * *

His gifts are hateful: kings of such a kind
Stand but as slaves before a noble mind.

Not though he proffer'd all himself possess
Or all his rapine could from others wrest;

* * * * *

Though bribes were heaped on bribes, in number more
Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore;
Should all these offers for my friendship call;
'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all."

Iliad, ix. 489.

My Scripture lesson was,—

"If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother."—*Matth.* xviii. 15.

"How oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven."—*Matth.* xviii. 21, 22.

Again my heart responded to the sentiment,—

"A gen'rous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows,
One should our int'rests and our passions be;
My friend must hate the man that injures me."

Iliad, ix. 725.

My Scripture lesson for that day said,—

"But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."—"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."—*Matth.* v. 39. 44, 45.

The contrast was indeed vivid, not only because of the opposition in the letter, but also because of the full tide of heart and spirit with which I had entered into both. I knew not what to think or feel. Not only the two standard books for my Sunday and week-day studies spoke op-

positely, but both the courses of instruction came from the lips of my dear and honoured mother. While I well remember the bright glow and noble bearing with which she read Pope's Homer, I can also never forget the deep and solemn earnestness with which she enforced the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, — detachment from sordid worldly cares and anxieties, from the love of display, the forgiveness of injuries, the benefaction to enemies, and indifference to pain and suffering: I could not then understand this contrariety. Nor was I less perplexed with my own contradictory feelings. I felt there was a real elevation and a degree of good mingled in the pagan instruction; on the other hand, it seemed to vanish like hollow deceitfulness, when I listened to the gospel precepts. It is true the pagan teaching was brilliant and glorious, but the Christian seemed true and refreshing, and I felt it distil upon the heart like dew, cooling the fevered mind, restoring the parched soul, and renovating the strength. The pagan instruction I thought incomparably more grand, yet I could not but vaguely feel, that if these principles were really received into the heart and carried out in action, not one kingdom, not one household, not one heart would be at peace with itself. I had, on the other hand, a latent feeling that if the meek and lowly Spirit of Christ to forbear, and willingness to bear each other's burdens, were transfused into every heart, not only would that heart be at peace with itself, but that the same spirit would gradually pervade the household, the district, the kingdom, and that Christ might therefore well be termed not only the King of Glory, but the Prince of Peace.

These conclusions, however, I by no means arrived at at this time, though a dark and confused feeling of them was, I believe, struggling in my mind. I felt the truth of the Christian instruction, but then I could not quite discard the pagan, because I saw that there was allied with it something which was noble and generous. I had then no idea that though a large quantity of sand may contain some gold dust, and that all gold comes nearly or remotely from the same mine, yet that it is necessary to sift the sand in order to retain the pure gold. I saw, besides, that the spirit of all the histories I knew of Greece or Rome, Plutarch's Lives, all the political conversation I heard, and all the sympathies of the mass of mankind, seemed enlisted on the side of pagan heroism, and I saw that the tamely bearing of injuries, forbearance, &c., so far from being practically recognised as virtues, were utterly contemned; and I felt in my own heart a secret preference for, and gratification in, what appeared the nobler side, and a shrinking from that which seemed abject and mean, and from that day my whole mind was changed. I had always had much latent pride, but now it stalked forth boldly.

I afterwards learned to see, with respect to my dear mother, that her mind in both these instructions was one. In the pagan teaching, it fastened solely on what was great and generous. All that was little or revengeful, she really passed by. Again, in the Christian instruction, she seized on the contempt of the world, the generous forgiveness, the self-sacrifice, which was a part of her nature, and suited to the greatness and strength of her mind. With me, the case was widely different. I not only felt the

healing power of the Christian doctrine, but in my weakness it was as a staff, a shelter, a guide ; it addressed itself to the tender feelings of my heart ; its mercy, its pathos, its forgiveness, its long forbearance were suited to my need.

I now see also the reason for the sort of hitch in my mind, respecting the beauties of pagan literature. Long since it has been shown to me, that "there is but ONE good, that is, God ;" that there is but one beautiful, that is, the reflection of God ; and just as in all heresies, there must be a portion of doctrinal truth, however travestied, to form a cement for the false incorporated with it, so in all pagan taste there must be a semblance, it may be a travestie or caricature, of some of the Divine perfections, to impart life to the false and poisonous principles incorporated therewith. Now I apprehend that the principle incorporated with the pagan idea of glory, is that of the Divine power and energy of will, stupendous in itself, but in pagan literature shining forth through fogs of pride, selfishness, and revenge.

O my God ! ever grant to us, when either doctrines perplex the intellect, or tastes entangle the heart, at once to go to Christ, and, at the foot of the cross, to beseech Him to bring us out of the miry clay, to show us that which is according to His truth, in simplicity and disentanglement from error, and to enable us to cast away all else with full purpose of heart. If it regard doctrinal truth, may we never be like the man who, stumbling on the treasure, thought of no other plan than buying the whole field with all its thorns and thistles, but may we

be like the wise merchantman, used to the value of pearls, who having found the one of great price, rescued it from the deep, cast away the encircling weeds, and even the shell to which it seemed attached, and kept the pearl alone.

I have spoken of the evils of classical literature as respects its heroic form; but though, of course, I was sheltered by my age and sex from many of the evils which belong to what may be called its sentimental phase, I was yet sensible that the effect of much that I read in the course of these studies, was rather to enervate than to brace the mind, and was calculated rather to render the soul passive to impressions, than to impart the power of resisting them, rather fitted to produce the indolent Sybarite, than the brave and conflicting soldier. Both the heroic and the sentimental phase exercised great power over me. It was not the words, but the prevailing spirit, which was objectionable. Expurgate as you will, the deep underlying principles are, on the one hand pride, self-reliance, wrath, revenge; and on the other side, self-indulgence, and enervating luxury; garlanded with beautiful flowers as it might be, the baleful morass beneath sends forth perpetually its malaria. And in my warning to others, I wish to set forth, that it is not so much actual vice to which I refer, as the cultivation and fashioning of that tone of mind which must prove its hotbed.

I was a child, I had no self-knowledge, and no experience. I therefore repeated with enthusiasm the aphorism of Zeno, "Man tramples pain beneath his feet," and I forgot that the very man who uttered it, hanged himself

because he broke his finger. Again, in my antagonistic mood, I continually repeated the well-known adage,

“*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros,*”

and I forgot that Nero, the finest musician and architect of his age, was a monster, whose atrocities are still a prodigy to the world.

As both phases of pagan art and literature, in despite of their gradually accumulative evils, were yet originally founded on a travestie of the essentially noble and good, it might be truly said of both, that the light shone in darkness, and “the darkness comprehended it not;” and it was the very circumstance of this mingling of some portion of truth with deep and fatal error, which rendered it at once so attractive and so injurious. I felt there was a truth in each which I did not like to throw away, but also there was combined with it much that I doubted might not be genuine. There was an internal voice which told me that “all that glittered was not gold.” O what a mercy would it have been to me at this period, if I could have had but an hour’s conversation with one who really knew my difficulties; who could have helped me to disentangle them, and draw my feet out of the net. How many years of doubt, of unhappiness, and of mistake, do I owe to the want of this aid, and to the having been obliged to puzzle out everything for myself, at the cost of bitter experience, instead of having been helped by wise and Christian counsel!

To my dear mother, indeed, I could often speak, so far as to ask her opinion on many subjects; but then her

answers were often noble but unbending replies, the austerity of which seemed to my heart like a beautiful icicle, clear, brilliant, but cold.

The utterance of my sorrowful heart was often in some such words as these, "Has God, if there be such a Being, sent man, wretched man, into the conflict of this miserable world, without one ground of hope, one solid basis on which to plant his foot, one bright beam to cheer his desolate heart, or one guide to lead him through the labyrinth?" I turned from all my once fair hopes, as from the view of an illusive mirage of living water and bright habitable land, which only rendered the reality of the desert around me more full of anguish and terror.

I have ever found that though revolving variegated coloured lights are praised for lighthouses by our seamen, yet that in the actual voyage of life we need one steadfast and unvarying beacon, founded, like the Eddystone Lighthouse, on an impregnable rock, and which casts one expanse of broad unvarying light over the surges of conflicting billows below; and thus, in after years, how truly have I myself felt and observed in others, that one text of Scripture that rests on the truth of God, is potent to rescue the soul amidst all its aberrations, when ten thousands of human theories utterly fail.

I had experienced, in earlier childhood, that it was a blessed thing even to seek the Lord in any degree. All around me I had once felt as a home prepared by Him; and whilst I enjoyed the face of nature as His bounty, I indulged a hope that the crowning mercy of all, the knowledge of Himself, might perhaps one day be vouchsafed to

me. Therefore I took pleasure in the study and contemplation of His external works, because I thought to see in them His character and His signature. I had also great delight in retiring into the solitude of my own heart, when I thought His voice was to be heard, that He might teach me of Himself.

But now it was far otherwise. I dreaded solitude above all things. I hated to retire into the chamber of my heart, for God was not there. I became listless and indifferent, without hope. Hence ended all laborious study, all healthful exercise of mind, and thus was I a prey to hopeless despondency; and in maturer years, I have never seen the worldly, the frivolous, and the dissipated, without heartfelt commiseration and compassion; for the heart of man abhors a vacuum; it must be tenanted by the presence of the Holy God, or by that of the evil spirit.

However multiform the underlying strata may be, either Heaven or Hell reigns over all, and thus, wherever peace is wanting, restlessness begins; when interest ends, amusement must be found to supply its place; like the poor savages, who not having the bread-fruit or the corn to satisfy their hunger, are compelled to feed on earth and dust. Such was the avidity with which, in proportion as eternal objects became dim, earthly ones rose to preternatural proportion and vividness; and, as my mental occupations became tasteless, childish amusements which I did not really value, became indispensable.

I have before mentioned that Mr. and Mrs. Watt were amongst our most intimate friends, and constantly formed a part of our social circle. They then lived, not in the

handsome mansion and domain they afterwards occupied, but in a very moderate house in the suburbs of Birmingham, at Harper's Hill. In this house we were frequent visitors, and there Mr. and Mrs. Watt resided with a very simple establishment of two maids and a man-servant, all brought up under their own eye, and trained by Mrs. Watt in the thrifty and far-seeing habits of the most enlightened Scotch housewifery; besides which they had two little pugs, which were likewise taught by Mrs. Watt never to cross the unsullied flags of the hall without wiping their feet on the mats, placed at every door of entrance.

They had one son and one daughter. The son, about thirteen, named Gregory, was a youth of very precocious talents; the daughter was a pretty-looking girl, of no very decided character; but I must describe the house and family more particularly.

Mr. Watt, deeply absorbed in his philosophical pursuits, was simple in all his habits. He had not the domestic cheerfulness of Dr. Priestley, but he was ever ready to give information, even to the most ignorant; and often do I remember his calling me to sit upon his knee, whilst he explained the different principles of the hurdy-gurdy or monochord, the harp and the piano, or the construction of a simple whistle or Pan's-pipe, or of an organ; but he never failed to tell me, that the hurdy-gurdy was the most venerable in point of antiquity, being no other than an adaptation of the celebrated monochord of Pythagoras. When I recollect Mr. Watt's philosophic mind, and calm truth and loving-kindness, I have often thought that Miss Edgeworth, in her story of Harry and Lucy, had, in the

character of Harry, depicted what she conceived the childhood of Mr. Watt might have been.

The mental fatigue of Mr. Watt at this period was often so great, that I have heard he required from nine to eleven hours' sleep to recruit his powers, and his evenings were uniformly spent in some light amusing reading. Mrs. Watt was exactly the needful help to her scientific husband, to whom she was wholly devoted, and whose fame she considered her crowning glory.

Mr. Watt had one son and one daughter by his first marriage. The daughter died early, and the son was on the Continent, so that my acquaintance was with the children of the second marriage.

Gregory, as I have said, was a boy of talent, but his high estimate of himself made him at this period anything but a pleasant, though often an informing companion. His sister Jessy, he held, as he did all girls, in supreme contempt; and of this I, both a girl and his sister's frequent companion, was a large partaker. Nor did he trouble himself to conceal his feelings. I became a good deal acquainted with Jessy Watt, and used very often to be allowed to visit her; and though, at such times, Gregory's salutation to his sister and me often was, "Girls are insufferable bores; I wonder what use they are in creation; no woman ever yet had sense to tune a harpsichord;" yet, notwithstanding this, he was very glad to get our help in his amusements.

In one part of a very pleasant garden behind the house, was a clay-pit, where he would send us to dig out clay, and then get us to help him in making models of fortifications.

I had read at my grandfather's the volume of Rapin's History of England, containing the wars of King William in the Low Countries, in which the plans of all the fortifications are given. These, at Gregory's desire, I was to trace on silver paper, and numerous were the fortresses we formed from them, in various beds in the garden, to the gardener's great annoyance. I loved to have explained to me the bastion, the ravelin, the redoubt, the citadel, the curtain, and various other things, on which Gregory Watt used to descant, as I thought, very learnedly; and nothing pleased me more than when, in two opposite beds, he had raised one fortification on Coehorn's system, and the other on Vauban's, and then entered into their comparative merits. After we had helped him for two or three hours, and were quite fatigued with such hard work, he would turn round, meaning to be very gracious, and say, "Well, though women are fools, they might, perhaps, be of some use, if they were always directed by men." And on one occasion he turned to me and said, "Do you not see that the only use of women is to do the will of men?" I answered, "And one other use, I think, is, to have that patience with men, which they never would have with each other!" . .

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L I F E
O F
M A R Y A N N E S C H I M M E L P E N N I N C K .

CHAPTER I.

1793—1798.

“The merest seeming trifle is ordered as the morning light,
And He that rideth on the hurricane is pilot of the bubble in the breaker.”

TUPPER.

NONE, I think, can have read the preceding autobiography without regretting its abrupt termination, and uniting with me in the earnest wish that it had been continued through the more interesting periods of the author's life.

It was dictated to me at intervals during the years 1854, 1855, and 1856. It shows, though but in part, the remarkable character of its author; and the peculiar, and, in some respects, unfavourable influences under which that character unfolded; while we trace how amidst all the touching sorrows of her childhood she was in God's good providence watched over and nurtured, and even in those early days fashioned stroke by stroke, that she might become meet for the Master's use, a precious stone for His temple.

It now only remains for me, in accordance with the wishes of my beloved and honoured relative, to complete the record

of her life, so far as the materials in my possession will permit; but, these records being more or less of a fragmentary character, the following pages will present to the reader passages in her life, and fragments of her mind, rather than a continuous biographical narrative.

About two years after the period when the autobiography terminates, Mary Anne Galton was sent to Margate for her health. She described, in after life, the persons among whom she was there thrown, as "cold and argumentative unbelievers" and as "profane and immoral persons of genius." The effect on her mind of such association was most baneful. But it pleased God to lay her low with typhus fever, and on her recovery it seemed to her "as if a voice had said in her soul, 'Seek me with thy whole heart, and thou shalt not seek in vain.'" Henceforth she often stumbled and fell; but light and hope were never again utterly extinguished. From time to time they were clouded; nevertheless they lived, and finally shone more and more unto the perfect day.

The life of the subject of this memoir was not marked by striking or uncommon events. Its course externally lay in the privacy of domestic life, and her happiness ever centered in her books, or in the society of some few intimate friends, and in intercourse with members of her household. The interest of her biography must mainly consist in the representation of a rare and noble character, and the course of providential circumstances by which that character was developed.

Very little additional matter has been preserved relating to her early youth: that little we find for the most part in

letters addressed by Mrs. Galton to her daughter, which appear to have been most carefully preserved, even to the least scrap. They manifest a fine intellect, extensive reading, and high mental culture; but still more do they exhibit a rare unworldliness, and a nobility of mind, which are very charming in themselves, and more especially to be observed here, as the root of the same qualities which afterwards strikingly appeared in her daughter. In reading these letters one perfectly understands and sympathises with the ardent admiration of her mother, which is so often expressed in the autobiography, and which neither time, nor absence, nor trials worse than death itself, could change.

Writing to her daughter at Margate, Mrs. Galton speaks of the necessity of "making every sacrifice for her health." She proposes that she should for a time "give up music, because she stoops in reading the notes; that for the same reason she should give up drawing and writing." "Latin and French," she says, "and also some other language, Greek, perhaps, may be as well acquired lying down as sitting."

How expressive of Mary Anne's early interest in intellectual pursuits are the following remarks, addressed to her, then a girl of fifteen!

"I cannot express how much I enjoy Shenstone's prose; indeed, the writing which pleases me most is the prose of poets. Even common ideas make quite a different impression, when set forth by a fine imagination. By the way, upon the subject of composition, Shenstone says, 'it is always an advantage when the stress of the thought is expressed by that word which the voice naturally pronounces

with the most emphasis.' He says, too, that 'fine writing is the effect of spontaneous thought and a laboured style;' which I really believe is a very just observation. His moral aphorisms please me inexpressibly. He says, 'One should not kill an insect, or quarrel with a dog, without such reasons as might acquit us through all the courts of humanity.' One idea pleases me much, that 'a man of genius, by mistaking his talent, loses the advantage of being distinguished; a fool, of being undistinguished.'"

When Mary Anne was about eighteen, she paid her first visit to her cousins, the Gurneys of Earlham. Her intimacy with Catherine, the eldest of this family, and the long visits she paid to Earlham, exercised a marked influence on her character. This intercourse has been acknowledged by both parties to have been of important mutual benefit. In a letter, written by Mrs. Catherine Gurney, not very long before her death, to Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, she says:—

"I never had a friend more influential and valuable than yourself. You were one of the principal instruments in bringing me to a knowledge of the Gospel." In the early period, of which I am speaking, the minds of both cousins were earnest in seeking religious light and truth, and both were zealous in self-improvement and mental culture. It appears, from letters which have been preserved, that Mary Anne had communicated to the younger members of the Gurney family some of her own zeal for industrious research in various subjects of knowledge. She taught them to make charts, and had drawn out for them plans of study. On the other hand, the happiness which

was given to her life, otherwise too isolated and studious, by these occasional unions with the bright Earlham circle, was an advantage which could hardly be too highly appreciated.

The grave inquiries, to which the tastes and mental wants of the young cousins led them, are indicated by the papers which belong to this period. Among them is a carefully written series of letters, addressed by Mary Anne to her cousin, on the "Evidences and Importance of Christianity." These letters form a clear and simple statement of the doctrines of the Gospel, and exhibit the vigour of the author's mind, as well as much knowledge of the Scriptures: but this is anticipating. The pamphlet was probably written some years after her first intimacy with the circle at Earlham.

In speaking of her early life, a few years ago, and especially of her intercourse with the Gurney family, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck said:—"I think I have often spoken to you of my visits to Earlham. On one occasion I remember they had all gone to meeting, and I remained at home. In their absence I walked up and down the gallery at Earlham, where were a great many portraits of the Bacon family, from the thirteenth century, and I began to think, 'What was the purpose of the existence of these men? Where are they now that they have passed from earth?' So on my cousin's return, when she joined me in the gallery, I said to her: 'I am twenty, thou art twenty-five: and what is the end of our existence? I am resolved most thoroughly to examine and discover for myself whether the Bible be true: and, if it is,' I added, in

the folly and ignorance of my heart, 'I shall instantly do all that is commanded in it! and if not, I shall think no more on the subject,' and I prayed, if there were a God to hearken, that He would reveal Himself to me."

In the darkness and perplexity above described, both the cousins received much help and instruction from the late excellent Mr. Pitchford, a Roman Catholic gentleman, who was a frequent visitor at Earlham, and to whom, as Mrs. SchimmelPenninck in after life often said, she owed, under God, some of the first distinct rays she ever received of spiritual light.

We find that, in 1798, Mary Anne passed a month with Mrs. Barbauld at Hampstead. It seems to have been the first visit she paid beyond the circle of her family connections, and we find letters from her mother full of minute instructions as to the little courtesies and proprieties of conduct, which bore abundant fruit in after life. At the conclusion of this visit her mother writes to her:—"Be sure not to defer writing a letter of acknowledgments to Mrs. Barbauld. If there be a difficulty in writing it, remember how much that difficulty will be increased by delay. Do not let these acknowledgments be contained in a *note*, nor let the coldness of the manner undo the effect of the thanks you mean to express. Write a letter, therefore, and not a note, and write a *sheet full*. A *note* of thanks, whatever the words may be, can express only this—"I have obtained from you all the advantages I hoped; I have acquitted myself according to the rules of etiquette; and so now I have done with you." Write a letter, therefore, upon different subjects, and so expressed

that she may perceive your heart, as well as your head, to have been interested by her attentions; and that you not only think, but that you feel, justly. I say all this, to counteract the reluctance that I know you feel upon writing this sort of letter; but remember that it is an advantage to encounter, and it is wise to overcome, such difficulties: remember how many greater difficulties will occur in the arduous paths of life; and, if you stumble at a mole-hill, how will you surmount the Andes? Yet the Andes may possibly, during the progress of so long a journey as that of life, rise in prospect before you. . . . I by no means wish you to return sooner than the appointed time. You are very sympathising on our account; but I have no wish to make my daughters suffer either for or with me: they will, in the course of things, have suffering enough of their own by-and-by. However, I am very much pleased with your desire of coming to serve your father and relieve me; for I prefer sympathy to every other quality, since it is the only one that enables us to do to others as we would be done by. A person without sympathy can never know how to set about the help he would give, even with the best possible intentions."

Soon after this visit, we find Mrs. Barbauld claiming the promise of her young friend to repeat it, and bidding her "dismiss the green and yellow fiend, Envy," because, in a projected visit to Clifton, she was about to pass so many "hours in free and unrestrained conversation with her favourite Miss Edgeworth."

She ever retained kindly and grateful feelings towards Mrs. Barbauld, together with a very high estimate of her

powers. She considered her style as the purest and best of female prose writers. Through life she never ceased to remember with delight the enjoyment she derived from Mrs. Barbauld's "Prose Hymns," when read to her by her mother in early childhood ; and during her last weeks on earth, she turned again to these associations with undiminished tenderness.

On another visit, paid a little later, to some relations at Bath, we find Mrs. Galton writing to her daughter as follows. The advice is characteristic of the *sort* of training so carefully bestowed, as well in its excellences as in its defects.

"I promised last night that a letter should meet you at Bath, but I have already sent four pages to Gloucester, so perhaps you think to get off from the trouble of reading another so soon. In this, however, you are mistaken. Soon after I had finished my letter this morning, I heard a little voice in the nursery, calling 'Patty;' so I supposed that Patty was there taking leave, but as I was not inclined to take leave again, I locked my own door to keep you all out. So I escaped one trouble. I shall never say with Romeo, that

'parting is so sweet a sorrow,
That I would say, Good night, until to-morrow.'

Nevertheless I have enjoyed your journey already, and your ride over the Lickeys: you are there just at this time, I imagine, enjoying the sunshine and the prospect. I hope the sun may continue to gild all your prospects, not only as you ride to Bath, but also during your whole journey through the world. As I have no news, I have

nothing left to fill another sheet of paper, but hopes. I hope, then, that you will remember to look at my wise list of instructions; and I hope, too, you will follow them; and now I am going to add a few more.

“ In the first place, then, I beg you will consider this journey as a lesson which is to teach prudence and circumspection. I hope that, if a great many young gentlemen resort to the house in the Crescent, you will learn how to behave upon such occasions; not to do too much or too little; not to lay aside established forms, or to practise the starched prude. If young men are present, talk to them as much as you please, but always sit in the circle with the ladies.

“ Above all things enter into no *investigations* with any body; no abstruse speculations, no referring to principles in common conversation, unless your opinion be asked; and then give it clearly *once*; but make no effort to maintain or enforce it, unless some wise and older person lead the way to an argument; and then put an end to it as soon as you can with a jest. Say, ‘I must beg to be excused from going on, lest you should be convinced by my reasons, which I see you don’t like to adopt:’ or say, ‘I am afraid of going on, lest I should be convinced by yours, and so give up the triumph to my adversary.’ Talk about matters of fact. Surely there are follies enough in the world to supply conversation, without referring to reason upon every occasion. Expatriate upon the weather, upon the journey, upon the fashions, upon the faces of people you see; in short, upon all you see or hear, but say very little about what you think, and take care to *think* as little

as you can help. To quote Dr. Darwin upon *thinking*, who quotes Sancho upon weeping, 'Take as little of it as you can, to go through the world decently.' And I really believe that the regulation of the heart will do more for us than the reasonings of the head. Do lay yours by for a little while, and let it rest. Farewell. My love to Patty, Nancy, and 'the Squire.'

"L. GALTON."

CHAP. II.

1799—1801.

“ Good Lord! How are Thy ways,
Just like Thy orbs, involved within each other ;
Thy judgments are like comets
Which start, affright, and die withal ;
While Thy mercies are like the stars,
Which oftentimes are obscured,
But still remain the same behind the clouds! ”

THE winter of 1799 Mary Anne spent in London. The extreme delicacy of her health, and the great susceptibility of her organisation, seemed to have rendered frequent change of air and scene necessary. Her parents placed her at this time, for the winter months, with Mrs. Beaver, a lady then residing in Dover Street, Piccadilly, who received some few young people of good family, whom she introduced into society. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck often spoke with warm pleasure of her intercourse with the young companions she found there. Some amongst them were highly accomplished, especially in the cultivation of the fine arts, and I have heard her dwell with delight on the recollection of evening hours passed in listening to their music. While in Dover Street, she renewed her intercourse with Mrs. Barbauld, the Edgeworth family and

other literary people ; but this period does not seem to have been otherwise influential.

There are many early records of the "views, desires, and resolves" of the subject of this memoir. For the most part they are contained in fragments of journals. It is deeply interesting as well as instructive to trace in these private memoranda the germ of what, by the grace of God, she afterwards became. Even in lesser things, this is striking.

In a record of what she terms "Desultory Reflections," begun probably when she was about eighteen, are found the following passages: "As far as in me lies, I will never be without occupation, and that of a useful kind." And again, — "Whatever I undertake I will perform in the best possible manner."

Those who knew her in later life saw the fruit of these resolves in the habitual industry which so remarkably characterised her, not only through the course of a long life, even to old age, but often in circumstances of illness, trial, or bodily suffering, which with most of us would have seemed a just cause for idleness. The much she did, and the much she acquired, was no doubt in part owing to this uncommon degree of industry ; and yet, no less, perhaps, was it owing to the integrity of mind she had learnt in childhood from her mother. She speaks of it in her autobiography as "*being*," not "*seeming* ;" and in this spirit she ever gave her whole mind to whatever she had in hand. If she read, or heard reading, not a word, much less a thought, escaped her ; and even after she had exceeded the three score and ten years allotted to man, few, if any

of those around her, gleaned half as much as she did from the book read. It was probably owing not only to her retentive and accurate memory, but to these causes also, that she was indebted for her enlarged information on almost every subject that could be brought before her.

Then again, in the same record, we find, "I will always dress as neatly as possible, having frequently observed that ill-humour for the whole day has been owing to the petty discomforts of a slovenly dress. Besides, neatness in dress both indicates and assists regulation of character."

She was wont to say, that "strict attention to habits of personal neatness and propriety were due as a mark of respect to those with whom we lived, and, as such, were no indifferent item in the (so-called) little things which compose the happiness of domestic life."

But to proceed in these extracts. She says, — "It is far more effectual to build on the good, than to oppose the bad affections of others."

"There is no knowledge so useful and so difficult to acquire as that of our own feelings and character and the circumstances which can best influence them. Madame Roland, in her appeal, very justly, I think, observes, that self-possession is much more a science which is to be acquired than any endowment of preternatural strength of mind. God has given to every one, I suppose, the sense and dispositions necessary to act his part well, but owing to some want of self-knowledge of what circumstances are calculated to influence their feelings, people rarely seem to have the guidance of their own conduct. They resemble connoisseurs in music, who, nevertheless, from not under

standing their instrument, strike the contrary tone to that they wish to produce. Every one who wishes to act uniformly must not only understand the duties of man, but also the construction of his own peculiar mind ; in the same manner as the musician must not only have a knowledge of music, but also of his instrument."

"I will endeavour to weigh as accurately as I can everything in which I am called upon to act ; and having weighed it to the best of my ability, I will take a decided part, and abide firmly by it."

"We love the works of nature, for they are God's works ; how much more ought we to love man, which is God's chief work."

"I will endeavour to be much more careful than I have hitherto been in attaining that entire unity and consistency of appearance, manner, and sentiment which seems to me necessary to constitute perfect truth towards oneself: neither adopting modes of behaviour or appearance from imitation or currency, but from that real conformity with our own true heart and character, which can alone prevent them from being, in the strict sense of the word, an acted falsehood."

"I will less endeavour to increase the fund of knowledge which I have already acquired, than to apply it to the best possible profit."

"I intend to read none but standard books ; that the time I do give to acquiring knowledge may turn to the best possible account."

"So far as in me lies, I will never close the day without having done some one a service."

Much more could be added, for these memoranda contain many admirable thoughts. I gather from internal evidence that they were written at very different periods of time.

A succeeding winter Mary Anne passed with Miss Hamilton at Bath. This lady, distinguished for her talents as an authoress, was esteemed by those who knew her as a most amiable woman. She "loved society," and the best that Bath afforded constantly assembled at her house. Mary Anne was much sought after and admired; but the gaieties of fashionable life, even when united with rank and intellect and all that this world can give, never suited her. They met neither her taste nor her conscience. The extreme reserve and sensitiveness which characterised her through life, rendered her silent in general society; even in youth, numbers oppressed her; and, when she could escape from the brilliant assemblies of her kind hostess, she would seek for solace in sacred music, or charm some favoured few by the treasures of a mind even then remarkable for its attainments.

A few years ago a lady who mixed in these circles, and who had known the subject of this memoir from early life, described her to me as she then appeared. I cannot resist giving my readers the picture she drew of her young companion, when taking her to a public assembly; I think it was a concert. "She was dressed with perfect simplicity; and, as was the fashion of that day, she wore a gold band round her head, her dark brown hair clustering in rich profusion over and around it: the colour on her clear cheek heightened by the scene, she looked beautiful, her

simple dress in perfect keeping with her countenance of rare intellectual beauty. As they entered the room, every eye was attracted by her appearance; and the young Mary Anne, with the unfeigned modesty which then as ever characterised her, was probably the only one in that large assembly who was unconscious of the sensation she occasioned."

We find that this visit to Bath was succeeded by pleasant intercourse with Miss Hamilton, as we learn from the following letter written by that lady while staying at the English lakes, and addressed to her young friend:—

"Bowness, by Kendal, July, 1802.

" I do not know how you would like this celebrated country; but I think I can, with certainty, pronounce that, of all the lakes, Windermere would be your favourite. It affords some scope for imagination; and, while the grand mountain scenery at the upper end impresses with an idea of sublimity, the gradual openings which appear through the softened scenes on the lower part give the pleasing idea of an opportunity of escape, a sort of open door for Fancy to wander forth when she pleases. How soon we shall personally explore this gate, I know not.

"If you should feel inclined to pass another winter with us at Bath, we should endeavour to suit our time to yours; but if anything more inviting should offer to you, we shall probably let our house for some months longer, and perhaps stay here during the autumn, and pass some of the winter months at Edinburgh. The very agreeable

manner in which the last winter passed, makes me, I confess, more desirous of a renewal of the same tranquil pleasures, enhanced by domestic society so perfectly agreeable, than anxious for a new scene where I must necessarily be less at my ease. If, however, your plans do not admit of this, you will not hesitate to say so. Whether we enjoy your company or not, your happiness shall be always dear to us. . . .”

Circumstances, with which I am unacquainted, prevented the renewal of Mary Anne's visit to Miss Hamilton; but her continued suffering state of health, with her “variable and sensitive spirits, very easy to depress, very difficult to raise,” again rendered her mother desirous that a temporary home should be found for her. That such was difficult to find, her mother's letters abundantly testify. We see, in the detail which follows, that “God had provided some better thing” for her than she had even dared to hope. Happily, the narrative is preserved in her own words.

“From very early years I was an observer of countenances; and often did I look at the men of learning I saw at my father's house, and wonder I saw so little happiness and peace amidst so much talent and intellect. Often have I felt as if I would have given worlds to know the truth of what I heard ridiculed and despised; and at certain times when members of the Society of Friends met at Barr, and their countenances, I thought, spoke of a peace to which the others were strangers, I have watched every word they uttered, hoping something might be said which would throw light on the subject of my constant thoughts, but at

this time my search, as it were for a little crumb from my Master's table, was in vain. Years passed on : my family were in the habit of going frequently to Bath to drink the waters, and, when there, of walking in the Pump Room. I became more and more unhappy. On a certain occasion, I was there with my parents ; but to tell me to take an interest in what was going on was like showing beautiful pictures or rich jewels to a starving man, and expecting him to find pleasure in them. First, give the bread to appease the cravings of physical or spiritual life, for which the soul is sinking, and then will come ease and leisure of heart to enter into other things. Thus it was with me. On the particular morning to which I allude, I felt I could not go into the Pump Room with my mother, and I asked leave to wait in a bookseller's shop (then Hazard's) close by. I went into an inner room, and sat down absorbed in my own reflections ; and, looking upon the multitude of books which lined the shelves, I questioned with myself if all the knowledge these books contained could help a soul in the wretchedness in which mine was ; and then I dwelt on my own ignorance, and the deep unhappiness of my soul, till I became regardless of all around ; for I was in that state of wretchedness which makes one indifferent to observation ; and I wept bitterly.

“ On looking up after a while, I saw I was no longer alone ; for a pleasing young woman, whose entrance I had not observed, was sitting opposite to me. She was looking at me earnestly, and said, in a sweet and gentle voice, ‘ I am afraid you are much afflicted ; is there anything I can do to assuage your grief ? ’ ‘ Oh ! ’ I replied, ‘ can you do

anything for a wounded spirit, who knows not where nor how to obtain peace?' She paused for a moment, and then said: 'There are many kinds of misery which try the hearts of men, but for them all there is One only remedy, the Lord Jesus Christ;' and then she invited me to come to the Saviour, who offered to give the weary and heavy-laden rest; and she added that, although hers was a very occupied life, yet, if I would go and read the Scriptures with her, she would gladly set aside an hour twice a week for this purpose. This was my most earnest wish, yet the proposition threw me into the greatest perplexity, for I was sure my family would not approve anything of the kind; and, while I was in doubt what to reply, a lady of my acquaintance entered the shop, and the conversation closed. I afterwards found that the person who had thus addressed me was the excellent Miss Tucker, a 'Labouress' of the Moravian Church, devoted to doing good, and that she had been the greatest blessing to many in Bath.

"This occurred when my family were about returning home. My health rendered it desirable that I should remain in Bath, and I had become so indifferent to all things around me, that I left the decision altogether to my parents, almost without a wish in the matter. It was proposed that I, with my maid, should have apartments in a family whose respectability would allow me occasionally to associate with them, and yet that I should have my own rooms independently, to receive my friends. It so happened, that the late Dr. Bridges called that morning. In their perplexity my parents consulted him. He recommended a family he well knew in Green Park Buildings, as perfectly suitable

to receive me. What was my surprise, when the first voice that welcomed me there was that of the individual who had addressed me in Hazard's shop, the only voice which for many long years had been raised in kindness and care for my soul ! She lived there, and the house was occupied by Moravians. Thus it was, and thus did my acquaintance begin with that Church of which I have now been so many years a member.

“While I remained with this family, I used to read the Scriptures with Miss Tucker, and I came to know the Lord. They used to speak to me of His love ; and oh ! how kind they were to me ! I can never forget it ; for I used to blurt out my wild thoughts in a way I am sure I should not like a person to do to me. Indeed, I one day said to them : ‘It surprises me very much that you should be so kind to me ; for you cannot like me ; I am so disagreeable.’ They replied, ‘You mistake ; it is not your being agreeable or disagreeable that we regard, we look upon you as a field our Lord has given us to cultivate, and we do not ask if there are few or many weeds ; besides, “when we were yet sinners, Christ loved us.”’

“How well do I recollect, when on one occasion I was very ill, hearing the low murmuring tones of one of Mr. Hazard's daughters, who was sitting by my bedside, gently singing, ‘The Lord bless and keep thee.’ I never had heard that hymn before, and I never have forgotten it since. I had never before associated with professed believers ; and the impression produced by the first view of a Christian family was very striking to me. I was astonished to find that this little family, though at that time under heavy

trial, lived in an atmosphere of love, peace, and cheerfulness, which could not but be felt. I perceived that they possessed a principle of happiness undiscovered by any persons I had yet known: whilst I gazed in wonder, and as our acquaintance ripened, they spoke continually of the love of Christ our Saviour, in laying down His life for us sinners; and, as I saw His power manifested in their lives, their words came with conviction to my heart. I felt touched to the quick, that One so great, so holy, should vouchsafe to become the brother of so vile a creature as myself, and condescend to listen to the outpoured detail of all my corruptions and follies, and win me by His Spirit with the same love with which He poured out His blood for me on the cross.

“I learnt to love the brethren as my dear instructors, and enjoyed peculiar blessings in their meetings; and often I wished my lot were cast amongst them. I remained six months in Mr. Hazard’s family, and you will not wonder that I cling to the leadings of Providence, which, without my seeking, had brought these things to pass. Indeed, I may truly say, that all the chief blessings of my life have come to me in like manner.”

occupation, did I think it absolutely impossible that my writings should ever do good to others, though I have no intention of publishing at present. If ever, however, I should, God grant that self-display be far from me, and that the promotion of His honour, or the true interests of mankind, may be my aim, and that vanity may influence me neither as to the end nor the means. May I never put my pen to paper without an end in view, such as I may humbly implore God's blessing upon. May I also at the same time beseech Him to keep all vain thoughts from me as to the means, that I may avoid all finery of style as I would finery of dress; and that, through His blessing, I may equally be kept from mental as from corporeal vanity.

“For myself, and for all who, like myself, spend time in literary pursuits, I make the following prayer:—

“Grant us, Heavenly Father, to love Thee in spirit and in truth. Teach us first to seek Thee in sincerity of heart, that our wills being made upright, we may be enabled to receive that portion of true knowledge which may be needful to ourselves, and to set forth Thy wisdom to others, untinctured by any foreign mixture of our own; that Thy glory, and not ours, may be the object, and that Thy name and rule may abide as a light, enlightening, and warming with its genial influences, the hearts of all Thy children, now and evermore. Amen.”

The question of writing for the public came, at this time, under full consideration between her mother and herself, in consequence, as it appears, of a proposal having been made to her to undertake some literary work connected with the education of the poor. Mrs. Galton, no

mean judge or critic, gives, in reference to this subject, an estimate of her daughter's powers. She says:—

“Mary Anne's health is with me a primary object, and it is impossible I can form a judgment of any plan in relation to her, without first understanding what degree of exertion or of application may be requisite. Mary Anne is a free agent. She will decide for herself in this case as in all others; but, as she consults me in the character of a friend, I must advise her as a friend, and I cannot but consider the preservation of her health as a first duty. It is inadequate to great exertion, or continued application, or to the weight of a serious responsibility. If it be the plan for my daughter to write a book upon the subject in question, I know not any woman, and not many men, capable of thinking so deeply or so clearly, or of supplying so many ideas. But the labour of thinking is the poison that has already undermined her bodily strength; ‘the sword wears out the scabbard.’ If the object be for her only to methodise and dress up in a new style ideas already collected, I must freely say that such an object appears to me altogether unworthy of a person of genius, and of one who can think and act independently.”

Mrs. Galton again writes:—“I thank Mrs. B—— for her high opinion, I may say her just opinion, of my daughter. As for myself, I can by no means promote her writing for the public. The more I consider the subject, the more objections arise; they crowd before me in endless perspective, like Macbeth's ghosts. Nevertheless, these spectres may perhaps not show themselves so conspicuously

to Mary Anne's imagination as they do to her mother's. At all events, I have no ambition to see her an author."

To her daughter, she says: —

"Dear Mary Anne,

"You see what I have written. My further advice is, to weigh the matter in your own mind, and decide as you think best; either way, there are advantages or disadvantages. I see the subject just as you do, and so does Mr. Galton. In one thing only I suspect we differ. I suspect that you imagine it is more easy to write for the public than it is. I don't believe you could do it without the revision of some other person. You are furnished with ideas to fill many books; but many habitual writers could commit those ideas to paper with fewer mistakes. You have the power, if I may so express it, but not the knack of writing. Pray reflect seriously upon this, and remember, that a well-applied satire from the Edinburgh Reviewers might not only bring a lasting ridicule upon yourself, but also upon the subject you wish to maintain. Remember, too, that Mrs. B—— will be screened from this by your interposition: you will be the prominent person to receive the blame; she will step forth to arrest the praise. If you can defy the Reviewers, then consider whether, after so much labour, your work has a chance of being useful. Think of all these things first: these reflections are more useful in a prologue than in an epilogue. Weigh them all well, and don't be tempted by flattery."

The disadvantages appear to have preponderated, and

Mary Anne did not on this occasion write for the public. The only record of the occupations and interests of this period is contained in journals, from which I propose to make some extracts. It will be seen with what diligence Mary Anne pursued the habit of self-observation and self-training, and that the truths which had been sown in her heart were springing up and bearing fruit:

She writes, when at Barr : —

“ August 28th, 1804.

“ After breakfast, I walked for some time in the garden. I, however, missed my pocket Bible, which I mostly take with me. I had sent it to Bath. I often feel my mind dissipated, and unable of itself to turn inward, without some external help to fix its attention. This help I find chiefly in the contemplation of nature, in sacred music, and in the Bible ; in the last, especially.

I often find that, if I am some days without reading the Bible — however I seek the presence of our Lord — my standard gradually degenerates either into coldness, or into a disposition to mysticism, and thus loses its substance ; just as a singer who often practises without his instrument gets at last, without knowing it, either above or below concert pitch. I read some of my favourite passages in Isaiah, on my return, in my German Bible, and compared them with the English. . . . I felt indisposed and weak, and wished for some light reading. I want to form a plan for amusing reading, which will not be undoing what it is the object of my serious studies to do, and which may at the same time unbend the mind.

“ As perception is that faculty which is first used, so,

perhaps, facts, which are the objects of perception, are the most easily stored up in the mind; and facts are always useful, because they accustom the mind to truth. For what are facts but a history of the dealings of God with man? Thus history and biography may be termed Records of the Moral Providence of God. Natural history, mineralogy, chemistry, natural philosophy, exemplify the ever-active providence of God. The more minutely we become acquainted with natural history in all its branches, and with physiology, and anatomy, the more we shall see the particular providence of God, which has created every insect with such contrivances as if He had that alone to do; and the more we feel the particular providence of God in the creation of the world, the more we shall be enabled to see it in His moral government. Belief in the particular providence of God is the secret of happiness.

“Metaphysics are best avoided. All that is not founded on truth is useless, if not dangerous. Much reasoning, too, has a bad effect on the spirit. It induces pride in our own judgment, instead of the humble and resigned frame of mind which becomes a Christian.

“Just before dinner, a letter was given me. It was from C———. The room being full of the family, I put it in my pocket till after dinner, when I went into the garden to enjoy it alone. I could not help shedding tears of pleasure and thankfulness as I read the letter several times. The evening was beautiful and serene, and everything within and without was so happy, that I poured out the fulness of my heart in thankfulness to our Saviour for having thrown us together. I could not help comparing

the difference of our characters. I always feel how much superior her style of character is to mine, and how far more really intrinsic, both as to the heart and understanding. Indeed, when I consider my own versatile character and her very high one, I am more and more surprised that such a friend ever was bestowed on me. The more I see of C——, the more thorough is my confidence in her. I both respect and love her for her influence over me; and I love her more than I am humbled, by her kind and generous mode of using her superiority over me.

“After tea, my father, who had my accounts, pointed out the omission of an entry in the money I had received, of fifty pounds. I cannot well say how hurt I felt at my negligence in this, as it was entirely owing to my own carelessness in not having kept a proper cash-book. I am indeed vexed, because I know how much my father dislikes inaccuracy in these things, and how often I have been told of this fault, and yet I have still committed it.

“My father was truly kind, as I knew he could not but have been vexed, and yet I saw that he did not say half so much as he might very justly. I have felt this the more, because it was wrong in many ways: I ought to have done what my father wished; I ought, for my own sake, to have kept an accurate account; and, also, my father has done so many things showing a kind disposition to me, that he must feel it ungrateful not to have given up a few minutes to please him, when I knew he laid so much stress on this point. I am constantly feeling the effects of my own carelessness and inattention, but I feel this more than any other.

“ *August 29th.*—I rose early this morning, intending to settle a plan for my accounts before breakfast ; but I slept so little for thinking of my carelessness, that I felt weak and ill.

“ At two o’clock, I walked as usual in the garden. I remembered how often I had tried to cure my unpunctuality, and how often I had failed. I thought of my plans of life, with prayer that I might be preserved by a power superior to my own. I wished to arrange my time more methodically, to get fixed and worthy objects, and especially to acquire those habits which my own family desire. I recollected many instances in which all those who have lived to any purpose lived methodically.

“ I walked out before tea. I read C——’s letter again, and with fresh interest. I also looked at Elizabeth Hazard’s, on her sister’s marriage, and read it more than once with real love and interest. Much as I loved her before, it has added not only to the affection, but to the sincere esteem I feel for her. How delightful is piety ; and how it entitles to a reality of respect, which neither rank, nor talent, nor fortune, can ever give.

“ *31st.*—I rose early this morning. After breakfast, accounts with my father, and German till one. Wrote to Elizabeth Hazard, to fix the time of my going to Bath. We had much company to dinner, for which I did not feel the better. A mixed society often makes me feel a want of charity to those I do not approve. Amongst the number of guests, however, I enjoyed seeing Mr. C——. I believe my father was pleased to find that, except in one instance, my accounts were more exact than he had imagined, and I

believe he was pleased and surprised to find how economical I had been. Next year, however, I hope to spend still less on myself, but to give away more.

"September 2nd.—I rose early. I went to Meeting, but I did not enjoy it, because I thought my mother was poorly, which made me uncomfortable. I saw J. H—— [one of her brothers], and the love he expressed for me gave me heartfelt pleasure. In the afternoon I was busy looking over parts of the Bible to explain to my little sister. . . . I sat with my mother. Then I went into my own room. I felt the welfare of every member of our family much at heart, and I entreated a blessing on each of them, not without tears. I felt also poor M. T. very near my heart, as I have often done of late. I cannot go to serve her, nor does she know I feel for her; yet though I can do nothing myself, I often feel a sensible relief in committing those whose welfare I have at heart to an Almighty and Wise Protector. I felt her situation the more, from contrasting it with the pleasure I have in the hope of seeing my dear C——. I supped with little J. H——, for though I wanted to be busy, I did not like to disappoint him, when I found he had got a supper on purpose. I wrote C—— a short note; and now I can add no more."

It was proposed at this time that Mary Anne should visit her Moravian friends at Bath, and that her cousin Catherine Gurney should for a time join her there. We need not bespeak the indulgence of the reader for the truth and nature of the description she gives of her disappointment on arriving at Mr. Hazard's, no doubt unconsciously

enhanced by the contrast between the simple home of these excellent people, and the luxuries and abundance of her father's house.

"Bath, October, 1805.—Several days have passed since I last took up my journal, and almost as many, I fear, since I inwardly communed with myself. I want to retire into my own mind, and, silencing its feelings, to commune in stillness with God, both as the Father and the Friend of Spirits. O that my heart were but deeply impressed with the presence and the friendship of the best, though the invisible, Friend of man! My father kindly sent the sociable with me as far as Worcester, and thence we went on in the coach. The country through the vale of Rodborough was delightful, and I gave myself up for some hours to the luxury of enjoying it. As I rode along, the hills and valleys, thickly studded with white cottages and the bright scarlet cloth (in the manufactories), looked sequestered, and yet gay and cheerful. It was evening, and most of the people had done work, and many were spinning at their doors; the children were dancing, and everything wore the appearance of industry, cheerfulness, and content.

"We arrived late in Bath. I wish I had set my mind in order, before I went to Green Park Buildings. I often find it of use to contemplate the situation I am entering upon, and to ask the Divine blessing upon it, but I arrived fatigued and uncomfortable; and kind indeed as my reception was, I did not return it with the cordiality I ought, because I felt vexed at their style of living, as I thought C—— would not like it, and I also felt it painfully myself. I was vexed also, because they had put a visitor in

my room, which I thought disrespectful, so that I was obliged to go up into another. When I knocked at the door, my dear Elizabeth ran out to meet me; but even her affectionate kindness was displeasing, because I felt uncomfortable. In the parlour I found dear good old Mrs. Hazard and Mrs. G——. Both received me most kindly. I can hardly describe the benignity of Mrs. G. ——'s countenance, or the goodness of Mrs. Hazard's.

“Elizabeth came in before I was up, and rejoiced to see me with a truth of affection that gave me a severer reproof than anything else could have done, and almost melted me to tears. Yet, though I felt myself wrong, I was but half come round; and, though I tried to be civil, I felt so painfully how C—— would feel some things, that, though Mrs. G—— and Elizabeth tried in every way to please me, I was so absent and out of tune that I hardly returned any answer. Yet still these good Moravians redoubled their endeavours to please me, and, with the greatest good humour and kindness, said they did not wonder I felt uncomfortable, as all must be so different from what I was used to. After breakfast, my dear little Elizabeth came to me, and apologised for having given my room to Mrs. G——.

“I felt truly ashamed of having been ashamed of such good and kind people, yet I still felt hurt about C——. I love her so much, and am so obliged to her, that I found it a great trial to place her where I feared she would not be comfortable. I walked out, and tried to divert my mind; as I undressed, I determined to lay open my mind to our Saviour. I felt that, much as I ought to love C——

yet that love ought not to make me unjust to others, especially such kind friends. I felt that, so far as I could, I ought to make all comfortable to her; and beyond this, I ought to be resigned as to what was meant for me to bear. I determined then to speak to Elizabeth, and to try to remedy all, and I prayed for assistance to bear patiently, and make the best of what I could not help, as the will of our Lord. Immediately I felt more peace of mind. Next day, on inquiry, I found that these excellent people had already ordered to be got more even than I wanted; and about the table, &c., I found them more ready to oblige me than I had been to ask. I cannot describe their goodness and kindness.

“I was busied most agreeably in getting my dearest C——’s room ready; and though it tired me in body, it was delightful to me.”

CHAP. IV.

1805.

"The first creation of God in the works of the days was the light of the sense, the last was the light of reason, and His Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of the Spirit."—BACON.

"My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires."
SHAKESPEARE.

AMONGST Mary Anne's papers I find the following fragment, dated December 9th, 1805.

"Thou, O Lord! hast condescended to declare, that Thou hast bought me with a price more precious than rubies, even with Thine own blood. How this may be, I know not; how it may be applied to my heart, I know not; but I long to know, and I long to feel. I now believe because of Thy word. I long to believe, because I experience the truth and the power of it. I wait to see Thy salvation, O Lord; whatever this may mean, I take Thy word, I throw myself upon it, with entire recumbency of soul, with a full persuasion that Thou wilt not let me perish. I feel that my salvation must be all of free grace, and of pure mercy from beginning to end. I cannot extirpate one sin. Thy Redeemer can alone do the first, Thy Spirit, the last."

I have placed these striking and touching words at the beginning of this chapter, because I think they contain a key to much which both preceded and followed in the experience of the writer. The journals for months before and after the above date bear evidence of diligent labour and conscientious observation of herself, as well as of the most earnest desire for spiritual progress, but they do not equally evince that full peace and assurance in the knowledge of the love of God in Christ, which in later years became so marked a feature of her inward life. The journals for the year 1805, written at Barr, afford the only information I possess of the state of her mind, and of her home interests and pursuits, till the time of her marriage. The dates in these early journals are very imperfect. There are but few which contain mention of anything beyond the year and day of the week.

“*Tuesday*.—Taking Hervey’s Theron and Aspasio, I walked out to read. I put up many fervent prayers to God, that He would be pleased to bring these truths more feelingly home to my heart.

“I am convinced in my understanding of the truths of Divine Revelation, but my heart is cold and dead, and the most important truths seem to me as airy shadows, instead of a substantial reality. My heart seems alienated from God, and yet, though I see and feel this, such is my state of indifference that I comparatively care but little about it. I have a sort of strange repugnance and backwardness to come just as I am to the Throne of Grace, to own my nothingness, and utter inability to do anything that is

good. I feel unwilling to be clothed in the righteousness of Christ only, and to give up all my own pretensions; and I feel even unwilling to go to the Throne of Grace for a renewed heart and a different spirit. This convinces me more and more of the total alienation of my heart from God; for how seldom have I in earnest prayed, and yet in how extraordinary a manner have some of my prayers been answered! How I think I may say, I have never been sent away empty-handed, and in how many instances has a remarkable tissue of circumstances brought about the very thing—I cannot say that I prayed—but that I half prayed for, almost doubting at the time if there were a God, or not, to hear me! I thought much of this, and I prayed for a simple child-like mind, for the blessed influences of that Spirit which can alone show me my guilt, and for more confidence and a clearer view of the merits of my Redeemer.

“*Wednesday.*—After my early walk I went in, and occupied myself with writing a plan of a school; but I found it difficult to write with attention, because I felt unhappy at the state of my own mind. Yet I did it at last better than I thought I should. From twelve to one I practised some sacred music, especially the ‘*Te Deum*’ of Graun. What a noble composition! I felt delighted in learning it, for I thought I saw traces that the Spirit of God had inspired the writer. I felt a painful interest to know if he had been faithful to it. After dinner I rode out. I am now writing this journal, but being very tired, I shall leave off, imploring the blessing of God, that He may guard my mind from evil thoughts, that I may rise

to-morrow refreshed, and without any other wish than that of His service.

“*Thursday* —I was with Graun till breakfast. At breakfast I conversed. I began to talk with an intention to relieve my mother; but finding what I said seemed to entertain some present, I went on solely to gratify my own vanity; and though I felt repentance at the time, I said many foolish things, in order to raise myself in the esteem of those I was with. Afterwards I walked in the garden; I could not help thinking how foolish I had been. The pensile boughs of the laburnum and honeysuckle, the corn and the long grass, were waving in the wind; as I watched them alternately stooping and rising, flexible to every breath that blowed, I could not help longing that my heart were, like them, flexible to every breathing of that Spirit which God sends to all the children of men, but which we so often resist.

“*Saturday*.—Experience gathered by watchfulness is the same in religion, as perception, strengthened by observation, is in reasoning. Let me observe myself, that I may know my own vileness, and observe the Lord, that I may know his goodness.

“*Monday*.—At about ten, I went in, and wrote my pamphlet, for two hours, on the ‘Education of the Poor,’ to my satisfaction on the whole, though I did not near enough feel myself in the presence of God while I wrote. After that, I spoke to my mother about my plans, and my wish to write for the public. Yet I believe I spoke more in my own spirit than in that of Christ, forgetting that, if He had appointed it for me to do, He would smoothe the

way. Afterwards I practised sacred music, took exercise, lay down, and dressed. After dinner, I went to see Mary Capper.

“*Friday.*—Whilst I dressed, I thought much of my pamphlet, but was not able to bring it into any good form. I then walked, and read some Olney Hymns. After breakfast, I went with my sister to visit her poor school. Then I wrote my pamphlet, which advanced beyond expectation. I practised sacred music. After dinner, Mr. Longscarter told me several anecdotes of Lavater, with whom he has spent some months. I suffered much this day from my melancholic disposition. I felt no confidence in God. Everything looked black. Several little things occurred to disappoint me. Then I thought of Miss D——, and of how much use she had been to me in opening and presenting things to me which I had never before thought of. I found reason truly to be thankful, even for that coldness and austerity which I least liked in her.

“*Sunday.*—After breakfast I enjoyed walking with J. H——. Till the carriage came to take us to meeting, I walked, reading Hervey with much pleasure. I was engaged during part of the time I was at the meeting with truly happy thoughts. I felt the love of God, and His providence watching over me. I felt how the clouds which had beset me had dispersed, how many things which had seemed insuperable difficulties in prospect had given me tenfold blessings in the execution. How many things now seemed plain that had caused me doubts and fears. I felt happy in the hope that God watched over all my family; and for my dear father and mother and each of my dear

brothers and sisters, I prayed separately, and felt their interests very near my heart.

“Thanks be to God, for the comfort I now feel. I believe it truly the will of God that I should leave worldly pursuits, I mean serious as well as dissipated worldly ones; and if I am careful only to follow His leadings, and not my own will, that He will make the way plain, and bring things round, though I do not see how. After dinner, I walked alone, but my mind was not enough with God; many vain and idle fancies intruded. How vain, and foolish, and inconsistent is my heart; if I had no righteousness but my own to plead before God, what a wretched, vile outcast should I be! and how should I dare to appear in His presence?

“*Monday.* — This day has not been well spent. I rose about seven; I walked out with Hervey, and read one of his letters with delight, and frequent prayer, which was, I believe, more than answered. The style of Hervey as a writer is often turgid and affected; yet I enjoy this book, because it is just the food I now want, and because its falling in my way seems such an immediate answer to prayer. I have often a delightful sense of the presence of God, and of His peculiar providence; but I have not a sense of the evil of sin, or of His holiness. I often seem to myself like those persons, the height of whose disease prevents their thinking themselves ill. I saw these doctrines in the Bible, but somehow they did not come home to my heart; and I applied to many, but none explained them to my satisfaction. Thus, I went on trying to help myself, and trying to get others to help me, never once

thinking of asking Him from whom all truth comes, till compelled by necessity ; and scarcely had I prayed, when the very book which was to remove my doubts was given me. . . . I then went to learn a short lesson in thorough bass. After breakfast, I walked about half an hour, entreating the Lord to put in my heart the spirit by which I might best write to His glory, and for the good of others. When I think of my own blindness, and of the unawakened state of my conscience, I feel writing for the public like a blind man undertaking to teach the knowledge of colours ; but when I again consider that, if the Lord calls me, He can overrule my ignorance, and will guide and support me, if I am but willing, I feel encouraged."

CHAP. V.

1806—1807.

"Let a man get but one glimpse of the King in His beauty, and then the forms and shapes of things here are but the types of an invisible loveliness, types which he is content should break and fade."—ROBERTSON.

"Be not over exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils,
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief?"

MILTON.

IN 1806, the subject of this Memoir married Mr. Lambert SchimmelPenninck, of Berkeley Square, Bristol. This gentleman belonged to a branch of the noble Dutch family of that name, the head of which, the late Count SchimmelPenninck, was for many years Stadtholder of Holland.

"I really feel very joyful," Mrs. Galton wrote, while this marriage was in prospect, "in the unexpected conference with the Mores. They speak with much interest, and very favourably, of the SchimmelPenninck family. They consider it as being uncommonly intellectual. The principal person in question they represent very favourably, sensible, amiable, well read, but not brilliant. They appeared, however, a little surprised at his presumption. Hannah More in particular expressed herself fully and liberally.

She observed that, though her mode of thinking differed materially from his, she was confident of his being a religious and a very worthy man."

— This marriage took place on the twenty-ninth of September. Her mother's letters afford some pleasant notices of her early married life. In the October following, Mrs. Galton writes to Mr. SchimmelPenninck:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your two very kind and satisfactory letters have delighted me. I thank you for them again and again. Had Bonaparte declared peace and good will to men, it would not have afforded me half the delight. I am telling you this during the twilight of the morning; I can scarcely see to write; so that my acknowledgements, although entirely sincere, are, I fear, scarcely intelligible.

"Pray give my love to Mary Anne. I think of her very often in the day. Has she assumed the dignity of a married lady, and learned to behave like Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck? When she returns to Bristol, I shall picture her to myself in her domestic capacity, ordering boiled hares and roasted turbot. But whether the dinners be boiled or roasted, I shall fancy you very cheerful together. I hope a bright sun may shine upon your prospects, and that occasional clouds, should they arise, may be soon dispersed like the passing vapours which sometimes sadden even summer's sky. You possess my best wishes. Were I a fairy, they should be accompanied by the choicest blessings; but blessings must be looked for from higher Hands; so all that remains in human power is to deserve them. I per-

ceive that I am writing a sermon, which is not my design ; lest you fancy, after all, that your mother is a ‘Quaker Preacher.’”

Again, December 2nd, 1806, Mrs. Galton says : —

“Madame de Sevigné, I am persuaded, would begin a letter upon such an occasion thus : —

“ ‘Mon cher fils, permettez que je vous embrasse.’ How can I, although not a French woman, begin otherwise? I am delighted with a letter which I have just received from Mr. Galton, in which he says — ‘Mr. SchimmelPenninck confirms me more and more in the favourable opinion I have always entertained of him ; and Mary Anne’s account proves him to be a most affectionate husband and worthy man.’ Dear Mr. SchimmelPenninck, pray do not be angry with me for telling you all this. I must tell you, for although I endeavour to be silent, I find I must speak. I must positively speak, in order to thank you for your most kind and affectionate attentions to dear Mary Anne. I do thank you again and again. Pray tell her not to be outdone ; be sure to let her know that half my friendship is transferred to you, and that she must behave very handsomely to preserve the rest. I hope, some time or other, to have the pleasure of coming to see how she behaves, and all the virtues I am sure that she will practise in her household. Tell her, if you please, that Mrs. Madden is in love with her, and in love with you, and with her situation, and that she is as happy as possible with the kindest possible master and mistress. Mrs. Madden will find, and everybody will

find, that Mary Anne's good qualities will come out like the stars, one after another, so that you must not be vain, after all, and fancy that I think you too good for her. I am delighted, however, with my son and my daughter, and I hope they believe it. Pray give my love to Mr. Galton. I was upon the point of writing to him; but somehow my pen, in spite of every effort, has written to you. Mr. Galton will now bring a new pleasure, the pleasant account of Mary Anne, with all the circumstances of her situation, her house, and all that surrounds her. . . . I have lately received a letter from Kitty. Pray tell Mary Anne that her friend is in the 'Inferno,' with Virgil and Dante. I shall send a parcel to-morrow, containing a clue that will help her into 'Purgatory,' and after to the 'Paradiso,' where she seems to be justly entitled to a happy seat."

And again, in February, 1807, she writes to her daughter:—

" . . . I am suspicious that Bristol is farther off than I thought. I am afraid, too, that another winter is behind. There is deceitfulness in the smiles of these spring days. I have no confidence in their allurements. But the true spring will come at last, and then I hope to come to you. J. H—— was highly delighted with his visit, and wants me to have a canopy over the sofas, like yours. Do you visit many families in Bristol? Pray let me hear your history, how you go on, and what you do. How do you employ the day? Does Mrs. Madden succeed in her place? Let me know if you correspond very often with the

Gurneys. I want to know where they are and how they do. I hear nothing of them, they being in a world so remote from mine. Pray how is Hannah More? We hear from H. almost every day, partly to inquire after the health of a new favourite. He has got a live tortoise, which we are told by his biographer comes from Egypt. It has all the ghastly effect of an inhabitant of the Pyramids, and looks like a mummy alive. Farewell, dear Mary Anne. Bid my son farewell in my name.

“L. GALTON.”

I will close my extracts from Mrs. Galton's letters with one she addressed, many years afterwards, to a cousin, with whom she had been much associated in early life. It is remarkably characteristic of some of the mental qualities which belonged both to mother and daughter. There were points of strong contrast between them, but I may say here, in anticipation, that there will be found in both the same heroic spirit in bearing pain and privation, the same solace in books and delight in the creations of fancy, the same elegance of mind, and, above all, the same dissimilarity to many ordinary modes of thought and feeling.

“You cannot know this handwriting, though some sense or other, when I opened your letter, made me instantly acquainted with yours:—it seemed like the face of an old friend! I thank you a thousand times for having remembered me. Your letter in a moment brought back the most agreeable recollections of our early days, and the poetic world I lived in, without one thought of daily cares! I was certainly allied to sylphs, and ‘creatures of the element

that in the colours of the rainbow live !' How different to this every-day plodding world, so filled with thoughts of eating and drinking, and what we shall put on — a mere Limbo of follies and vanity ! I am not a preacher, nevertheless, but your letter has brought all Bengéo back to my view ; and what is extraordinary, I am *not* improved in the least, but remain as unfit an inhabitant of the world, as unlike all its other inhabitants, as you ever remember me. This secluded education with the Dryades, has given me a set of ideas and a set of pleasures that cannot be made to assimilate with common life, so that if you will pay me a visit, you will find Lucy Barclay still in being, but you will never know her ! She is entirely changed in every external sign ; — as much so as the ladies in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, who were enclosed in the furrowed rind of a tree, bowed with age and stained by time. Come and see me : instead of lilies and roses, a wreath of ivy would become me now. How many suns have I beheld on their course, rising and setting, since I came into the world ! . . . Besides all this, I have been imprisoned by ill health two years and a half, and the greatest part of this time I have been confined to a sofa, and almost fixed to one attitude, like the figures in old cathedrals, that lie in marble upon their tombs. I am now alive again, but I am not young, and experience, even now in my improved state, more than three warnings. The state of my eyesight, in particular, is sometimes really alarming. With all my philosophy, I have by no means sufficient to look forward with indifference to a long and starless night ! Nor have I yet left my prison-house ; indeed, I have become attached to it. The bias I received

from nature, which was favoured by education, I feel now more strongly than ever; and a spacious drawing-room, with a large window, through which I walk into a garden of roses, seems to give me everything worth possessing in this world. I live with the birds and the butterflies, under the shade of tall elms, and the blue of a serene sky overhead. Thus fixed, as by magic power, to one spot, my mind knows no restraint, and is much more free than in the fetters of society. I am intimately acquainted with many worlds besides this, and wander through them again and again, with Homer, and Milton, and Dante. My early education, which has unfitted me for plodding life, has given me strength in suffering, and, through a very long and severe illness, has enabled me to extract pleasures unseen by others. . . .

“‘Happy I am

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.’

“Come and see me, and I will show you all my haunts, and recesses, and sofas, that are actually planted in little retired nooks secured from the rain, where I talk to the echoes, and listen to the blackbird or the hum of the bee. But summer songs and summer sounds are now almost over; the leaves are embrowned, and begin to fall, and the robin, with a prophetic note, tells us that winter is near. . . .

“Come and see me, out of the world, and returned, in my old age, to poetic, and almost to a romantic life.

“It is nothing new for a young girl of fifteen to enjoy the romance of the poets, but I enjoy it still, nor shall I ever

grow old! That is to say, I have a youthful mind in a shattered body; and the ruin that is crumbling to pieces seems to give its inhabitant gayer prospects: she looks through rainbow tints, and enjoys, in her imprisonment, an enchanted world. I consider that I am a curiosity, compounded of January and May;—a kind of ‘Centaur not fabulous,’ and totally unfitted, as I ever was, for common life.

“Were it still the fashion to deify those who have lived before us, I should certainly erect an altar to my aunts, for having blessed me with so many internal resources, of which I feel the advantage from hour to hour; and I shall ever feel its advantage, I am persuaded, to the very last sand. My husband considers all my singularities as perfections, and endeavours to realise all my tastes. He supplies me, too, with every comfort that such a state as mine can enjoy.

“You will see by my handwriting the infirmity of my eyes, and besides, I have been several days travelling through this long letter, for continued attention to anything fatigues me extremely; but I could not resist the opportunity of enjoying once more the pleasure of taking with an old friend. Whilst I am writing, I fancy you here.

“I do, indeed, my dear cousin, sympathise in your happiness. I enjoy the idea, that you leave every trouble behind you when you shut your garden gate.

“Your eldest son, you tell me, is serious and sedate. I congratulate you upon it. The longer I live, the more convinced I am that religion is the strongest hold, and the

safest anchor in life. And besides, to use the expression of a cheerful person whom we know, -- 'It is getting the cream of both worlds!' . . .

"My dear cousin, farewell. And now I take leave in the words of Hamlet's ghost, 'Remember me!'

"L. GALTON'."

CHAP. VI.

1808 — 1811.

"Thou who hast still a father and a mother, thank God for it in the day when thy soul is full of joyful tears and needs a bosom on which to shed them."

RICHTER.

"O, fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

LONGFELLOW.

"How little can we love men, till we love Thee!" Mrs. SchimmelPenninck says, in her journal of 1808; and to love God above all things, and devote herself wholly to His service, had long been, as we have seen, the first desire of her heart. But the more God designs to make use of any particular instrument, the more carefully He forms and polishes it by suffering; and thus it was with the subject of this Memoir. She deeply suffered from conflicts in her own soul. She had yet to suffer, as we shall see, by trials from without; but seasons of refreshment were now vouchsafed to her from the presence of the Lord, which, to use her own words, "made up for all."

It was at this time that Mrs. SchimmelPenninck first became acquainted with the Wesleyan Methodists, of

which event she gives the following account. "After my first acquaintance with the Moravians at Bath, there was a time, on my return home, when I had no opportunity of enjoying the society of religious people; and, not having many religious books, I was compelled the more to search the Scriptures, which at every line sent me to the Saviour Himself. A few books, however, now and then fell into my hands, just enough to show me that in various parts of the Good Shepherd's fold are those who love Him in sincerity and truth; and, in my solitude, many were the refreshing hours I owed to Christian brethren, who, on earth distinguished by various appellations, are all, I am assured, now unitedly rejoicing before the throne of their common Saviour in Heaven. Yet, amidst all, the little flock of the Brethren who were first sent to me by our Lord was most dear to me. When, therefore, I married, and settled in Bristol, and was at liberty, through my husband's kindness, to join what society I pleased, I much wished to join the Church of the 'United Brethren.' Some things, however, stood in my way. I knew the congregation could only be joined by 'lot;' and, not being convinced of its Divine appointment, I could not solicit a decision as a Divine appeal, which I should in truth be submitting to as a human institution. I, however, earnestly wished to join them; for about this time I began to feel extremely uneasy at my own incomplete views. Believing the Brethren might be a help, I went to Mr. West (their minister), and, opening my mind fully to him, I asked to join the Moravian Church (as a society member*),

* A peculiarity, and a most honourable one, of the Church of the United

saying, however, that my non-acceptance of the 'lot,' would be a bar to my going further. As I spoke, I prayed our Lord to dispose all according to His will, that I might be accepted or refused, as He saw best. Mr. West replied, in the kindest manner, that, though many persons actually stopped short of becoming covenant members, it was not desirable to receive those professing a fixed intention to proceed no further. I accepted his declaration as the Divine will concerning me at that time; and, having received great blessing from the writings of some of the early Wesleyan Methodists, at my request they kindly received me amongst them; but though I found much instruction and edification from the preaching and the lives of many of the early members, I yet never truly felt at home among them as I had done with the Brethren."

There can be little doubt that the "incomplete views" she thus mourned over concerned the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. From these Divine ordinances of the Christian Church, her birth and training in the Society of Friends, and afterwards the scruples which had prevented her joining the Moravians, had hitherto excluded her, but now she had become sensible of a want which it seemed participation in them alone could satisfy.

Brethren, or Moravians, has ever been the desire to bring men to Christ rather than to draw them to their own Church; hence it arose that in former years their Ministers and Missionaries awakened and built up many souls who still remained members of that body of Christians with which the providence of God had placed them. Such were termed "Society Members." "Covenant Members" were those who, in a stricter sense, belonged to the Church of the United Brethren, who received the "Brotherly Agreement," and partook of their privileges and discipline. This distinction of Society and Covenant Members no longer finds place amongst them.

I find she was baptized by a Methodist minister on the 5th of December, 1808; and a fortnight afterwards she, for the first time, partook of the Holy Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ.

Soon after Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's settlement at Bristol, she formed an intimate friendship with Miss M. H. This lady, who resided with her parents in the immediate neighbourhood of that city, appears to have been a humble, devoted, and consistent Christian; and intercourse with her brought many blessings to her friend; but, alas! it was of short duration, for Miss M. H. died of consumption in the spring of 1809. There are interesting passages of this intercourse in letters and papers now before me.

"I clearly see," Mrs. SchimmelPenninck says, in a letter to her friend, "that all the happy moments I have are those in which my eyes are fixed on God's goodness. Then indeed do I seem most unworthy in my own eyes; yet, at such times I feel most happiness, and most able to do His will. God has indeed been very merciful and gracious to my soul, since I saw you. I went to bed last night truly happy in enjoying His presence, and feeling a clearer sense of forgiveness than I had ever before experienced. I felt very much like the prodigal in the parable, as yet very far off as to the journey which still remains before I can enter the kingdom of God, yet, though still far off, as if indeed my Heavenly Father had, in Christ, come and met me with peace and love, which humbles me to the dust and yet revives my fainting heart.

“What very great delight there is in the society of those whose society is in Heaven, and how delightful is the love of those who first love God! I have often gone to you lately, and have highly enjoyed our intercourse; and, also, I have frequently been hoping for good and pleasure, when my heart has been sadly depressed and distracted. Then I have always felt that the best society of those we most fondly love can give us no real pleasure, unless God accompanies us into their company, any more than a beautiful landscape can delight when there is no sun to gild it. And I have sometimes left you, bitterly feeling deep remorse for my folly in endeavouring or expecting to find pleasure in anything whilst my heart felt separated from God.”

“Since I saw you,” she says to the same friend, “I have had many very happy times in prayer. I cannot describe the goodness and mercy of God to me. All my anxious fears and unbelief seem dissipating; and I am seldom many hours without an answer to my prayers. O my dear M., how I wish we could love God with all the heart and mind we have here; and then how delightful it would be to look forward to that happy and glorious time when we might have stronger souls and wider hearts to love Him more.” And again, “My heart is discomposed. I wish to open it to God, that its disorder may be abated. How I wish I could with ease submit to, and take as the will of God, things which appear to me unkindnesses from my fellow-creatures.”

She writes, when on a visit at Dudson, to Miss M. H. :
--“Fancy me just come in after breakfast from a walk

in our shrubbery, and shutting myself up in my own room, in order to talk to you. How delightful is this morning, and how I should like to know if you are enjoying it as I do. How lovely all the flowers, and the trees, and the sunshine appeared to me, and how happy every creature ! But, above all, how delightful do created things appear, because it is our God who gave them being, and arranged them. I took with me the little Psalm-book, but I did not look much at it; for all appeared so joyful around, that I could not help stopping to admire, as though I had never seen it before. Whenever I see a day like this, it brings to my mind—does it not to yours?—those beautiful chapters at the end of the Revelation. This put me in mind of Miss D. I could not help thinking how very happy she was, and how good God had been to her, in so soon putting her in possession of the happiness she sought. Then I thought of you, and I felt great happiness in believing that you *would be*, as I did that she *was already* happy. I thought how soon you would know each other, and how few years would bring you together, and make you happy together. Then I thought of myself, and wondered if that happy day would ever come to me. I could not help thinking of the many things that God had done for me: how often He had called me, even before I knew the voice that spoke: by how many providences He had hedged me about, so as to prevent my entering into many pernicious things; and by how many others He had led me to be acquainted with His children in a very unexpected way.

“I then took your little book, and began reading the

115th Psalm. How I enjoyed it! It seemed indeed as if my whole soul were happy, though awfully so, in seeing the holiness and unspeakable purity of God; and, though I felt very vile and unworthy, so that I knew not how the great and holy God should remember me, yet I seemed so sure that He did not only condescend to come down and suffer for the whole world, but that He also died for me, that I was unspeakably glad. Oh! how I wish that I had a heart to love and serve Him all the days of my life, and that I could be free from the bondage of self and sin, and henceforth live to Him alone."

In a review of the past year, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck writes:—

"About this time, my dear friend was taken ill with a cough. I said but little, but I saw it as a cloud, though then the size of a man's hand, gathering in the horizon. I earnestly besought the Lord to help me to examine my heart, to see if I could truly say, 'Thy will be done.' After my visit to Dudson, the greatly increased indisposition of my friend was a bitter trial. Knowing her to be entirely ignorant of her disorder, the conflict brought on me great darkness, but I cried to the Lord, and He heard me, and made a way for our speaking together. Since that time we have spent many happy hours. Often in the midst of the tears of natural affection and grief, the presence of the Lord has kept our hearts in peace. Blessed be His name! . . .

"*March*, 1809.— My dear friend is now probably very near her close. The Lord bless her abundantly and keep her. May He become more and more precious to her.

May her peace, which now flows as a river, deepen ; may her views of her heavenly inheritance yet brighten, and may she be enabled to testify more and more of the goodness and mercy of the Lord, to the salvation of others ! O Lord ! let not the blessing be confined to her ; shed abroad Thy grace in our hearts. Soften them to receive whatever impression Thy goodness appointed this affliction to convey. O my God, let me not murmur or repine. My heart does, indeed, feel this separation from the friend Thou hast given me. The Lord has given, the Lord is about to take away ; blessed be the name of the Lord. How often hast Thou, Lord, blessed her intercourse to me ! Return that blessing seven, nay, a hundred-fold, by Thy presence with her at this hour ! Make her more fully meet for the heavenly inheritance Thou hast purchased for her.

“I went to see her yesterday, being Monday ; she was lying on the sofa. I perceived a change, all her features were sharpened, but a heavenly peace sat on her countenance ; it seemed like seeing in one person the beginning of the death of the body, and the life of the soul. She said, in a feeble voice, much interrupted by shortness of breath ; ‘The nearer I approach to death, the more happy does it seem to me. I can scarcely think I am so near beholding my precious Saviour.’ I said, ‘Yes, indeed ; there is but a very thin veil between you and an excess of glory that we can neither express nor conceive.’ She replied : ‘Oh ! how blessed is death ! how blessed to have nothing to do but to die ! When I look at myself, I can scarcely connect myself and glory in one thought. When I look at my adorable Saviour, I feel I cannot understand one half of

His goodness, neither dare I set any bounds to it. Oh! unutterable goodness and mercy!’ continued she, her eyes uplifted, and full of tears. Then, looking at me with a smile, and kissing me, she said; ‘When you see me no more, cast yourself entirely upon the Lord: follow Him, not at a distance, but closely. You do not know how the smallest wandering separates from Him. It is an evil and a bitter thing to forsake the Lord. I have found it so; but he has forgiven me. I love you dearly; I love your precious and immortal soul. We shall soon meet; the love of a Christain is stronger than death; but I do not love you as I did. No earthly tie can make me wish to stay on earth. The Lord is more to me than ten thousands of friends; He has no rival in my heart; soon shall I rejoice in His presence!’”

“*April 2nd.*—This is the first time since my dear friend’s happy spirit took its flight, that I have taken up the pen. Blessed be God! her woes are all ended, and she is rejoicing in the presence of her Redeemer. When my heart can follow her, it blesses God; but when it returns back to us who are left below, it bleeds. O my God, be Thou with me as I pass through the valley of the shadow of death!”

We return to her journal, and private papers.

(1809.) “Yesterday John Helton drank tea with us, but he hardly spoke at all, at which I felt much disappointed. When they were all gone, I went very early to my bedroom, and read for a good while, till I forgot the time in Baxter’s ‘Saints’ Everlasting Rest.’ I could not help thinking of poor E., and that if she read that book, she

could not but feel almost more happy than sorrowful about her poor brother!"

"How different am I from David Brainerd, who, like me, of a melancholic constitution, yet felt the influence of Divine grace so powerfully, that at seasons the Divine supplies his soul received strengthened and refreshed his body."

"O my God! how infinitely precious must that sacrifice be, which can wash away the infinity of human sin and infirmity. But, blessed be His holy name, our hopes are not in ourselves, nor in each other, but in God. Oh! what a comfort has it been to me to know that the soul has a sure anchor to trust to, Jesus Christ! To Him, with full purpose of heart, have I devoted my soul, and though I have so often, and do constantly wander away, yet I have not voluntarily taken myself out of His hands; and surely He will not fail me. What comfort has there been lately to me in those precious words,—‘Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!’"

"*November, 1809.*—I felt a great blessing in seeing that venerable saint, Mrs. Fletcher. May I be thankful in having had even this transient sight. Much of her conversation was truly blessed to me, especially what she said on the duty and privilege of the daily Cross, and in seeking the abiding witness of the Spirit. But the greatest blessing was in reading Mr. Fletcher's ‘Equal Check.’ It seemed to roll away clouds of doubt and darkness, and to level mountains of contradictions and difficulties which had perplexed my course. I can never be sufficiently thankful, for having met with this book. I cannot describe the

practical difficulties which being with speculative Calvinists brought me into, nor the unbelief, doubt, and distress it occasioned.

“My recent acquaintance with the Methodists has been greatly blessed to my soul; chiefly, because it has put me more upon reading the Scriptures, secret prayer, and obedience to the checks of God’s Spirit in my heart. I have truly found, as it is written, ‘They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.’ I feel it a great mercy that the Lord has condescended to open a path for me amongst the poor. How much more pleasure do I find, even in my poor miserable attempts to serve them, than I have ever found in any pursuit of human pleasure.

“Often, when I used to receive praise for my progress in the pursuits I was then engaged in, my heart was sad; for I felt it a heart which was far from God. I love to tread, however lamely, a road which my dear adorable Redeemer has trodden before me. Welcome thorns, welcome briars, I would say, if I can but see amongst them the print of His footsteps or the drops of His precious Blood. When I see them not, I feel unhappy, and in doubt how to proceed; even though I do not positively discern sin, yet I feel no confidence. O my God, give me gratitude for Thy blessed humanity!

“As Christ was in the flesh, so are we in this world. Such was the privilege of the primitive Christians; and the same promises which were given to them we may inherit, for Jesus hath said, ‘I pray not for them only, but also for all those who shall believe on me through their word.’ Teach me more to view Thee in all. I love to think what

would my blessed Saviour have done in the days of His flesh, in such a company, in such a place, under such and such circumstances. Oh! for the burning faith that realises all things; that presents the Saviour to the view; so that I, contemplating His image, might be changed into His likeness! This week has been passed in many outward duties to my family and to the poor, in which I have felt my mind sweetly stayed upon God; and I have enjoyed much present blessing; for our gracious Lord bestows a great reward to those who even give but a cup of cold water in His name. This has increased my confidence in my blessed Redeemer; but it has led me still more to contrast His goodness with my deficiencies. How poor is all I do! I have felt unable to speak for my God either to my servants or others, though I felt my heart full of love to Him. The fear of man has restrained me sometimes, or, I should rather say, a secret distrust of the Lord, when I seemed most to confide in Him. Of myself, indeed, I can do nothing, and say nothing; but why did I not pray for strength, and trust to Him for supplying it when needful? I trust that my visits to the house of mourning will prove a source of self-examination and humiliation to my proud and unhumbled heart."

"How many of the Lord's poor do I see, to whom I am wholly unworthy to minister. Oh! my heart! how venerable is the meanest Christian! A Christian is one who bears in his heart the semblance, the renewed image, of thy God. Instead of feeling this, and blessing Thee with all my soul, that thou hast permitted me the privilege of serving Thee in any of Thy members, my foolish heart has

frequently been tempted to vain self-complacency. O my God, pity my folly. Thou, who searchest all hearts, knowest that I utterly abhor it. Thou hast bled for my sins. O change this wayward heart; wash me thoroughly, not only from guilt but from sin."

Few details of the course of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's daily life at this period have been preserved. We catch little glimpses of it in her journals and letters. The absence of dates renders it difficult to quote with accuracy of arrangement, though internal evidence, hardly to be mistaken, is a sufficient guide to assign letters and papers to a time nearly approximating to their true date.

It is, however, well known that, for a long course of years beginning about this time, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck took an active part in the many charitable objects of Bristol. She devoted much time to the poor. From early youth, and especially after her acquaintance with the Moravians at Bath, we find her much interested in schools, and in imparting the knowledge which she so loved to acquire. "Her time," we are told by a lady who had observed her course, "was uniformly directed to the good of others." The habit of teaching was continued more or less through her life. She had classes of young persons, who met at stated times at her house, and whom she instructed in various branches of useful knowledge, more particularly in natural history, of which in most of its departments she was especially fond. If among those thus collected around her were any young person less well instructed or less prosperous than the rest, that was the one whom Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was almost sure to distinguish, and to

whom she would devote a more than common share of time and attention.

The accuracy of her knowledge, and the peculiar gift she had in imparting it, no less than her patience with the uninstructed, made Mrs. SchimmelPenninck an eminently good instructress; and some there are who number the hours thus spent with her as amongst the happiest and brightest of their lives! Her great humility made her ever backward in appearing as a religious teacher; but we now find her taking part, whether at her own house or elsewhere, in meetings for reading the Scriptures, and others of a strictly religious character. She was ever engaged in literary labours, ever adding to the stores of her knowledge. Music, especially the organ, was still her solace, as in earlier days; while she often sought refreshment and spiritual strength in the silence of a Friends' Meeting, or in intercourse with some humble child of God amongst the Moravians or Methodists.

It now becomes necessary to mention some circumstances which led to the deepest grief of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's life, and which modified the whole character of her remaining days on earth. The years with which we are now occupied were marked by a change in her relations with her own family, of too material importance to be silently passed over in the history of her life.

On occasion of her marriage, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, at the desire of her father, yielded her consent to conditions as to the disposal of her property, (the greater part of which she inherited from her grandfather Galton,) which were felt by her husband and herself to bear hardly upon

them, and from which they ultimately felt justified in seeking to be set free.

Many and prolonged negotiations with Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's family took place on this subject, in the course of which all the circumstances of the case were laid, by Mr. and Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, before mutual friends and family connections. The mediation thus sought was generously afforded; and the claims of Mr. and Mrs. SchimmelPenninck were conceded in the year 1811.

Thus much concerning a business matter, which is only alluded to in this place on account of its subsequent effects on Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's life. From letters of Mrs. Galton now in my possession, it appears that deep personal offence had been taken at the course pursued by Mr. and Mrs. SchimmelPenninck in these transactions, and that this was made, by Mrs. Galton, the ground of a withdrawal from all intercourse with Mrs. SchimmelPenninck and her husband.

The same line of conduct was adopted by the other members of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's family, with one exception, and pursued towards her to the end of her life. But while Mrs. SchimmelPenninck never ceased to mourn over this separation from her nearest relatives, it is due to her memory distinctly to state, that she never appears to have thought it was in her option to have refrained from steps which justice to her husband seemed at the time to render incumbent upon her.

I need not dwell on her patient and noble endurance under the varied sufferings caused by these events, nor on the perseverance with which she used every means within

her power, both directly and indirectly, to turn the hearts of those to whom her own always continued true. If those who knew and loved her could not but feel bitterly a treatment which bore the aspect of so much unkindness, she never resented it for herself, nor could such feelings be expressed in her presence without rebuke.

Those who heard them, can never forget the words of unaffected love and humility with which, in later years, she was wont to say, in reference to this subject, "The misapprehension and estrangement, from which I have suffered so much, were permitted by God to humble and chastise me for my shortcomings in His sight, and I would thank Him even for this trial, since it has sent me more frequently than any other thing to Him."

Letters, which I happily possess, written by Mrs. SchimmelPenninck at different periods, describe her feelings better than any words of mine, both during the earlier years of this trial, and after the death of her parents.

In 1815, after Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's return from the Continent, she thus writes to an intimate friend:—

"You can scarcely think how thankful I feel that it has pleased God to spare my dear father and mother, and that thus I may yet cherish the hope that He will permit us once more to be in peace and cordial reconciliation. I trust He has spared us to have this mercy upon us. I still feel our separation the deepest trial I have ever known. I think my part is at present to sit still, as I know not what more I can do to show them my earnest desire to do or submit to all that my duty allows, with a view to be at peace."

And again, at a later date, she writes to one who was then in the neighbourhood of Birmingham.

“Go to the fishing-house, where my dear grandfather and dear Lizzie Forster used to take me after breakfast, to call the water-fowl, who would fly the whole length of the pool to be fed.

“Walk in my dear mother’s favourite meditative walk, where the high poplars grow, and get me some ivy to plant from it. When you visit Dudson, go near the flower-garden behind the hot-house; on the outside is an oak tree which my grandfather meant to cut down, but my dear mother addressed to him a petition in verse to spare it. Bring me a twig and an acorn from it, if you can. But what can I say more? You, my dear and faithful friend, know all my mind about these dearly-beloved relations,—for dear they must ever be to me, though in the flesh I shall see them no more.

“How I wish you could see any of them! If you do, watch every turn of their countenances, and tell me of their weal, and let me hear minutely; as Joseph inquired, when he was in the far-distant land of Egypt, concerning his dear father, for he had yet a father. Oh! how often have I read that story, and thought that I, like him, might see his face no more.

“. When we next meet, it must be where my mistakes, as well as theirs, will be cleared up.”

I cannot conclude this subject without giving a testimony to the undying love which Mrs. SchimmelPenninck retained towards her family. During nearly twenty years, in which it was my privilege to share her weal and woe,

her joys and sorrows, in the freedom and unreserve of domestic life, I may truthfully say I never heard an unkind expression from her lips concerning any one of them ; and even when hope deferred was lost in the conviction that a reconciliation was no longer to be looked for, any intelligence which might reach her respecting them, through the public papers, or other indifferent channels, awakened the *keenest* interest : she loved unto the end.

CHAP. VII.

1811—1819.

"C'étoit une de ses maximes que la grande fidélité envers Dieu se voyoit dans les petites choses."—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

"I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue, for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be separated nor left behind, but it hindereth the march."—BACON.

SOON after Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's marriage, one who knew her well, asks, "How does your Greek go on? how does your housekeeping go on? I am glad that Mary Anne finds Mrs. Madden something more than a housekeeper. Does Mary Anne direct Mrs. Madden, or Mrs. Madden instruct Mary Anne? I think the mistress should go to school and take a lesson of the maid every day!" And, indeed, when her previous education, her pursuits and objects of interest are considered, the inquiry is a very natural one; but, true to her early resolution, "Whatever I undertake I will perform in the best possible manner," when it became her duty, she turned her thoughts and attention to the best way of regulating and directing her household.

There are few things in her character more admirable, or more touching to those who knew her intimately, than

her earnest desire "to do well" in things most opposed to her tastes and habits of mind. Amongst her journals and papers I find memoranda respecting the minutest detail of domestic economy. It must be acknowledged that her method of attaining her wishes in these things was not always that commonly pursued; but did this matter when the end was gained? A lady eminently capable of judging, when speaking of this subject, says of her visits to Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, "They were deeply interesting to us, and we rarely if ever stayed anywhere where the domestic arrangements appeared more beautifully complete; this I the more dwell upon, because the *on dit* was, that our dear friend was 'too literary to know anything of domestic management.'" Neither can this excite astonishment, when it is remembered that in her father's house the machinery of life was carried out by numerous servants, and that it was part of her gifted mother's principle to keep the minds of her children altogether devoted to intellectual culture. Till Mary Anne married, she had probably given more time and felt more interest in the study of the household life of the Greeks and Romans than in that which was passing around her.

How often have I heard her regret her deficiency in these things, and wish that she had been fully instructed concerning them. How often have I heard her express a desire that she had been early taught to work with her needle; perhaps it was this very ignorance which led her so strongly to inculcate on her young friends the value of these feminine attainments; and it was touching to witness her patient efforts in later life to acquire them.

There was nothing she thought too little to come within the sphere of duty, nothing too minute for a child of God to mark (as she expressed it) with the stamp royal of the Divine character ; but these things were done by her with a simplicity, and a bright cheerfulness, which those who knew her cannot fail of recollecting, and which no words could adequately convey to those who knew her not.

And this attention to domestic duties in the early period of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's married life was well timed, for a trial was approaching of a nature altogether new to her experience.

Mr. SchimmelPenninck was concerned with the shipping interests of Bristol, and, owing to circumstances connected with them, he was for some years oppressed by pecuniary embarrassments. From a kind but mistaken desire to save his wife present pain, he carefully concealed them from her knowledge, till on one occasion, when they were expecting a large party to dinner, the truth could no longer be hid, and he confessed to her that he was in pressing difficulties. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck that evening received and entertained her company as if nothing unusual had occurred ; but when they were gone, she lost not a moment in inquiring into the exact circumstances of the case, and sat up most of the night with her husband, making calculations how those difficulties could best be met.

Little as the subject of this Memoir knew of worldly matters, her unworldliness and indifference to the show and appearance which is valued by so many, together with her reverence for the great principle of "owing no man anything," were of immense use to her husband. Papers are

now before me which testify to the wise and excellent part she took in this season of pecuniary difficulty, which, but for her energy and admirable sense, would have been irremediable. She herself says, "I earnestly wish my husband to give up all thoughts of a vain struggle to go on here, but manfully to meet our difficulties, and enter on a new course of life which may extricate us; that if it should please the Divine hand hereafter to visit us with prosperity, we may have reaped the fruit of righteousness intended by this season of adversity." She speaks, too, of her cheerful willingness to live in the humblest way, and to exercise any degree of self-denial, so that they might keep out of debt and difficulty. Nor were these mere words, as the writer of these lines can testify; for years after, when her income by her wisdom and economy was increased to a comfortable, though moderate, sufficiency, she has often been known to wait months before she bought a print or a book upon which she had set her heart, because she thought she could not well afford it! And it was delightful to see united with this self-denial and thoughtfulness in the expenditure of money, how freely and nobly she gave to those who needed it. Many a sorrowful heart has her bounty caused to sing for joy; many, who reduced, perhaps, from affluence, too proud to ask, and suffering in silence, have blessed the giver of the help which it was her delight anonymously to bestow.

It was whilst the sorrows we have detailed were pressing upon Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, that the writings of the Port Royalists were first made known to her. She one day unexpectedly received a parcel from Mrs. Hannah More,

containing some few volumes of the Port Royal writers. They seemed providentially sent to meet the inmost wants of her heart and spirit, in this season of outward trial and perplexity. She read them with the deepest interest; she soon succeeded in obtaining others, and the first fruits of these studies, by which she afterwards became so well known, appeared to the public in Lancelot's "Tour to La Grande Chartreuse and Alet," which was published in 1813. A second edition was soon called for. In 1816, it was followed by the narrative of the "Demolition of Port Royal des Champs," with biographical notices of its later inhabitants. In 1829, these works, with many additions, were published under the title of "Select Memoirs of Port Royal." In this form they have passed through many editions.

Immediately after the peace of 1814, Mr. and Mrs. SchimmelPenninck made a tour on the Continent. They visited Holland, and passed some pleasant time at Count SchimmelPenninck's, and with other members of Mr. SchimmelPenninck's family.

They also visited Port Royal with deep interest. In the Netherlands Mrs. SchimmelPenninck formed an acquaintance with a Jansenist bishop, Count Grégoire; with him she visited the tomb of the holy Jansenius, and through his help she succeeded in obtaining many valuable Port Royal works, little known, and not attainable in England. It is in connection with the memories of Port Royal that Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's name is chiefly known to the public; she always rejoiced and gave thanks to God that she had been the means of enabling these holy people to

speak to this generation. They were henceforth to be her chosen friends and companions, the subjects of her daily studies, and the delight of her daily life. She never missed an opportunity of acknowledging the spiritual blessings which it had pleased God to bestow upon her through their instrumentality.

When writing on this subject, Mrs. Hannah More says: "I am glad to see you have so much contributed to make Port Royalism known in this country. Even religious readers are in general ignorant of the treasures of religion and learning possessed by these devoted people. I was even at an early period of my spiritual reading, so warm in their praise, that Dr. Johnson used to call me 'the Jansenist.'"

Her works at this time appeared in rapid succession. Mr. SchimmelPenninck took a lively interest in his wife's literary labours; indeed, it appears that it was mainly owing to his sympathy and wishes that several of her books were published. In 1815 appeared the "Theory of Beauty and Deformity." It was the opinion of some competent judges, that this work showed more of her original talent and genius than any other of her published writings, but it did not prove popular. It was encumbered by most voluminous notes, containing a mass of information not likely, perhaps, to be generally interesting, though testifying abundantly to the author's rare and extensive literary research.

The "Theory" suggests an answer to the vexed question concerning the standard of beauty. It shows that the error had been in seeking for *one* standard of beauty, when

nature has constituted several. These standards of beauty the author considers to be evidently founded on the successively developed perceptions and requirements of man, and to consist respectively in the reflection from material objects, of the power, the love, and the life of the Divine Being.

In later life Mrs. SchimmelPenninck lamented that in this early work her "Theory" had not received its proper application to Christian art and Christian taste, nor had been based on its true foundation in Christian truth. It was her cherished wish to re-write the whole, from the enlarged and deepened convictions of her later mind.

She believed that the task of unfolding the eternal principles of beauty, though humble compared with that of teaching spiritual truth, was yet of practical importance. She considered "the *tastes* to be the extreme ramifications of principles," and she held that the arrangement of a house, and of domestic scenery, according to the perceptions of a rightly informed taste, went far towards promoting the cheerfulness and harmonious feelings of those who would receive its influence. She was deeply anxious, therefore, to discharge the task which she believed had been committed to her, to the glory of God; and her posthumous work on the "Principles of Beauty" is the result of this desire. It was written in the latter years of her life, but while it might yet be said of her, that spiritually "her eye was not dim, nor her natural force abated."

In the autobiography, we have seen the interest which the subject of slavery awakened in Mrs. SchimmelPen-

ninck's mind from early childhood. The active exertions of future years corresponded with this early horror at the iniquities of the slave trade. At a time when the energies of many benevolent persons of her own sex were strained to the utmost in the cause of the slave, Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck devotedly laboured in the part assigned to her. By unwearied counsel and sympathy, and by the use of her ready pen, she gave most efficient support and help to the abolitionists of Bristol. We have abundant testimony how highly her labours were estimated. Hannah More writes of her "excellent tracts" on this subject, one of which seems to have excited a more than common degree of interest. It is on the "difference between Jewish and West Indian slavery," and is entitled "Is Slavery justified or condemned by Scripture?" I regret to say I have been unable to obtain a correct list of Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck's tracts and lesser publications either on this or other subjects.

During the years of which I am now speaking, Mr. and Mrs. SchimmelPenninck received, though always with simplicity, a good deal of society at their own house; literary people, family friends and connections, and others, attracted by the charm which Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's wit and originality threw around her.

In the year 1813, she first became acquainted with the late excellent Mrs. Richard Smith, an acquaintance which soon ripened into close friendship, and which, as we shall see, took an important place in her daily life, and continued almost without a cloud for more than forty years. Mrs. Smith and the Rev. Dr. Okely, pastor of the Moravian

Church in Bristol, a man of devoted piety, and of many gifts and peculiarities, were her frequent guests.

She had also at this time very frequent intercourse with the late Lady Bedingfeld, and with Mr., afterwards Cardinal, and Mrs. Weld, who then resided at Clifton, and with Sir Thomas Clifford, whom she constantly met at their house. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck retained the highest respect and esteem for these excellent friends, but letters written at this time bear witness that she was enabled to resist the most strenuous efforts made by them to bring her over to their communion.

Love to her mother was the great affection of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's life. No words of mine can adequately convey her grief when the long illness of this beloved parent terminated in death, November 16th, 1817.

One who was with her at the time, and passed through those deep waters in near sympathy with a sorrow which no human aid could mitigate, believed that she would have sunk under the anguish of her mind, but God in His love and mercy brought her through. Every year during the rest of her life, as November came round, she put on mourning in vivid remembrance of this, her greatest sorrow; she wore it till Christmas Day, and then she took it off, "in sympathy with the glad tidings that day commemorated to the vast family of God's children."

Of outward things, in this time of sore trial, probably nothing afforded Mrs. SchimmelPenninck so much consolation as the study of her favourite Port Royal writers. She often used to say that these books having been sent to her before this sad time was an especial instance of Divine love

and mercy. She had also now begun the study of Hebrew with her friend Mrs. Richard Smith, and henceforth this Divine language, as she loved to call it, became one of her chief delights. Its ideal character exactly met her mind, as the light it afforded in her studies of the word of God met her conscience.

The first fruit of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's Hebrew studies appeared in 1821, in a little work entitled "Biblical Fragments," to which a second volume was added as a supplement in the succeeding year.

Amongst Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's tracts appeared a very interesting notice of the late Emperor Alexander. It was in part a translation from the French, and contained many facts not generally known to the English public. This little book excited great interest.

The year 1818 was marked by her reception into the Moravian Church, into which her scruples with regard to the use of "the Lot" had, as we have seen, hitherto prevented her from being received as a member. In her letter to Dr. Okely, in which she applies for fellowship, when tracing the course of her mind on this subject, she thus expresses her ultimate conviction: "I had, indeed, long believed in Jesus, but, like Martha, I had too often been busied about many things, though all, as I thought, relating to His service. I now began to feel that I most needed, like Mary, to sit quietly at His feet, and my heart yearned after companions who, in common with other Christian brethren, feed on the Bread of Life, but eat it unmixed with the chaff of human speculation. During this period, too, I had seen much of the so-called religious

world, and all I saw without, as well as all I had experienced within, convinced me more and more of man's utter emptiness and of our Saviour's all-sufficient fulness, and made me long to flee to some asylum among brethren who should have experienced, like myself, that men are nothing and that 'Christ is all in all.' I resolved then to search the Scriptures on the subject of 'the Lot,' and accordingly I found it was used under the old covenant to fix the habitation of the children of Israel, and to appoint the order in which the priests should offer incense in the temple, and on various other occasions; and I found that the very earliest act of the Apostolic Christian Church was to establish an appeal to 'the Lot' in the choice of ministers under the new covenant; and, lest we should imagine this a temporary privilege, the grounds of its establishment are given, and these grounds are evidently of a permanent nature. Proverbs xviii. 18, 'The lot causeth contentions to cease, and parteth between the mighty.' And again, Proverbs xvi. 33, 'The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.' Such were the steps by which our Saviour led me, and I found myself a Sister at heart before I was aware of it."

CHAP. VIII.

1819 — 1826.

“No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend to whom you may impart griefs, joys, hopes, fears, suspicions, counsels, or whatever lieth on the heart to oppress it.”—BACON.

IN the years 1824, 1825, and 1826, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck derived very great pleasure and refreshment from visits which she paid to her valued friends and relations at Falmouth. In these visits Mr. SchimmelPenninck accompanied her. Nor was the happy intercourse she enjoyed there confined to that of her cousins; she became intimately acquainted with other members of this large circle, especially with the revered head of the family, the late Mrs. Fox, whom the subject of this Memoir regarded with peculiar love and admiration. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck often applied to her for advice, alike in spiritual and temporal concerns, and she always found a blessing in following it. Mrs. Fox was a plain Friend in principle and practice, and Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's early association with Friends, and her matured conviction that among them are and have been numbered some of the excellent of the earth, served but as an additional bond. A close and true

friendship was formed between them, which lasted without interruption till Mrs. Fox, this "mother in Israel," was removed to her eternal home.

Mrs. SchimmelPenninck gave a lively description of these happy visits in a series of letters to a mutual friend. The letters are full of interest and characteristic traits of the writer's mind.

"It is almost impossible," she says, "to convey to you an idea how interesting, and yet how unlike any other place, is this remarkable country. The only bad thing I have seen is the roads, and they are just like many ultra-evangelical persons, very sound in the main, but of such bad and grating tempers that you are tormented at every step you take with them. This is, however, the only inconvenience. Everything else is delightful.

"In the first place, the people look so good: Friends' dresses, orthodox bonnets, brown gowns, caps white as driven snow, meet your eye in every quarter. In the poorest cottages you see not only Bibles and expensive biblical commentaries, such as Scott's or Henry's, with Cruden's Concordance, but books on geology, astronomy, or mathematics.

"Alfred Fox told me, he conceived the Cornish character to be formed by their circumstances. There are in Cornwall one hundred and sixty mines, some of which, such as the great mines of Dolcooth, Botallack, and Huel Abraham, are two hundred and forty fathoms deep—a prodigious depth; and many masters have in their employ fourteen hundred men. A great part, then, of the Cornish population are miners, or immediately connected with them.

This is an occupation full of risk ; the falling of one stone behind him immures the miner in a living grave. The explosion of fire damp, the gush of subterranean springs, accidents from blasting, and a hundred other things, occasion him, and the family dependent on him, to go from day to day as with their lives in their hands. It is, then, natural that their religion should partake of this. The Cornish man who seeks religion seeks it not to occupy the applause of a Bible meeting, or to be a great man at a class meeting, he seeks it not to inspire him in conversation, but to support him in adversity, in accidents of the most appalling nature, and at the hour of death. Hence the Cornish man's religion is a religion not of cant, but of spirit and truth.

“Again, the miner is paid by the piece, and the same quantity of work is done with a different degree of labour, according to the rock he has to penetrate. He is thus led to exercise his mind to gain a knowledge both of mineralogy and mechanics, to form a probable idea of the rocks he will have to encounter, their mode of succeeding each other, &c. Hence they become acute, discerning, and well-informed. They generally work in the mine six hours at a time ; they put on a flannel dress, in which they work, and when they come up again ‘to grass’ as they call it, they strip it off, bathe, and put on a clean suit. And I can hardly tell you how nice the Cornish villages look. They are mostly situated in some glen or ravine, watered by lovely brooks, wildly rushing over their beds of granite or serpentine, and their banks luxuriant with trees and flowers, — Portugal laurel, tamarisks, arbutus, growing like timber

trees. In the midst peep the cottages, built of granite, which gives them a sort of Egyptian massive substantiality. Myrtles, fuchsias, hydrangeas, and other flowers of a like description, fill the cottage gardens. You see also beds of carnations, roses, tiger lilies, &c., which the first nursery gardens might be proud of. I think, perhaps, the miners working so many hours under ground feel a peculiar delight in the fresh air and sun and bright colouring of flowers. I never saw such gardens anywhere, not even in Holland. You will be convinced how different the climate is from ours, when I tell you that on the last day of the year, Mrs. Fox gathered in her garden a nosegay of geraniums, fuchsias, hydrangeas, and myrtle. As for the myrtles and arbutus, they form groves from twenty to thirty feet high. But it is not only the great beauty of the vegetation, the substantial granite cottages, and the neat appearance of the people, which is so striking, but the contrasts of scenery you are perpetually encountering. Now you emerge on vast moors, brown or purple with heath, without one sign of cultivation as far as the eye can reach, uninterrupted but by the fragments or boulders of primeval granite, strewn far and wide like the vast desolations of some immense city, passed away in the night of long departed centuries; or else piled up in fantastic form, as though by the witchery and spite of demons, poised on pinnacles whence they appear as though they must inevitably be hurled: and beyond is the vast and dark and desolate ocean, roaring amidst wild cliffs and caverns. Then suddenly you descend into a beautiful and romantic dell. Acacias, Spanish chestnuts, and ornamental trees, playful

and wild brooks, cottages in the midst of tall groves of myrtle, peep on every side; and the peasants, in their neat dresses, reading or knitting, or perhaps teaching their children at their cottage door. One moment, the bleak moor, with its granite and its ocean, sends you back to the idea of Eternity, and everything that is solemn, vast, and awful; the next, the sweet smiling seclusion, and the brilliant showers of frail blossoms surrounding you on all sides, bring every image of comfort, gaiety, and cheerfulness.

“At Lostwithiel is a most beautiful ruin called Restormel Castle. I think your friend Lord Erskine’s eldest son takes his title from it. At Saint Austell’s, too, is one of the greatest curiosities of England — Carclaze mine. It is almost the only mine — I believe the only one — which is an open mine; so that from the mouth you look down to a vast depth, where you see the miners at work. Truro is the last stage between Plymouth and Falmouth. It has not improperly been called the Bath of Cornwall. It is beautiful for situation; handsomely, even elegantly built; the streets are wide, the architecture well designed, and the granite material always gives a noble and substantial effect. You feel you are looking on the same which, in Egypt, presents us with the memorial of the skill of forty past centuries. I looked at Truro with interest, as the birthplace of Henry Martyn: but I own, after a fatiguing day’s journey, as we entered the carriage to descend from it next time, fagged and wearied, at the house of friends where I had never set foot before, I felt not a few misgivings; sometimes congratulating myself with being near my journey’s end; sometimes earnestly wishing it were yet

further off. As we proceeded, the country was increasingly beautiful. We passed near Gwennap, a place celebrated in the annals of Methodism, being the natural amphitheatre in which the venerable John Wesley so often addressed the multitudes around. Near Gwennap is a place worth seeing, called Carnon Stream Works. Instead of mining for tin, they here direct streams over the sides of the hills, so as to wash down the loose tin, which is here termed 'Stream Tin.' Here have been found many interesting antiquities; a pickaxe made of elk's horn, flint arrow-heads, and human skeletons buried beneath several strata (alternately of fresh water and marine shells) near twenty-four feet from the present surface of the ground. Evening was quite closed in when we entered Falmouth. We drove through the town, which terminates in a row of good, even elegant, houses on a terrace, which is there called 'The Bank,' raised about twelve or fourteen feet above the sea, but not defended even by a parapet wall. The very last house is our dear friend Mrs. Fox's. There is a portico, and a few steps up, just as it is at Earham; and on these steps all this kind family came to welcome us. Oh! how delightful did their cordial welcome, their cheerful countenances, and their hospitable house, seem after our long journey. Fatigue vanished in a moment; and the first five minutes seemed to bring the established cheerful and placid peace of a friendship of years. How I do love Friends!"

To the same.

“My very dear Friend,

“I must now tell you of our excursion to Marazion and Penzance. . . . The rain cleared, the mist rolled away over the hills, and at once unfolded, as if by magic, the beautiful expanse of Mount’s Bay at our feet. Towering in the centre, opposite the village of Marazion, St. Michael’s Mount — like the queen of the ocean in the midst of the sea — raises its hoary granite head crowned with lofty Gothic towers and battlements, then diademed with sunbeams, whilst vast mis-shapen and disjoined crags of rock, reaching far and wide in scattered profusion, present an impregnable barrier to the billows foaming around its base. . . . Much of the beauty of this scene arises, too, from the dispersed villages being built of granite, which, like our ecclesiastical architecture, is of a colour to catch mellow and rich light, and yet to harmonise perfectly with the landscape colours and the bright green serpentine rocks, rich in flowers, and especially producing the beautiful *Erica vagans*, which is found in great profusion, scattered over the serpentine district.

“Beyond is Marazion, famous for its beautiful Mount, which is rich in tin, in topaz, chalcedony, and garnet. It is separated from the main-land by rocks extending about a quarter of a mile, which at ebb tide may be crossed on foot like a rude bridge, but at half tide are impassable but in a boat.

“The village is venerable for its high antiquity, and for the history universal tradition attaches to it, and which geological research, so far as it goes, seems to confirm.

“Three thousand years ago, when the Phœnicians are said to have traded to Cornwall for tin, and the fleets of Hiram and Solomon visited our distant shores, this place was the spot they more particularly resorted to, as, indeed, it is peculiarly rich in metals.

“Our own earlier historians tell us that then Mount’s Bay was not, but that a forest, deep and wild and venerable, and the scene of many Druidic rites, occupied the whole of what is now its beautiful expanse; and St. Michael’s Mount, called in Doomsday and all our ancient records ‘the hoar Mount in the wood,’ is said then to have lifted up its venerable front as a beacon and landmark in the midst of dark forests, six miles distant from the sea; and accordingly, in the geological researches, since the establishment of the Cornish Geological Society in 1812, it has been found that roots and trees, in short, a complete submarine forest, exists about four feet beneath the sand of the bay.

“In these remote times, then, long before the sea was there, it is said that Solomon’s and Hiram’s fleets were once cast away amongst its wild rocks and caverns. Some few of the adventurous mariners are said to have escaped death, but their fleet, their friends, their means of return were cut off, and after wandering about on these shores, where the Druidical superstitions forbade their mingling with the savage Britons, the friendless Israelites here raised a few huts which grew into a village, which they called,

from their distress, *Mara Zion!* or The Affliction of Zion. Here, it is said, they raised an altar to the True God, first consecrating our shores in the night of distant centuries of paganism; and the hills of Penzance, and the deep caverns and crags of St. Michael's Mount, whilst their tin-veins first afforded occupation to these outcasts of Israel, remain consecrated to every English and Christian heart, as having first heard the anthems of Zion, and awakened their echoes to the name and the praise of the One only true and eternal God, blessed for ever.

“Frequently, in this and other parts of Cornwall, are found hollowed places containing scorixæ and slag, and many lumps of refined tin, which are called ‘Jews’ houses,’ and ‘Jews’ house tin,’ from a belief that these were the spots where the Jews were wont to smelt their tin ore. It is thought they smelted it by the simple process of blowing through tubes, which is a way similar to that practised by the North American Indians, who, even now, are in the habit of smelting metals by blowing flame upon them through bamboo tubes, which produces a fire as fierce as that of a furnace, though much smaller in extent; so we see that the blow-pipe, instead of being a new, is in truth a very ancient invention.

“Such are the records tradition has handed down about Marazion. How far they are true or not, how far they are, as the Catholics say, matters of faith or only of respectful silence, I cannot determine; but at all events they are pleasant to Christian imaginations, and grateful to Christian hearts, and I will not quarrel with them, since they changed the feelings with which I might otherwise

have looked on the little fishing town of Marazion into those of interest and veneration."

To the same.

"After we had dined, we went to see the town of Penzance, which is a very beautiful one, and which bears a peculiar character, imparted to it by that of its inhabitants. The granite houses, covered with myrtles, passion flowers, and geraniums; the gurgling brooks of clear water down the centre of every street; the numerous scientific institutions, libraries, and lecture-rooms, form a combination of rural scenery, rusticity, and science, which seems to unite at once a sense of being in a remote place, centuries behind the rest of England in luxury, yet very far before it in information.

"The church is a neat one, and the burial-place seemed crowded with tombs, probably because of the imperishable nature of the granite slabs of which they are composed; and it seemed strange to me to see so many memorials of unknown generations passed away, recorded in the same material which tells of the victories of Sesostris or the pride and superstition of Cheops.

"This churchyard opens into a vast burial-ground, whose wide extent and crowded monumental tablets almost make it seem, not like the cemetery of a country town, but like one vast city of the dead. This is the burial-ground of strangers, and has from time immemorial engulfed the succeeding multitudes sent here, from all quarters of

Europe, in the delusive hope of restoration from this mild summer-like climate. Names, not only from every part of England, but from Germany, Holland, from France — nay — many from Rome, had here found an early grave; and as I looked on this vast mortuary field, containing names from so many nations, and kindreds, and tongues, who had here sought bodily health, I could not help feeling a prayer rise in my heart that they might be found in that vast assembly gathered from the east, and west, and north, and south, who have sought that true health which, at the Great Physician's hands, shall never be sought in vain.

“ It being now almost getting dark, we returned to our inn, which we soon found was overflowing with the influx of Friends for the Marazion Monthly Meeting. Accordingly, next day, we rose early, and having breakfasted with all despatch, set off for Marazion. As we pursued our lonely way, the scenery was most striking. It was a fine, but yet blowing day, the vast bay covered with curling waves, rushing in and crested with foam, the clouds swiftly chasing each other, so as sometimes to leave St. Michael's Mount in deep shadow, sometimes to illuminate it with sudden light; the breakers of surge roaring amidst its caverns, and leaping up its sides, and boiling amidst the huge disjoined crags which surround its base; whilst the meadow-land and hills on the other side were rendered picturesque from the various groups of Friends pouring down in all directions, and bound, like ourselves, to the Meeting. Some were walking, others in carts, in every shade of orthodox drab and brown, others in gigs; and, had the characteristic hat and

orthodox bonnet been wanting, the sober and staid pace of both gig and riding-horses would immediately have convinced me they had been brought up from early youth in Friends' principles. And, as almost all the party greeted me with a nod and kind looks, I concluded our un-Friendly yellow chariot was redeemed by the orthodoxy of Frances's and my bonnets. As I looked at the various parties I could not help thinking how good, how kind, and respectable Friends appeared. We, however, whose horses were not so orthodox, soon gained upon them, and left them far behind; and when we got to Marazion, I should have been at a loss to direct our driver to find the inn where we were to meet our dear friends, had not a large open and crowded space, and a whole phalanx of silk bonnets and broad-brim hats at the door, over which was painted a most un-radiant star or sun (which, to quote Milton, was utterly 'shorn of his beams'), given me the information that we were arrived at our destination. Accordingly, we soon recognised our beloved friends. It being now time, we proceeded.

"The Fox family and the Barclays seemed half to fill this little Meeting; and the neatness and nicety of their dress formed a touching contrast to the rusticity of the place. In the gallery sat J. K., a man of oratory almost as diffuse as even this epistle of mine, by him Maria Fox, and next to her our dear friend.

"As the Meeting gathered, the effect to me was most striking. The deep silence, interrupted only by the rushing of the wind and the monotonous roar of the waves upon the shore; the persons before me, and especially Maria Fox,

—whom I had so often seen in Bath, gay, and adorning such different society, and as I looked upon her countenance, oh ! how in an instant, as in Mr. Crabbe's 'Parting Hour,' did I feel the work of years, and as in his poem the power of God is exhibited in tearing away the gay visions of earth, so here immediately gushed upon the heart His goodness and His power in substituting for them the enjoyment of heaven.

"How wonderful did it seem to me, when she rose up and opened her lips, to hear divinely taught wisdom stealing like dew upon the soul from one whom I so well remembered in such different scenes ; and bearing the evidence, too, of a teacher sent as a blessing from God. How affecting to the soul appeared the deep, the profound self-abasement and humility, with which this person, ever used to the admiration of polished society, now addressed the rustic assemblage, who, except her own family connexions, constituted the whole of her audience. The door of the Meeting was open : in the deep stillness my eye rested upon the sods which covered the graves of Edwin Price, Georgiana Barclay, and many of the friends and close relatives of those sitting around ; and how wonderful did it seem, as I looked on the party before me, and saw the unbroken and holy religious composure and deep communion resting on so many of their youthful countenances, to think that the tussock of rank grass, the weed, and the thistle, shivering in the wind, were really waving over the resting-places of those who, scarce two years, who scarce one year ago, were their companions, and who three years ago beamed with youth and health and strength like those I

then looked on. I cannot express the profound melancholy I felt as I gazed on their burial-place near this wild and desolate shore.

“ When the Meeting at length broke up, Mrs. Fox and Maria descended from the gallery, and kindly put me under the care of Miss ——. She is a lady, I suppose, about fifty; in appearance something between two very different persons — Miss Tucker, our late Moravian Labouress, and your former sentimental friend, Mrs. F. She has a most benevolent countenance; her dress is rather a worldly dress, stripped and shorn, than a plain dress, which I think has not an agreeable effect. Her manner is most kind, and all she says is good, though I think she has acquired a slight shade of that wailing tone so common, I know not why, amongst some evangelical people, which is not according to my taste. She is, however, a very excellent person, universally well spoken of, entirely devoted to a mother ninety-four years of age, whom she never leaves. She was most kind, and took me to her brother's house, which is a very handsome one; and also to a cottage he has on the cliff, which is truly beautiful; and we then walked on the beach, between Marazion and the Lizard. She was most obliging, yet I should have enjoyed her company more, if we had not been at cross purposes the whole time.

“I being very much bent on mineralogy, and knowing St. Michael's Mount to be a most celebrated place for minerals, and having but this hour, was longing to know all about them, whereas Miss —— also, having but this hour with a Bristol person, was intent on hearing the

biography of all the Bristol reputed saints, so that our conversation was much as follows:—

“Miss ——.— ‘You enjoy a great and unspeakable privilege, Madam, in being situated where you can so constantly have the advantage of sitting under Mr. ——’s ministry, and conversing with so many persons sound in doctrine.’

“M. A. S.— ‘Many persons of your Church, I believe, esteem it much.— But what a delightful situation you have so near St. Michael’s Mount, the richest place in England for specimens of minerals; many exhibiting such peculiarly good examples of perfect crystalline formations.’

“Miss ——.— ‘Do you know the Honourable Miss Powys, and Lady Southampton, and the Miss Buchans?’

“M. A. S.— ‘I have occasionally met them.—Pray have you collected many specimens of the topazes, amethysts, chalcedony, and tin ore, for which this Mount is so celebrated? or can you tell me where I can meet with them?’
&c. &c. &c. ——

“Miss —— talking like Christian in ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and I like Mammon in Milton’s ‘Paradise Lost.’ Thus we went on *à tort et à travers*, till half-past one, when Miss —— kindly took me to John Barclay’s, where we were to dine.’

To the same.

“ Sometimes I could distinguish the mother’s voice by its earnest and yearning tenderness; occasionally the deep voice of the father, in

serious exhortation; but oftener the little voices of the children, of whom it may be truly said, 'that God has perfected praise;' for the deep feeling of the love of God seems to live and glow in every little heart. Then I used to hear the trampling of many little feet, as the three children and their maid, and Frances and Emma, with Maria Fox, and a mule to assist in carrying the weary ones, used to set out in company, down the garden, and through the lane, to the beach, where, alone in the midst of the rocks and the caverns, and with no spectators but the shags and the sea-gulls, they used to bathe.

"It was pleasant to me, as I was dressing, to watch them coming back, winding along the cliffs; and, as they drew near, Maria, seated on her mule, with little Carry in her arms, Anna Maria by her side, and the others surrounding her, repeating their hymns and psalms, they used to look just like Raffaele's picture of the Holy Family in the Flight to Egypt. Maria's holy and maternal countenance on these occasions I shall never forget; nor the sweet and tender emotion of her children. Little Carry, especially, used to enjoy the ride. 'O Mamma,' said she, one day, 'do let me say my hymn louder, for the poor mule is listening, and cannot hear me.' Their return I used soon to know by Carry or Barclay besetting me, the moment I opened my door, to tell them stories of wild beasts.

"At half-past eight the loud stroke of a Chinese gong called the whole household to assemble for reading. As it resounded through the house and grounds, I thought of the gongs or cymbals used by caravans in the desert, to call the distant wayfaring pilgrims, and give them notice of

the wells of water ; and of the beautiful Scripture comparison, so often used in the Psalms and here literally fulfilled, of striking the high-sounding cymbal to call to the wells of salvation, and to bid everything that hath breath to praise the Lord."

To the same.

"You, my dear friend, who have always been in the bosom of your own family, and whose present associates do not place you beyond the reach of your early friends, and whose abode has not taken you for ever from the scenes of your early attachments, can scarcely imagine the exquisite and heart-cheering enjoyment it is to me to see those whom I remember as part of the scenery of my early life.

"It is pleasant to me, who live as it were amongst people of a foreign tongue, to look on countenances that have seen those I deeply love, to hear voices they have heard, and to see, as it were, a living memento of times long since for ever passed away, and living only deep buried in a heart-affecting and mournful remembrance.

"I never, I believe, see any one of my own family connexions without deeply feeling this ; and I have a love and real affection to them, of a sort I never can have to any others. It is as a bond of blood, which no distance of time or place can sever ; and I can never look on the face of a Barclay, without feeling that sort of love which we do to a tree or cot, which we remember, as part of the scenery of our childhood.

“How far more did I feel in this instance, where the more clearly I saw the more highly I valued. Never, I think, shall I forget the happy hours I spent with Maria in these afternoons. I expected the refreshment that a visit to our native country brings to one whose abode is in a land of strangers. I found it like a vision of Canaan to a heart still journeying and laden in the desert; a sweet refreshment, but a blessing too. My only regret was the absence of dear Lucy. Sometimes we talked over old times, then of many of our former friends, the various ways in which Divine mercy had met them, and the various paths by which they had been led. Then we spoke of ourselves, our former minds, and our own courses. I told her how at length, after passing through Methodism, I landed in the Moravian Church; and she told me how she became a Friend, and how she got to Falmouth, and how she became a preacher. She told me, too, of Agatha, of Rachel’s death, and of Elizabeth’s change; and all this interspersed, again and again, with her returning to her lovely children.

“Everything she said, though I believe I never expressed it, added to my esteem and true affection for her. There was a moderation, a deep humility, an unaffected but sterling truth and good sense without literary pretension, a practical wisdom, that made every word seem like the right one, neither too much nor too little. Open and frank, yet with prudence; a strictly conscientious but an experienced, and therefore a capacious-hearted Christian; a devoted mother, but seeking for her children, as for herself, good things rather than high things.

“I can scarcely say how very much I enjoyed these talks both with Maria and our dear friend at the Bank; yet they were altogether different in character. Towards our friend I felt almost the same kind of confidence, reliance, and affectionate veneration as to a parent; and I treasured up her words as lessons of deep wisdom and truth, as from lips that I had long been accustomed to venerate.

“Falmouth Meeting is said to have more convinced Friends than any other; and I no longer wonder (though I have not verified the prediction) that E. P. said to me as I went down: ‘Thou must beware of Falmouth; for all who inhale Falmouth air become Friends, if they were not so; and turn zealous Friends, if they were lukewarm ones.’

“But I forget, we are all this time in the summer-seat (in the long walk, where Maria and I had our talks) whilst evening is coming on: and it is almost time to see in the distance the little merry face of Carry, with Anna Maria and Barclay, preceding the walking party; and, as soon as they see us from the wicket, running up; Carry jumping and throwing her arms round my neck; Anna Maria gently seating herself at my knee, and softly kissing me; and Barclay standing by, taking my hand; and all proclaiming, it is time to tell them more stories; which accordingly, when they had dragged me by the shawl and gown into the drawing-room, and were seated, one on my knee, and the others about me, I generally did for twenty minutes before tea.

“After which, Robert would show us experiments; a few amusing ones, with which the children were delighted,

and the principles of which he explained to them; after which they generally retired to bed. Imagine the back drawing-room strewn with reflectors, and magnets, and specimens of iron, and borax, cobalt, copper ore, blow-pipes, platina, &c. &c.; deflagrations, fusions, and detonations, on every side; whilst we were deeply interested in watching the fusions of the ores, or their assaying; only that now and then I, having a house of my own, had a fellow-feeling with Maria, at seeing a certain beautiful zebra-wood table splashed with melted lead or silver, and the chased Bury Hill candlestick deluged with acids.

“Whilst we were thus engaged, after the children went, Maria would withdraw. She made a point every night of sitting a little with each of them, reading to them some short portion of Scripture, or allowing them to repeat anything they might have learnt of their own accord, or might have on their minds to say. She would converse a little with them, and have a little silence, leading each to self-examination if they had told the truth, and lived in love, and been obedient. This time the children looked forward to as the happiest of the whole day. I can scarcely say how valuable I think this habit is to them, nor the sweet and confidential and religious influence it seems to spread over their lives. A little after ten the supper made its appearance. Soon after, I went up to bed. Maria generally accompanied me, and stayed, perhaps, five, or at most, ten minutes in my room; ending the day with her household, with her guests, as with her children, in some sweet and quiet intercourse. I felt it like the prophet's evening blessing, or as heavenly dew falling on the heart, pene-

trating, and refreshing, and preparing it to wait in spirit and in truth upon the Lord of the household Himself."

Mrs. SchimmelPenninck looked back to this period with peculiar interest. After her visit to Falmouth, she passed some time in London and its neighbourhood. Her stay principally was with her kind friends at Bruce Grove, Tottenham, and from thence she visited many friends and relations. Circumstances prevented her from seeing her cousins at Earlham; but she enjoyed intercourse with Mrs. Fry, and other members of the Gurney family. She thus writes of a visit she paid to her relations, the late Mr. and Mrs. Barclay.

"I have not yet said how much we enjoyed a visit of ten days at Bury Hill. It was quite a treat to be once more with Agatha, and to meet Elizabeth. It was indeed encouraging and heart-cheering to be with them. I only longed that Maria and her dear children had been with us to complete the party. Elizabeth seemed, for her, well and comfortable: and Agatha quite of one spirit with her sister, differing only in garb. Mr. and Mrs. Barclay were most kind, and I seldom paid a visit in which all the members of the family appeared, from first to last, more usefully and honourably employed, and in which all appeared guided more by real principle. It was a truly delightful visit."

But amongst the kindnesses she received, and the delight of renewing old ties, there was nothing upon which she oftener loved to dwell than intercourse she at this time enjoyed with Hannah Kilham, the devoted missionary and martyr in the cause of Africa. Hannah Kilham had just,

returned from her first visit to that country. Through subsequent years Mrs. SchimmelPenninck often spoke of her as one of the most single-minded persons she had ever known, and as one who, in her deep abhorrence and condemnation of sin, and in her boundless love to the sinner, in an eminent degree possessed the spirit of her Master, and trod in His footsteps. The final sacrifice of her life in the cause to which she had devoted it, was ever a subject of much feeling to Mrs. SchimmelPenninck.

CHAP. IX.

1837—1846.

“Affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is not love.”—BACON.

THE last day of 1837 was a Sunday. Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck had just returned from the Moravian chapel; her friend Mrs. Richard Smith had called, and was sitting by her side, and Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was speaking with earnestness on the work of the Holy Spirit, when in a moment she was seized with paralysis; life seemed to stand still; she thought herself dying, and made an exclamation to that effect. Happily, medical help was near at hand. Dr. Riley happened to be passing, and was with her in a few moments: he bled her, and ordered other remedies; and after a time the powers of life began to return, her speech became more articulate and her mind clearer.

Though this attack of paralysis was called slight by her medical attendants, and probably was so in reality, yet long years passed ere she recovered from its effects. Up to this

time, in all Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's fragile health, her clear and vigorous mind was ready at her command; in all sorrow her intellectual pursuits were her first earthly resource: now for a season it was to be otherwise. During this long illness she continually felt as if the powers of her mind had escaped from her control, and as if its clearness were dimmed and its elasticity gone. The whole of her right side was more or less affected, and this state was accompanied by a restlessness which was more difficult to bear than pain; but it was borne, as were all her sufferings, meekly and cheerfully; and in a few weeks the severity of the attack began to pass away. Change was considered very important, and her first move was to Henbury Court, where, in the early spring, she was received by her dear and valued friends, Mr. Stock, and his daughter, Mrs. Butterworth; and where she enjoyed that perfect liberty and tender kindness which her state required.

Previously to this time Mrs. SchimmelPenninck had consulted the well-known Dr. Jephson. She had passed some weeks of the winter of 1836 under his medical care at Leamington; and the discipline of walking before meals, and his peculiar regimen, proved extremely useful to her. I have often heard her and the dear friend who was her companion at Leamington, speak of their sallying forth by lamplight in the early winter mornings, to carry out the wishes of her doctor and kind friend.

In the present serious illness, Dr. Jephson was again applied to; and, ere very long, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck undertook the journey to Leamington, again to be under his care. His advice was very valuable: and some of the

habits which she adopted, at first in compliance with his desire, were continued with advantage and comfort through the rest of her life. She often spoke of Dr. Jephson with lively gratitude. She found this justly celebrated man more than a skilful doctor; he proved himself a disinterested friend.

It was in reference to her state at this time, that one expressively writes:—

“Truly it is a divine power that can give wings to the soul, and elevate it above the infirmities of suffering nature, bestowing the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, and stirring up the earnest and effective desire to be

“ ‘ Not thankful when it pleaseth me,
As though Thy mercies had spare days;
But such a heart whose pulse may be
Thy praise.’ ”

The health of Mr. SchimmelPenninck had also long been in a very precarious state; many infirmities were advancing upon him; and in the hope that a change to Clifton might prove beneficial to them both, a suitable house was sought there, and eventually found in Harley Place, where they removed in September, 1838. This change of residence was advantageous in many ways. The house was peculiarly cheerful and pleasant; the proximity to the Down enabled Mrs. SchimmelPenninck to pursue the daily walks which were useful and refreshing alike to her mind and body; while the clear fine air was not without a favourable influence on the health of her husband, whose failing powers confined him principally to the house;

but the improvement was of short duration. He bore with great patience many privations and much suffering incident to his state; and died in June, 1840. Never was there a kinder heart than his. Till his mind became affected by illness, he had at command a large fund of information; he was an eminently good historian, was fond of literature and the arts, especially of music and painting, and had a peculiar insight into character; nothing escaped his observation. One, who had the opportunity of judging, speaks of "his modest worth and kindliness," and of "his proud delight in his richly endowed wife;" he had no greater pleasure than listening to her music or her praises!

Time passed on, and step by step Mrs. SchimmelPeninck's mind and powers recovered their elasticity and brightness, if not their strength. She resumed her habitual pursuits; though from this time she led a comparatively secluded life, and was much separated from general society, for which, indeed, her health unfitted her. But in many respects these years of necessary seclusion were full of increasing blessing and happiness, both to herself and to those intimately associated with her.

Meanwhile, time had likewise wrought many changes with her friend, Mrs. Richard Smith. She too had lost her husband, and had subsequently removed to a pretty cottage at Stoke Bishop; and though the distance of two or three miles had modified the intercourse between these attached friends, yet many days rarely passed without their meeting. One morning in each week Mrs. Smith always spent in Harley Place; and cordially was her arrival, with her nosegay of sweet flowers, hailed by each member of

the household. All loved her, and learnt to look upon her as a dear and honoured friend ; many, in return, were the happy visits Mrs. SchimmelPenninck paid to her. Very frequently, too, when Mrs. Smith left home, she lent her cottage to her friend. It was on such an occasion that Mrs. SchimmelPenninck wrote :—

“ July 14th.

“ My very dear Friend,

“ This, though the first essay of taking pen in hand since I have been at the cottage, is yet not the first, by hundreds of times, that I have most affectionately and gratefully thought of you, and thanked you in my heart. I can scarcely tell you, though still very far from well, how the stay at this peaceful cottage has revived me. I miss you at every moment, and long every day that we were reading our Hebrew Psalms, or some other thing together ; yet I can hardly tell you how I enjoy the sweet country, the freshness of the turf, and the delightful shade of the walnut tree, under which we have been sitting and reading for the last hour. I cannot yet either read, or attend to reading, steadily ; my mind seems to partake of the uncommon prostration I now feel. I am unable to walk much, or think much, or reflect any distinct mental image. Therefore it is I cannot write with ease, for my mind is as a troubled brook, or like our muddy Avon, that reflects no image distinctly ; and consequently I cannot in words portray that of which I have no original image before me . . . I am still reading ‘ Lady Powerscourt’s Letters ’ which I like so much. I take a letter, and mostly light upon

something which furnishes a subject for prayer or meditation, or opens up some passage of Scripture in a new point of view ; so that I find one letter of hers furnishes ample subject of reflection for many days.

“How truly blessed a person she was. Sometimes, indeed, you detect what I should call the religious fashions and questions of the day, which I think not agreeable ; but then you constantly see, cropping from under all, the Rock of ages ; and she expresses sentiments, and details experiences, which she has learnt not from men, but from our Lord Himself. This it is which gives such deep value to her book, though it is not without many light and trivial expressions, and commonly repeated phrases, which one wishes omitted, and yet even these, perhaps, add to the appearance of genuineness ; they exhibit the earthen vessel containing the treasure of God. It seems to me that ‘Adam’s Private Thoughts,’ and ‘Lady Powerscourt’s Letters,’ together form a spiritual library ; the one showing the demerits of man, the other the fulness of Christ.”

“My dear Friend,

“It is a real trial to me when I do not see you. We have now been walking side by side many, very many years. When we could use our minds continuously, how many pleasant hours have we spent, exercising them on the words of our Lord, sometimes more solemnly, sometimes more intellectually, sometimes more interiorly, and sometimes even sportively. How often I think of those times with blessing ; for whenever He, the Sun of our souls, shines, whether it be in full glory on the deep and vast

ocean of Divine truth; or whether in sparkles on some little rill of living water, or sportively in the fancy about truth; yet wherever His light is, how beautiful, and pure, and holy is it there! And now, my dear, my long-loved friend, though many of these pleasures are ended, many comforts continue, as we descend, still side by side, and step by step, into the deep valley, through which the Jordan flows, that separates the wilderness from the blessed Land of Promise.

“How pleasant, as our sphere below in everything narrows, to feel that when things on earth fail, those above expand and send forth their roots, in deep evening strength; and how sweet it is to talk with those who, by experience, can say that, in the sliding away of all, they find Him, the Rock, all-sufficient, and, amidst the poverty of health and strength, have His ‘unsearchable riches’ overflowing. O let us cheer ourselves and each other, with the thought of such a Saviour!”

On the publication of the life of Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck read it with deep interest. She says of it, in writing to Mrs. Smith:—

“There is no wonderful incident in this book, nothing to dazzle; but there truly is felt the commanding influence of integrity of heart and conscience, elevation of character, the paramount value of a deep foundation on the word of God; a concentration of all the powers of mind, heart, and body, to one great, not human, but Divine purpose; the impregnable strength of going forth armed with deep humility and with the sword of the Spirit, and clad in that panoply of God which Saint Paul describes in the sixth of Ephesians. Truly it is impossible to read that book

without feeling what may be achieved through the instrumentality of one man, if that man indeed walk truly with God. In mortal life God was his invincible shield in his arduous warfare; as in immortal life God is, no doubt, his surpassingly great reward. Truly this is a book to water the root of character, to nourish life and power, and to elevate the heart."

I know not how better to convey a just idea of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck at this time, and especially of her interior life, than by again permitting her own pen to speak for her. She writes to her early and dear friend Mrs. Lloyd: ". How, when we come to middle life, this earth, the land of shadows, begins to glide on our backward view; and the eternal world, the land of realities, begins to grow upon the forward horizon! A brighter glory beams upon its everlasting hills; the bulwarks of the celestial city seem to start into rich tints of living light; and the songs of joy and hymns of thanksgiving, to meet our ear, as our eyes descry so many familiar and endeared faces, amidst its blessed and happy inhabitants. Oh! how every religious tie, loosed in time, binds us faster to Eternity!

"I believe I have had these feelings lately, from my own ill health having confined me many weeks to my room. As we go on in the voyage of life, how some grey hair, or some illness—like the land-bird, or the gulf-weed, to the long-toiling mariner—tells us that, though not yet in sight, the land is drawing near, the port is at hand; and happy, most happy, is he who, on a good foundation, expects the glad, 'Well done, thou faithful servant!' of his

King, and the glad welcome of his friends already landed, to cheer his spirit as he springs upon that happy land which is in reality his native shore."

To the same friend, when in extreme illness, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck writes:—

"My very dear and most honoured Friend,

"I have only this moment received the account of your increased illness. How I wish I might once more see you, if it were our Lord's will! But as it is not, I earnestly wish by my pen to try at least to thank you, most gratefully and affectionately, for all the long-continued faithful kindness and friendship I have experienced from you, in trial and in prosperity, in good and under evil report; in youth to old age—even from my fifteenth to my seventy-fifth year. May our Lord bless you abundantly for all!

"And, my very dear friend, may I join my deep thanksgiving to yours, for that 'peace which passeth all understanding,' which He now gives you. May His communion be sweet to you; and as we draw near to our home, how very precious, how fully sustaining, does His great sacrifice (as the means through which His boundless mercy flows) appear to us. We are both, far, very far advanced in our course, and nearing our home. How differently do things appear to us at the beginning and the end of our lives! And how all we have passed through seems again brought before us, and to be seen only in its bearing upon our Father's house. How great many circumstances appear, which at the time seemed trivial; and how very

many which appeared momentous shrink into next to nothing. And how, in the heart of our Lord, we seem not only to feel the blessing of His love, but, through Him, of renewed and purified union with all those He has bound us to, through time: those whom He has made the means of helping us, by their love or their discipline. I know not how to tell you how affectionately, and gratefully, and reverently, I feel your long and unvarying kindness. How little did I think, in the first tea-visit I almost ever paid, when as a child you handed me a piece of your bride-cake, that in you I should find the person sent to uphold me, when forsaken by others. How often has a line from you, nay, the very *remembrance* of you, seemed to strengthen my heart, and to be made a means of lifting up the hands that hung down, and of strengthening the feeble knees. O my very dear cousin, great as is the blessing afforded by kindness, I believe the greatest of *all* is, that it is so often the means of renewing and brightening our faith in Him who has put it into the hearts of others to help us, and who thus become instruments, through *their* love, to bring home a renewed sense of *His* love and His care to us.

“Farewell! I know this illness will have been to the glory of God. May your dear family, and all about you, feel the great blessing and privilege of being permitted to be in the sick room where our Lord’s presence is, and to watch by that bed around which His angels encamp. May they find it like the years of plenty, when corn may be reaped in abundance, and when the wise will diligently lay up against the time of famine.

“Farewell! Remember me before Him you have so

often taught me to love; and pray that He would vouchsafe to have mercy upon me too, and that I may, when the little that remains of my course is ended, again with you, find a place at His feet above."

There were few persons admitted to familiar intercourse with Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, who did not at some time or other seek her counsel, in some of the complicated relations of life. The readiness and sympathy with which she entered into the circumstances thus brought before her, and her wisdom, in the discernment and exposition of the true principles by which a course of conduct, in any given case, should be directed, are illustrated in the following letter, which, though long, is inserted for the sake of the views it contains on the subject of female education; a subject on which she had bestowed much thought, and of which we have no other record.

To the Lady ——.

"My dear Lady ——

"I now hasten to reply to your letter received yesterday. I am truly concerned to hear you are so little well, and I much wish we could speak on the subject of your letter. It is a deeply important one. But on every subject, if we wish to act wisely, it is necessary, first, to see our course clearly, and as a means to this, to have a distinct perception of the aim and object we really have in view. Now the term education is one so indefinite, that as many

various ideas may be assigned to it as there are writers on the subject, and to know how to proceed in education, we must first know if we are of the same mind as to what education is or ought to be.

“Some consider the education of a young lady to consist in learning how to make nets to catch affections, not cages to keep them when caught; others consider it to be turning the human subject into a living encyclopædia; but neither of these, I am convinced, is *your* view. I believe you think that education (*e-duco*) is the drawing forth and cultivating of those powers of body, mind, and heart, which our Lord has bestowed on each individual, so as to have all the tools He has entrusted to His children burnished, well set, and in good order, to execute whatever work He in His word and providential leading has or may appoint them. And that, therefore, it is not so much this individual science or that accomplishment which is to be brought to high perfection, but rather that general power, cultivation, strength, self-discipline and steadfastness of purpose, which shall give the ability of effectually turning the powers of the heart, the mind and body, to the actual duties and purposes and refreshing influences of a scriptural woman’s life.

“Now, then, my dear Lady —, as all that is valuable for happiness depends on being truly in God’s order, let me first observe, that His order for men and women is widely different; and, consequently, that their education must partake of a corresponding difference.

“Man typifies Christ, who is self-subsistent; woman the Church, which is dependent and subservient, though united to Him. Man, in the affairs of life, is a substantive; woman

the adjective to agree with it. The education of men must then be positive, that is, it must tend to some positive and determinate destination. He is to be a statesman or a philosopher, a poet or a divine; and all his education (however distinct the rays of knowledge) must yet converge to that point.

“With respect to a woman the case is far otherwise. She has no fixed destiny but the blessed one of being a helper. Her education then, must be a continual training of all her faculties and powers; to be ready with each, to take up or lay down this, that, or the other, as may be the future pursuit of her husband, her father, or her brother; or the future calls of the sick-room, the school-room, the dispenser to the poor, or the claims of the social or domestic circle.

“It would not be well for a woman to resemble Mrs. M——, of whom it is told (I doubt not calumniously), that when requested to go to her husband in the article of death, replied, ‘Wretch! could he not have stayed till I had accomplished “The Retreat of the Ten Thousand!!”’

“A woman should have the principles of various things (observe, not a smattering of the superficialities, but the principles) well laid, so as to be able with ease to go on with anything which may be necessary, and to feel no great disappointment in having to turn from one to the other. And as woman is appointed by God as a helper, and her sceptre is the Gospel promise given to her, so now, in this fallen state, she should especially be grounded in Christian love and truth; and as she was the means of the fall, so not only should she abound in shamefacedness and sobriety, silence, quietness, and simplicity of dress, in modesty and

humility, but also she should carry out that destiny appointed at first in innocence, through the condition of the fall she had occasioned. And as separation from God, sin, death, ignorance, and poverty (the earth cursed), are the fruits of the fall, so in all these she is especially to be the helper: that is to say, in the holding up of the Gospel hope, and herself abiding in it; by her being the educator of the uninstructed; the nurse and comforter in sickness; the wise and generous economist; the help in poverty; the cheerer of the domestic circle, by leading others from the carking cares of life to the light within the dwelling; that domestic sunshine which has the double beam of divine and brotherly love.

“I have made this long preface, because I think the ground of what follows will be better understood, and without it would probably be unintelligible.

“It does, then, seem to me, that it is far more important to have a thoroughly well educated and well informed governess than a very erudite or a very accomplished one. I would seek a person of principle, of good habits, well-trained, and who had associated with well-informed people; one who rather knew how to teach and how to train, than one who possessed any very eminent talent. I think she should instruct C—— in arithmetic, geography, history, and a course of English literature; to which I should add, what you will, perhaps, smile at, working and cutting out thoroughly, and visiting the poor. I should have masters for drawing, music, German, and Italian. These will teach their respective arts better than any general teacher can do. But I would have a governess knowing enough

of these things thoroughly to superintend the pupil's practice.

“She should also possess a complete knowledge of the Bible, of the customs and manners of the Jews, of the geography of Scripture; and of all which, in the perceptive age of childhood, invests Scripture with a tangible and sensible reality. And she should be a person of energy, industry, self-denial, and order, and of truly religious principle. Such a governess, I believe, would be a real blessing; but I do decidedly think it far preferable to have a governess to draw forth the powers in general, and to have masters for excellence in any particular study. My reasons are these:—It is almost impossible to have a person excel in any one talent, say music, without a sacrifice of much time to that individual thing, which consequently assumes an undue importance. A young person ought not to sing like a public performer; but as one who shows in her degree of skill and want of skill that she has given the time needful to cheer the domestic circle, but that she has not sacrificed that which might win public plaudits. You will never have a very highly accomplished teacher who does not inspire her pupil with a false sense of the relation accomplishments bear to the general mental powers and character.

“Secondly. All great excellence in individual pursuit takes much time and labour. Now we have but a certain proportion of strength and energy, and it is far more important that the governess reserve her powers for mental and moral culture and good habits, and that the master

who comes in should give his fresh untired powers to the pupil, who also is helped by the freshness of another.

“This practically is of much more importance than at first appears. In travelling the journey of life, the poor human post-horse must not the moment one stage is ended begin another, but lie by for a season, whilst fresh ones come on.

“Some rules I would enforce. For example, I would never allow time to be wasted on second-rate books. I would not read a great variety, but every author should be a standard one.

“Nothing is a greater waste of time than reading poor books. The best historian, the best poet, the best naturalist, the best scriptural work, the best music, the best drawings, are necessary to form a correct mind and taste.

“Next, always require the mind to be fully given to the subject in hand, and let each thing be done thoroughly. If she read history, let her consult maps, biographical dictionaries, &c., as she goes on. If she learn music, let her thoroughly parse each piece she plays; its mode, its key, its change of keys, how effected, whether by ascending to the subdominant, rising to the dominant, or whether to its relative scale, in short, let her know the grammar of her music. If she draw, let her in like manner understand perspective, or if she draw figures, the general anatomy, &c.

“In short, whatever she learn let it be really and truly learnt, not built up on high, but dug down deeply. This is much connected with intrinsicness of mental and moral character.

“Thirdly, to give a fixed portion of time without fail to wait upon God in silence, and to pause between the hours of study and those of social refreshment, and never to rush from one to the other, but from every ray again to return to the centre, before a new course is started.

“One more observation. You speak of *tact*, &c. &c. I earnestly wish you to give up all thought of it in your governess. How little can we find all we desire either in ourselves or others, and how much have we to bear, I speak not now of sin, but from the unavoidable deficiencies of both. If we gain the essentials, we shall have, and it is the will of God we *should* have with them, much, very much in which to exercise self-denial. Let us then beware of seeking almost incompatible things. Now I am not sure whether *tact*, &c. be one of the things likely to be found in a good and efficient governess. Let us remember that a teacher should be studious and her converse is with books; her liege lady meanwhile has acquired *tact* in being conversant, not with books, but with men. The one supposes an isolated, the other a social life. The one supposes at least the early and youthful education to have been secluded and strict, the other supposes a youth formed by a large admixture of society. Can they co-exist in the same person? Again, the one must learn to think accurately, to discover false from true, to trace a severe and sharp outline of thought; the other learns to amalgamate differences, to hide the angular, to blend and lose the distinct hard outline in a sort of pigeon-necked or rainbow halo of brightness, which, however it may be for social adorn-

ment, is yet very opposite to the distinctness of scientific truth.

“Let us remember that every class of society has its own glory. The poor, his physical strength; the middle, the power of mental research; the elevated, the charm of manner, the amalgam which fits them as keystones to solidify the arch of society. Then let us each rejoice in our own, and rejoice in our neighbours’ gifts, but not expect to find all united in one.

“And now one word more, my dear Lady ———. I do grieve you are unwell. How earnestly I wish you would not do too much. Remember what poor little creatures we all are, and let us be content in our littleness. Do not then try to be both spring, wheels, and hands in the household timepiece. You are the mainspring, it is no small thing to keep that in order. You must hold up your hands like Moses, whilst the others fight the battle. Do not attempt to teach C—— yourself. Keep yourself for the spiritual and moral influence of your household. That which comes in from time to time has more weight than what is constantly in action, and he who comes in as judge will find his judgment weigh more than if he made himself a party.

“It is then far best that you be only mainspring, that you keep much time to yourself, and only direct the governess. How our Father furnishes us bountifully for what we truly have to do, but not lavishly to squander on what He does not require of us. We must then be true economists, not only to be generous, but even to be just, alike in the expenditure of money, of time, of mind, and, per-

haps, above all, of actual power and energy. I have often thought that, if you would allow me, I should like to ask you to beware of the temptation of the single-minded, which is by labouring either on a greater variety of objects, or more violently in degree than is required, occasioning the counteraction of debility and prostration of heart, and spirits, and hope. We must copy Joseph, and in the time of plenty (of animal strength as of corn) husband our resources for the reaction which will certainly follow, and which is its necessary antagonist.

“I wish then you may be the temporal head of your house in its double capacity of a little church and a little kingdom; that for this you would wait on our Lord continually for wisdom and strength; that you would allot and appoint everything, but that you wholly devoted the execution to others. I think, also, that the governess, except at meal times and the times you should specifically appoint, should consider the school-room as her abode, that you may not beyond measure be tried by *anti-tact*. . . .

“I have now only to add that, whether you think with me or do not, it would give me most heartfelt pleasure to help you if I could. . . .

“Pray excuse this letter. It has been written in bed with the influenza, but I wish not to delay, and I send it with all its faults on its head. I do wish you could have come with or without C——, as you saw fit, and have stayed for a week if you could have been comfortable. The dining and book-rooms should have been your own till dinner, and we could have talked over these things.

. I am very tired, and can scarcely hold the pen to add with how much affection and heartfelt esteem,

“ I am yours,

“ M. A. SCHIMMELPENNINCK.

“ Harley Place,

“ January 13th and 14th, 1847.”

Mrs. SchimmelPenninck often wrote letters of consolation to her friends in times of trial or sorrow, — the two following are of this character : —

“ My dear and highly valued Friend,

“ Surely I need not say that you and yours have scarcely been one waking moment absent from our hearts ; but oh ! how difficult does it seem to give utterance to any distinct thought in this astounding dispensation. Yet the deep, the full, and most certain assurance that God is faithful, and that God is love, stand out, like two blessed beacons of light and hope, amidst the inscrutable mystery. From our inmost hearts do we bless Him for the support which He, the God of all consolation, gives to you, and through you to others. What comfort is there in the deepest sorrow, when we feel Him near. And He, whose faithfulness you abundantly experience, has He been less faithful to one whom He loved even more than you love ? He who is your Shepherd, had He not also the same heart of love opened to him ? He who furnished that dear, and affectionate, and generous hearted child, with gifts that made him so sweet and refreshing a bud of promise, did He not also wait in love to furnish him to bloom for ever

in the paradise of God? Oh, could we have been in that sick-room, and been favoured, like the prophet's servant, to have had our eyes opened, should we not have seen unutterable things? When He, the true prophet of His church, speaks to the heart, it is as never man spake. His words in the secret of the soul, are life indeed; and His testimonies give true wisdom to the simple, and in a very short time accomplish great things. How great things pass in the secret of the sick chamber between the soul and God, which no other human heart knows, which no ear hears. How much mercy and consolation. How many holy angels may guard unseen around, how many blessed spirits are near rejoicing, and how the imagination of faith seems almost to glimpse amongst them the illuminated forms of some so revered, and so beloved, once on earth amongst us, but now gone before, rejoicing to welcome him they loved. But though the secret converse of the Lord to the departing spirit be inscrutable to us, we know that He is love, that He is the good Shepherd. That He who has declared His sheep shall not want, has equally declared that He will carry the lambs in His bosom. Was not dear — one of those lambs? Our hope is for him, as for ourselves, in our good Shepherd, and in Him only. Let us trust Him altogether; He who through our long earthly pilgrimage has never let us want, and who in many a dry desert has made us lie down in green pastures, and led us even in the midst of outward storms by still waters; He has the same heart towards His lambs, to open to them rivers of water, and pleasures for evermore. We drink indeed of the stream; the same love has called him to

drink at the fountain,—but it is one blessed river of life, flowing from Him who is life, for all our fresh springs are in Him, and in Him we are all one. Oh, let us rejoice in that blessed union, which no accident, no time, no distance, shall ever interrupt in that communion of saints, with their ever adorable Head, the fountain and source of blessing.

“Yours most affectionately,

“M. A. S.”

To another friend Mrs. SchimmelPenninck writes : —

“How often have I lately wished to say to you, be not cast down even at your deepest sorrow. The seeds of joy and peace *are planted*, and will and must spring up. And remember that in everything, no state is so painful as a transition state, when the accustomed phase vanishes, and the new, and better, and more perfect one is not yet established. Never forget that the love of man, like that of God, is eternal—that it cannot die—that, having eternal vitality, it has also eternal *progression* and *enhancement*: that each phase is not only a continuation of the same love, but an improvement upon it; and that as in a precious plant, though the first green cotyledons pass away, the stem shall shoot up in renovated strength and beauty. But there is a transition state in which the form is changed. The old disappears, and the new is not yet fully developed; and during that period how acutely we suffer, unless we can substitute faith for sight.

“In this life we love our friends both spiritually and temporally; but we are such creatures of time and sense,

that what belongs to the sensible life, occupies the principal part of our mental perspective. But when our Lord says to our beloved, 'Friend, come up higher,' it is some time before our mental vision accustoms itself to follow them. And it requires renewed and frequent exercises of faith, before the eye of our heart transfers its view from the adjoining room in our Father's house, to behold those we love in a higher story of the same house above. But that view *will* come, and come in rich, and holy, and abiding blessing."

CHAP. X.

1847 and 1848.

"The soul that lives ascends frequently and runs familiarly through the streets of the heavenly Jerusalem, visiting the patriarchs and prophets, saluting the apostles, and admiring the army of martyrs; so do thou lead on thy heart and bring it to the palace of the Great King."—BAXTER.

THE following letter, to a friend with whom at this period of her life she became intimately associated, was written in order to explain what she held to be the respective value of the Catholic and the Protestant principles.*

* It appears that the following letter has caused pain to the minds of some readers. The editor desired to present, in Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's own words, some thoughts on a subject which occupied a prominent place in her mind, were frequently expressed by her in conversation, and, it is believed, were often misunderstood or inaccurately reported.

An attentive perusal of this letter will show that no general comparison was intended between the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches, but that the writer was solely occupied with one characteristic feature in each; on the one hand that of submission to authority, and on the other that of independent inquiry. These principles she believed in their reciprocal action to be essential to the prosperity of the Church of Christ. She regarded them as counterchecks to the licence of private judgment, and to the oppression of irresponsible power. It was her grief and pain that around these two sacred principles, intended by God to work together in the Church with a healthful antagonism, man has ranged on either side elements of prejudice and self-will which too often have issued in the separation of that which God had joined together.

It will be seen that the Roman Catholic Church is here used as the representative of one of these principles exclusively, and that the writer considers both *the Catholic and the Protestant* principles to be essential to the health and prosperity of the Church of Christ.

“January 16th, 1847.

“My dear Miss S——,

“I send you the little book of the venerated Mère Agnes, ‘*Religieuse parfaite.*’ It is, as you will see, a book, like Thomas à Kempis, not to be read through at once, but for occasional meditation. It is one I very much not merely like, but love; for it has been my companion through many a long year, occasionally in bright sunshine, still oftener in sorrow.

“I often wish you were acquainted with some of the Port Royal writings: for though you would pass over very much as tedious, and of little interest beyond its own day; and though not unfrequently you would meet that with which you could not conscientiously unite; yet I feel assured there is far more which you could not but highly value. You will not, perhaps, consider me a fair judge. I do frankly own myself to be deeply attached to many Catholic writings; and though I could never join a Church through the corruptions of whose hierarchy the free access to the Scriptures may be interdicted, and where the honour paid to the Saints and to the blessed Virgin is, to use the mildest terms, so indiscreet as to approximate to the honour due to God alone; and where the necessary practice of auricular confession transfers the rule of individual con-

science from the word and the Spirit, the true ruler of the Church, to the hands of man ; though I could by no means unite in submission to such a corrupt dominant hierarchy ; I yet own I highly value the largeness and expanse of the doctrines of that Church, the ample room and help it affords for the abundant carrying out of every varied Christian leading, whether mystic, contemplative, intellectual, mechanical, or laborious. Yet I am conscious I value it not only for the good I truly think it actually possesses, enhanced, perhaps, by the prestige of its antiquity, and historic and picturesque claim on the taste ; but I likewise do so by my affections being drawn forth towards it from early association ; nay, I think, more than that, from its having been the channel through which our Lord Himself has often sent His blessing when no other was open to me. . . .

“Yet, while I deeply recognise this debt of personal gratitude, I also feel that my own peculiar circumstances, however they may have awakened the feelings, yet ought not to warp the truth of deliberate judgment on the comparative merits of Catholicism and Protestantism. Each, I believe, has been overrun with many accumulating corruptions in its course through centuries of this evil world. Each, also, I as fully believe, has likewise at its respective root, a great, an invaluable, and impregnable truth. The one is founded on love, on implicit faith, undoubting affiance and adoration. The other, the Protestant phase, becomes necessary, because, since the fall, what comes through the fallible channel of man requires sifting, doubting, investigating, and testing. Now, I apprehend

we live in a state in which these two principles are ever conflicting. Human existence, then, being subject to both these influences, requires, I think, the use of both the Catholic principle of love and faith and the Protestant one of distrust and examination. But the evil is, that instead of combining the two principles, they are dispersed, and thus rend the Church of Christ into two parties. So that each party, instead of circumscribing the application of its own principle within its legitimate and proper sphere, disseminates it, *à toute outrance*, as an universal panacea, right and left, for every occasion. Thus the Catholic applies the principle of undoubting faith and implicit obedience, not exclusively to the revelation of God, where alone it can be justly due, but equally to the dogmas and behests of fallible or interested men: whilst the Protestant, on the other hand, submits to the Procrustean measure of his own narrow understanding, not the mere dogmas of his fellow-men; but he too often makes it the test of the truth or credibility of the highest doctrines revealed by God. And while the Catholic, like Milton's Adam and Eve, begins with prostrate adoration; the Protestant begins, like Minerva starting forth at once from the head of Jupiter, armed cap-à-pie, and ready to give battle.

“Now, it appears to me that both the Catholic and Protestant principle, combined in the same heart, but restricted each to its proper sphere, are necessary to form a Christian course at once ardent and enlightened; that they are the centripetal and centrifugal forces, one of which urges the soul to rush towards its true centre, while the other compels it to fly off in the pursuit of its own

speculation ; and that the union of both is necessary to keep the soul in its true orbit. Nevertheless, I own I have more predilection for that principle of loyal love, which urges it on to merge itself in its central sun, than for that principle of self-reliance which tempts us to start off at a tangent, and wander in lonely isolation amidst the wilderness of unexplored thought, or to rush with headlong precipitancy into the wild chaos of conflicting speculation.

“ In the ultra and misdirected application of these two principles, each dissevered from the wholesome counter-check of its antagonist, the Protestant might be caricatured as a man setting out on his Zionward journey in a vehicle drawn by wild undisciplined horses, regardless of any conductor, impatient of whip, bit, or bridle ; each following his own private judgment of the road most expedient, and the opinions of all being different and conflicting. The Catholic, on the other hand, sets out as one in a vast steam train, smoothly gliding on at high pressure speed on its appointed well-laid grooves. In the first case, how little progress can be expected ; in the latter, if the conductors be unfaithful, or the rails ill laid, what a wide and awful ruin does the catastrophe involve ? Grapes grow not on thorns ; nor figs from the widely disseminated thistle-down of free discussion or lightly floating opinions ; nor are any but the deceitful apples of Sodom and the poisonous Foxgrape to be found on the lurid shores of the Dead Sea of corrupt and festering dogmas and forms of truth without its power, whose heavy surface is unruffled by the living breath from heaven.

“ Yet these enormous evils in the abuses of two prin-

ciples when disjoined and misapplied, show, I think, the falsity not of the principles themselves, but of that disseverance and misapplication. And I believe the principle of love and implicit faith, on the one hand, and that of accurate investigation and proof, on the other, are equally and indispensably necessary to the well-being both of the whole Christian Church and of that Church in its least form, the heart of each individual child of God. And both being truly necessary, our Heavenly Father, in love and wisdom, has seen fit to provide an appropriate receptacle for each in the constitution of man, and in the diversity of spirit imparted to the human mind.

“If we either look inward on ourselves, or outward and abroad on our fellow-men, shall we not equally discover two grand modes of character, which distinguish the minds of the children of men, and separate them into two distinct classes? the principle lying at the root of each, equally pervading the triple life of each, and being equally recognisable in the mind and affections (the main spring), the intelligences (the communicating medium of soul and body), and the actions (the ultimates) of each class? Do we not see in the one the scrutinising glance, the discriminating understanding, the acute perception, the quick intuitive sense of differences, the keen discrimination of the exact boundary line which distinguishes one thing or one idea from another? In short, do we not see dissevering or analytic principles at work, which note or feel discrepancies or discords? And has not this set of intelligences its root in isolating impulses of self-preservation and circumspection?

“Again, there are others whose organs of comparison and constructiveness are perpetually at work in combination, amalgamation, and blending of things apparently dissimilar, and compacting them into a new and harmonious whole. Their intellect leads to semblances, as the other to dissemblances, to unite instead of to distinguish : — the one class find the point of unison, or at least of harmony ; the other, with keen microscopic eye, discern the difference in things the most apparently alike, and the point of distinction in that which seems most intimately blended. The amalgamating mind is destitute of the beautiful, accurate, sharply-chiselled outline of the other, which is exquisite in clearness, purity, delicacy, and truth. But, then, it possesses a beautiful expanse of broad, yet harmonious and sweetly blending light and shadow, of coalescing and glowing tints and hues, so harmonised that the eye may rest upon it as on a verdant meadow, whose rich hue forms one tranquil setting to the thousand varied tints of the diverse flowers that adorn it. So, both are passing excellent ; the one would destroy every vestige of evil, the other would exercise every latent spark of good ; the one would arrange different truths in distinct classification, the other would assimilate and incorporate them into one magnificent and well-organised whole.

“Now these two modes of character are eminently useful as antagonistic or counteracting forces, both in the cement of the Church and in the relations of friendship or private life. One, the Catholic phase, is the hotbed which urges forth and feeds a rich abundance of beautiful, but also often of prurient vegetation ; the other, or Protestant phase, comes with its unsparing pruning-knife, sharp-edged

and keen, to cut off the noxious, to prune the redundant, to dissever the superfluous. And both are needful; for though the first alone fosters and cherishes life, and affords to vitality its actual pabulum; yet that life itself would corrupt in its wild luxuriance, were it not for the reforming knife, which cuts away the matted weeds and choking parasite plants, roots up the poisonous fungi, pares off the wide-spreading incrustation of lichen, tears down the compressing ligatures of ivy, and thus again admits the light of the blessed sun and the free circulation of the true air to parts from which it had long been imperviously excluded. So that, though surely the knife, as such, possesses no life-giving power or vitality, but only the destructive one; though, while it may destroy evil, it can never actually create or feed good, for which we need not the pruning-knife, but the hotbed and the stove; yet these could never bring their fruit to perfection, never maintain life, but for the kindly destructive aid of the other.

“What then God has joined, in His word, in His providence, and in His appointments, may we never separate; but, in the feelings of an overflowing and humbled heart, in the thoughts of our understanding, and in the confession of our lips, let us *honour* both, and love both, and bless the mercy of our God for both, and may we be as wise in spiritual as in temporal husbandry, using in combination, and not in opposition, all the tools the great Husbandman has vouchsafed to entrust, and is ready to bless, in the light of His countenance, and under (not our own wills, but) His paternal eye, &c. &c.

“M. A. SCHIMMELPENNINCK.”

The following passages, in a letter to the same friend, throw interesting light on the use and abuse of Symbolism.

“I think that Symbolism is useful not merely in explaining truth, but also in enabling us to form an idea of abstract truth, and to disentangle it from the outward form in which it must necessarily be clothed, to be first made visible to the mind.

“For example—how many looked upon our Lord with the eyes of flesh who did not see beyond His human outward form, really not knowing what they did. Now, would not the type of the Passover, and that of the Lamb daily sacrificed in the Temple, enable even them to understand the soul and truth of the great reality more distinctly? And thus, may not symbols, instead of substituting matter for spirit, be the very means—by presenting one spirit under different forms—of pushing us off from matter into spirit, from the fluctuating form to the permanent essence equally pervading all the forms by which it is symbolised?

“Again, are not symbols especially useful in forming a stock of associations ever ready to act upon the mind, either through the intellect or through the affections? Had we to recur to the whole chain of evidence by which any truth is proved every time it was needed, and were there no shorter mode of satisfying the judgment or awakening the corresponding affections when required for daily use, how little would ever be done or felt, and how would all life become one protracted debate; but happily, when a truth is once proved, and we have set our seal to

the proposition, it abides, henceforth, with the certainty of an axiom, ready for use; and if once received into the heart, its corresponding sentiments as well as ideas, are indelibly associated with its enunciation. I think, then, that symbols are signs associated with thoughts or with sentiments, which have originally been discussed, and are laid up in the heart or mind for use, and that a symbol is, therefore, a compendious way of bringing the whole upshot of a train of thought or feeling to bear upon a subject without trouble or loss of time.

“For in truth, though types at first derive their power from what they represent, they in process of time enhance the powers of that which is represented.

“Thus, a child learns to value pence, because those ugly pieces buy him playthings, or books, or eatables. The aged miser hugs his gold, for the symbol by long use has enhanced his idea of the antitype; he sees in the gold the potentiality of houses, railroads, banks, or works of art; so long as he uses it as a symbol, he enjoys in thought the whole, but when expended it dwindles into a selection of one or two of these objects only; and hence the symbol imparted a far wider and more forcible view or cumulative impression of the aggregate which might be classified under it, than any one of the realities alone could do.

“It appears to me then, that symbols enable us to bring home to the mind and heart the combined weight of whole classes of ideas or feelings couched under them, which otherwise would have been weakened by a merely individual and dissevered influence.”

Again, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck writes on the same subject:—

“I wish to speak to thee on symbols. Does it not make all the difference whether they are established as permanent types or as passing illustrations? In the first case, they become so necessarily associated with the anti-type as finally to become substitutions. When used transiently, I think that a variety of symbols, all differing from each other, and only uniting in spirit in one particular, serve to convey an abstract principle far more clearly, and yet more abstractedly, than could be by any one description in words; since whatever words are used must in truth be at last resolvable into objects of perception as their bases, and then the idea is limited to one type, instead of being the sublimated essence extracted from many. Is not this so as regards the use of types in setting forth ideas? And, again, are they not useful to those who have once received the abstract truth, as a memento and not as a substitution? And is it not as a substitution only that they are dangerous? Are not sensible objects as the money of the intellect, which, being base in itself, becomes yet a standard of value, and a measure between the minds of different men, who, without some material standard, could never explain or make palpable their ideas to each other, nor compare their own? They are that language of things of which the language of words is but a transcript, and without which the latter would never have subsisted; so that without sensible objects thought would have wanted its most powerful instrument, necessary alike to its accu-

racy, its transmission, its stereotyping, and to its multiplication."

We add the following extracts as specimens of her more familiar correspondence. The succeeding letter, amongst other things, contains Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's views on the principles which should regulate writers of biography.

"July 5th, 1848.

"It is half-past eleven, the Church bell is just ringing. C—— is gone out to breakfast, and L—— is engaged in preparation for our going to the cottage, for a few days, to-morrow, and I am sitting alone in my usual place to write a few lines to thee. Thou art probably just about parting with O——, and this brief chapter of your life is closed, and a new one about to unfold.

"How solemn parting ever is to the heart, and I may say to the conscience too, for I think that we never part with those we closely love without feeling not only the uncertainty and doubt that hangs over the future, but also the responsibility for the now unalterable past. The soul seems always to hear something not unlike the words 'that which is unjust must be unjust still; that which is righteous must be righteous still;' and the contrast of the impossibility of grasping the illusive visions of the future with the indelibility of the now unalterable past weighs at such times heavily on the heart.

"I hope thy visit to the Lakes will give thee pleasure and strength. Do write to me quickly, and, if thou canst, fully. We go to the cottage to-morrow, but thou hadst

better direct to me here, as I am not likely to stay there many days. In truth I am so unwell that I feel in a sort of perpetual stupor, and my only wishes really are after communion with God.

“Thou hast asked me of ‘la vie extérieure,’ but I seem as if I had no ‘vie,’ either ‘intérieure’ or ‘extérieure.’ Hast thou ever a feeling of being ill at ease, with illness combined, that makes the heart seem like a hard rock, and you long that it would please God to send some one of His children to touch it, that the waters might once more flow? Something of this I have felt lately. My heart has not been open in sweet and really happy communion with our Lord, yet it is an unspeakable comfort that our Lord neither slumbers nor sleeps, and I had rather walk heavily for a season, if need be, than feel less pressure and less sense of His arm. Even when the weight presses, it is a blessing to feel and know ourselves under His loving care.

“ I have been looking at the ‘Romance of the Peerage.’ The preface is excellently written, and promises much to interest. As for the title of the book, it seems to me a misnomer, and that it ought rather to be ‘Materials towards Writing a Romance of the Peerage;’ for anything more unromantic than all the documentary evidence and details, even of the most romantic facts, cannot well be conceived. As I read it and considered the vast labour and erudition and research brought to bear upon these volumes, I could not but think what a serious and responsible task is that of an historian or biographic author. Whoever writes of the doings, the actings, the feelings, or thinkings of man, writes that which, more or less vividly, addresses every hu-

man heart and mind. Now man learns by sympathy as well as by instruction, by warmth as well as by light.

“How important, then, so to write biography as only to touch sympathies with the upper or good direction of the organisation, and to leave untouched the evil directions. We may write pictorial truth, or we may write mathematical truth. We may make a painting to arouse the feelings, or a plan to give information. We may relate a fact as a Gazette statement, or we may write a soul-kindling poem on the same, like Homer’s *Iliad*. Both are true; the account that shows the naked fact, and that which superadds to the fact the effects of light, of colour, of the feeling stimulated by that fact.

“Now, it seems to me that these two modes of teaching are given to man for very different purposes; the one to impart the necessary information, the other to stimulate the hearts of those receiving it. I think then that a religious or wise historian or biographer should act on this principle, and should both discriminate between the ends he has in view, and the two modes of their attainment. I think, truth and real information should be given; but when it concerns evil, it should be written like what I have termed the plan-like mode of simply stating facts. When that which is noble, devout, tender, or great is the subject, then I think the writer should put forth his pictorial powers and add colour, and the effects of light and shadow, on the naked outline, and seek to reproduce in indelible lineaments on the heart of the reader the images before him, to bring them, as it were, in the full light of the Sun of righteousness, whose beams may photographise them on the mind and heart.

“How beautiful in Scripture is the quick passing over of many atrocities, just recorded in a word; and then, the exquisitely deep pathos with which the divine or kindly human feelings are traced and made indelible by the finger of God the Holy Ghost in words of light and life. And if such be the example or pattern set in the word of God, how should those who are truly children of God be concerned not only to impart actual knowledge, but, in imparting it, to guide the heart and mind to those channels which conduct us to its true and highest uses. The waters, whether of Helicon or of Siloam, should irrigate the deep soil of the heart and make it fruitful. Writers on such subjects, like Solomon’s mariners, should not be content with a freight of apes and peacocks, unless they bring the weighty gold also.”

To the same friend was written the following account of a remarkable accident which occurred when Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck was driving alone, on one occasion, with a maid-servant. The spot where it happened is by the side of a road which winds up a steep and long hill, and at that time was without a barrier to guard from the precipitous descent into the river far below:—

“My dear Friend,

“Three days ago, at this very hour, how little did it seem likely to me that I should ever see thy face again on earth, and how near did the eternal world appear! I think thou wilt like to hear, from my own pen, of the very great mercies of God.

“I had been calling on Mrs. H——, and then on L——

W——. In returning, we came up the road from the Hot Wells to the turnpike. The coachman walked up the hill, but unadvisedly threw the reins over the horse's neck. They fell to the ground, and became inextricably entangled under the creature's feet. He became alarmed, and plunged violently. The coachman made a desperate effort to turn him, by seizing the bridle; but the horse, still feeling the pressure of the entangled rein, spun, as it were, round and round, and the carriage vibrated for a moment on the edge of the precipice, as if in doubt whether to go over or not. In that moment the reins snapped. There was a pause, and we got out. In another instant the horse fell, and knocked down the coachman. Their fate seemed inevitable; but our Lord preserved both man and beast; and oh! how thankful am I that neither B——, who was with me, the man, or horse, really suffered, though all have been shaken by the accident. They behaved excellently well; and how this has issued in fresh proofs of the mercy of God and the kindness of man! Thou knowest my great fearfulness and apprehension, even when there is nothing to be feared; and how can I sufficiently thank God for having so overruled my heart and mind that I *saw*, without *feeling*, the danger, and I had, by His power and goodness, only the deep solemnity of the call brought before me, whilst the fear of the violent death, which seemed almost inevitable, was taken away! How shall I thank Him for His mercy in thus leading me in direct contrariety to my nature! But oh! how very near did that world of spirits seem, as the carriage vibrated over the precipice, and the horse plunged on its verge. In that moment I felt a deep calm, as if it

were sent to give a realising sense of the unspeakable value of Salvation, which then seemed to me a fortress of strength and a sure refuge. Peace *ruled* in the heart. I cannot describe the vividness of the whole—the shrinking into nothing of all the trials of the past—even the engulfing death yawning beneath seemed as nothing. In that moment how very, very precious did Christ appear! how every blessing of all sorts and kinds seemed concentrated in Christ! as if the fulness in Him left nothing to desire. No room even for terror. All else seemed to vanish as if it were not.

“I thought thou wouldst like to hear, from one so miserably poor and weak as thou knowest me to be, what the unmerited mercy of God can do in upholding such an unbelieving heart, even in spite of nature.

“Bless the Lord, O my soul; for His mercy endureth for ever. O, how strong is His hand! how beyond all is His mercy! Truly, our happiness is inexpressible.”

To the same friend she writes:—

“You and your dear sister have dwelt so continually and affectionately on my mind since I saw you, that I must write a few lines, though my confused head will not let me say half I feel.

“I have ever thought it a blessed privilege of the little Church to which I belong, to be called in an especial manner to enter into this season, so full of heart-affecting memorials of the love of our Lord; when those who love Him share the deep sufferings and rich blessings of His cross, and in which we follow Him day by day, and almost

hour by hour, from the supper at Bethany to His resurrection. Some of the most happy hours of my life have been spent in our little chapel, in Passion Week, and how many seasons of strength, refreshment, and sweet remembrance are associated with her morning and evening meditations, and with her Easter Morning services; and though I can no longer attend them, it is delightful to follow them in spirit.

“And how near have you felt to me! How earnestly have I wished you, after your year of deep sorrow, a yet deeper consolation and strength in following our Lord, and accompanying Him step by step in His course. How I fancied you and your dear sister, in spirit, yesterday, united in enjoying the memorial of the supper at Bethany, gathered round our Lord in spirit, with His disciples, the types of the whole Church, who shall be one day at the marriage supper of the Lamb. And how shall I think of you on Wednesday, the day of the Pedilavium, the sacramental sign of cleansing and affectionate Christian friendship; on Maunday Thursday, the day of instituting love to each other, and the cup of covenant, as also the communion of His sufferings and death. How heart-affecting is the high priestly prayer, on severing His people from the world, and binding them to each other in Him! How shall I think of you then! And remember me on the great Sabbath. Surely to those near the end of their course, it is indeed sweet to think how our Lord has sanctified our resting-place!

“How precious, I think, are memorial days, both those which belong to our own individual course, and those

which consecrate remembrances dear to the whole Christian Church. Those that occur in our own individual path are as milestones in our road, by which we trace the course we have been led, and record the sweet memorial of mercies past, to encourage our hopeless hearts to renewed faith; and in those of the Church, it is delightful to feel the universal Church uniting in one accord of love and praise; so that it has seemed to me that our individual memorials and Church memorials are like a warp and a woof of precious threads crossing each other, and woven by the Spirit into one beautiful and Divine fabric; and how often do they come laden with rich increase, and with a refreshing heavenly breeze, across our every-day life, to elevate its aspirations, to quicken its torpor, to temper its lightness, or to pour the balm of heavenly consolation on its sorrows.

“November and December are months fraught to me with heaviest recollections; and how often have I felt Christmas Day come as a joyful beam, at once dispelling the cloud. How often, when we cannot rejoice at any merely outward thing, these sacred remembrances seem to make the heart overflow with peace.”

On unity, a favourite subject of Mrs. SchimmelPeninck's, she says:—

“My dear Lady ——

“It is now many weeks since you left this place, and though, I believe, few days have passed in which my little C—— and I have not spoken of you, and though I have constantly wished it, I have not till to-day been able to thank you for your kind letter.

“I am very glad that you like Scotland so much better than England, and the Scotch than the English. How much it is for our happiness truly and from the heart best to like that which is the allotment in which our Lord has placed us; and how little can we prosper when our choice for ourselves does not accord with his choice for us. I warmly enter into all you say about the heart-felt delight of once more finding oneself in the midst of our own division of the one great fold, and amongst our own people. For, however we may love and value all who hold the Head, yet we certainly prosper most when located in our own tribe and feeding on our own peculiar blessings and promises. And I believe that whilst in our Lord’s vast Temple there are indeed many mansions, yet each of His children is best in his own appointed place; and that now, as formerly, when the Saviour would refresh the fainting multitude by blessing and distributing to them the Bread of Life, He often begins by making them sit down in their respective companies; every individual of which is yet distinctly fed by Him, and (what I think very illustrative) is fed by Him through the hands of various disciples who distribute to the different groups.

“I have not said how fully I entered into the description of your feelings on hearing one voice of praise ascending from so many, and knowing that it extended even from poor prelacy-ridden England (so I translate the thought that remains unsaid!) even to the Orkneys. It was very striking to me to see under what different modes the very same feelings occur to various hearts and minds. Is it not the same feeling of an earnest love of Catholic unity—I mean

not uniformity of the exterior, but unity of the interior spirit—that prompts to a value of those liturgic rituals which have expressed the common wants as well as the common thanksgivings of the children of men to that common Father of Spirits, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever? Who from the fall in Paradise until the consummation of all things beholds us all as sinful, needy, and mortally diseased creatures, and holds out to all the same hopes and the same promises. What then more natural, our wants being the same and the promises being the same, than that both petitions of the Church and thanksgivings of the Church should be one utterance from age to age, and that whilst many, like our Herrnhutt Asaph, Frederick Böenisch, were gifted, out of the abundance of their hearts, to find constant utterance in extempore music and hymns of praise, and many, like your Scottish divines, should find utterance in extempore prayer, may not others also enjoy the living waters when they pour through the deep channels worn in the rock, for centuries conveying the full and richly freighted tide of praise and prayer, not only from the Church militant now on earth, but from our sainted forefathers who were honoured to lay down their lives for the truth—yes and of countless multitudes now surrounding the throne of the Lamb, and led by Him, not to the streams, but to the fountains, of living water? How often in hearing those prayers by which our hearts have spoken from youth to hoary hairs, they seem as milestones in our spiritual course, bringing back to our hearts many a time in which the same gracious Lord has met us before, and helped and cheered us with the sweet hope that He who has will again bless us, for this God is

our God and will be even unto death. And ever and anon, as the well-known words strike the ear and heart, the soul seems to hear a response from the realms of glory above, where countless multitudes are landed whose hearts found utterance in the same tongue.

“I do not mean by this to advocate a form of prayer exclusively, but only to say that whether extempore or not, if from the spirit, is it not equally acceptable? In short, in the vast concert of praise above, and prayer and praise here, may there not be choruses as well as solos,— the voice as of many accumulated waters, as well as the sweet single voice of the lonely rill?

“I have just been interrupted, and I am sorry to see that instead of writing ‘multum in parvo,’ as I had intended, I have written ‘parvum in multo.’ However, whether the living water pour through established channels from the deep dug well or immediately from heaven, if it come from our Lord, it will abundantly irrigate His Church. For from Him, and Him alone, is every good and perfect gift. On His head who is King of kings and Lord of lords are many crowns, and all the nations of the saved shall walk in His light. To Him shall every knee bow, and every tongue confess, and to Him who washed us from our sins in His own blood, shall for ever be ascribed glory and honour, and praise, and thanksgiving, now and for evermore.”

To Miss A. de S—— she writes, on sickness:—

“ I was both glad and sorry to see your signature: glad, because I hoped it was a sign of

your being better; and sorry, because I am grieved you should have taken the trouble of writing concerning my little books. How very kind of you and your dear sister to think of them; and how kind of Madame de S—— to take so much pains to get them. I gratefully thank you all.

“I do bless God that you are better. Who knows the blessing of health fully, that has never suffered from the want of it? And yet sickness has its blessings too; and, like all the appointments of our Heavenly Father, it is intended as the sowing time, to issue in a rich harvest of precious fruit. How little should we discover the difference between the temporal benedictions of God, and that love of God which is the source of those blessings, unless we were at times taken from the one and cast upon the other. It is well for the child to feel by experience, that to enjoy communion with his father is better than merely to receive a gift from him; and that oneness of spirit with our Lord is a much higher blessing and proof of love, than any merely temporary good can be without it. How many of those refreshing visits does our Lord pay to His sick children! How often does He draw near their bed, to comfort them with a sense of His loving presence! How many blessed angels invisibly minister to them, and watch over them in tenderest sympathy! And how many blessed spirits encompass us in those hours which seem to our eyes most desolate and lonely! And, my dear Miss de S——, is it not a blessing of illness, and that not a small one, that it is so much a means of drawing forth the love of our relatives?—of giving an evidence of its strength and reality, the sweetness and refresh-

ment of which abides with us for ever? I think that families are so bound together, in a similarity of worldly interests, and those details of life belonging to time, that were no illness *ever* to intervene, there might arise a danger of their intercourse becoming *too* exterior, too altogether secular. Therefore, I think, our Lord in mercy, from time to time, takes one, by illness or misfortune, out of these pursuits. He calls them to gather round Him, to leave, for a season, Martha's much serving, and, like Mary, to come, as a family, and sit awhile at His feet, that He may renew in sweetness not only their bond to Him, but their bond to each other, that it may become deepened in truth, warmer in love, and more active in heavenly as well as earthly uses; so that when the trial is over, all concerned may see, what at the time they cannot well discern, that 'this illness was for the glory of God;' and, also, for the happiness of man."

The communion between the visible and invisible worlds, which she considered a part of the real "communion of saints," was ever a question of deepest interest to Mrs. SchimmelPenninck. The following letter, addressed to a friend in deep sorrow on the death of an only sister, contains some of her thoughts on this subject.

" How sweet it would be to me to pass two or three hours with you in calm deep peacefulness of spirit, and to talk over several subjects on which I have much at heart to speak to you, and still more to hear you speak, for they are all, I think, of practical importance both to the

heart's and to the life's course, and all are subjects on which I earnestly wish to learn.

“My dear friend, I am come to the close of a long life, you are in the bright morning of yours, yet in your short life, as in my long one, we have both known separations—what are generally termed ‘bereavements’—by death: sometimes we have, as it were, almost seen the angelic guards waiting around for the blessed summons: but whatever may have been the nature of the feelings excited, still I think an anxious desire to know what part the invisible world bears to the visible—especially the Church above to that below—rests upon our hearts. And as it is a subject on which I think the faint rays of Scripture light are scattered widely, it has seemed as it were peculiarly for our consolation to bring them into convergence in one focus.

“For sweet it is to think on our dear friends above, and to solace our hearts in communion with those to whom sin is no more, but every fragrant flower of real comfort must grow from an actual seed and root of divine truth. And hence it appears to me well actually to weigh the evidence we have, that we may know, in so far as we derive comfort, that it is of God.

“But before I begin to arrange the passages, and to bring forward the arguments which seem to bear on this question, will it tire you if I preface them by telling you how it is that this subject has ever been so peculiarly interesting to me? I think that if you knew the bias under which it was studied, you will give both due weight to the incitement and to the comfort it brought, and also be

aware lest under so strong a bias, a false impression has been produced.

“How well, then, I remember, when I was a child less than five years old, how much I used to enjoy our Fridays, spent always at my dear grandfather’s. How his cheerful and venerable and affectionate countenance lives in my memory, and how sweet a rest did I find it, from the philosophy and scientific pursuits of the circle at home, to be with the Friends and strictly Quaker habits of my dear grandfather’s house. Their simple dress and language, their calm and recollected loving spirit, their supporting and guiding kindness, their care for their loving tenantry and the poor, the silent happy hours spent at Meeting, the sweet sense of the Divine presence,—these I never can forget.

“One of my aunts, my only surviving one, was most kind and fond of me. After a time she became a perfectly plain Friend. You will not understand the gradations of exchanging the plain silk dress for the coarse camlet, the ingenious needle-work for work for the poor, &c.

“Her spirit became yet sweeter and more holy during the short time she lived after. In her mortal malady she often had me with her, and addressed loving words to me. The deep and sweet and solemn tone of her voice, as well as many things she said, though I did not fully comprehend their import, sunk into my heart, and did not soon leave it. She departed to her heavenly home before I was six years old. For a season her words dwelt on my mind with wondering inquiry; and long, long after,

they still from time to time recurred to me, and I loved to read of heaven and its blessed inhabitants.

“The next incident that engrossed me was a little before I was eight years old. We were travelling to Tenby. I was standing in the carriage before my dearest mother’s knees. It was a beautiful early autumn afternoon. The sun was descending in rich effulgence; his slanting beams sending long, deep, cool shadows, whilst their brightness tinted in rich colouring the closely wooded hills near at hand, and the venerable towers of an ancient castle rose in pride high above them. My father was telling me tales of chivalry and daring and prowess of feudal times. I was full of excited attention, when, in the distance, a sound was heard as of music; there were wind instruments and many voices. As it drew nearer, its grave and sweet and peaceful strain rose upon the ear and heart like deep and solemn thanksgiving, and we soon met a procession bearing one to his appointed resting-place below, whose spirit we may hope was rejoicing above. For all were habited in white, peace sat on their countenances, and holy texts were written on the white pall, which the sun seemed just illuminating with glory; and from many instruments and every voice arose the united hymn of praise. My dear mother said, ‘These are Moravians; they are people of peace, and not of war; they are giving thanks, for one of their number is gone to Heaven, and they are rejoicing with him who has just entered the land of the living.’ Little more was added, but the impression deeply sank on my mind. I heard no more of what was further said of the castle and its feudal chiefs. But the thought of the deep happiness

of the departed still at times followed me even through long years of doubt and misery which soon followed.

“ But after a time I became acquainted with my dear cousins, the Gurneys of Earlham. They were then very young people, and, like myself and many others, had been much in the society of freethinkers. They, indeed, from their native kindliness of disposition and unwillingness to pain their elder relatives, attended the Friends’ Meetings. I, in my long visits to them, little swayed by deference to others, would never go with them till I believed in the truth, but I mostly spent the time alone in meditating or inquiring into the grounds of the Christian religion.

“ How often do I remember, whilst they were at Meeting, my walking up and down in the long succession of rooms opening into each other, and living with the speaking portraits of the Bacon family. There were Sir Nicholas Bacon, and Friar Bacon, and Lord St. Albans, and Sir H. Waller, and many others known and unknown to history, whose place and whose countenances, though forty and more years have passed since I saw them, seem as familiar to me as though I had looked upon them yesterday; and, as my heart thus conversed with them, and as in these rooms I looked on the bodily presence of these great departed, whilst in the library below were stored the thoughts of their minds, the solemn question would arise, ‘But where are they now? are they, too, inhabitants of the land of the living?’ And never shall I forget, whilst I looked on so many faces, cold, heartless, and intellectual,—faces of those whose names are indelibly written on earth, the zest and pleasure with which I returned again and

again to two portraits without discoverable date or name, but bearing an expression of elevation, tranquillity, and joy which gave a token that their names, though long forgotten on earth, were written in heaven ; and unbelieving though I then was, the feeling would force itself upon me even with tears, ‘O happy, happy persons ! would that *I* were, not one of those whose names adorn history, but as you *now are*, forgotten on earth, but happy with God, if, indeed, there be a God.’ And then I continued, still looking on my favourite pictures, ‘Your very countenances speak holiness and peace and blessing even to those as wicked as myself who look upon your unknown image. Can that hope be a fiction which has impressed upon you so much that is heavenly and good ?’ I was then about twenty. The six or seven succeeding years were full of conflict, inward and outward ; the Spirit of God, as I believe, brooding in mercy over the thick darkness and restless chaos of my undisciplined and rebellious heart. In these years arose the most vivid natural interest I ever knew, and in them almost heart-breaking unhappiness. About the year 1804, our Lord, in His merciful providence, after sore chastening, brought me to know the Moravians through very remarkable circumstances ; and in the year 1806 I married, and became a resident in this neighbourhood ; but the gloss of early life had passed away. Yet I knew not how to be thankful enough to my Heavenly Father for having provided for me a home where, as my circumstances henceforth interdicted many of the outward worldlinesses I disapproved, and which I found at that time entangling, so inwardly, I had leisure and opportunity

to seek that one knowledge I so deeply needed, and in comparison of which all else seemed as nothing.

“On coming to Bristol, our Lord gave me a valued friend about three years younger than myself, and from that time till her death, I had the blessing and privilege of a friend of a truly devoted heart and life. During her illness, we often conversed together on the communion of the departed with the living below; and she had often told me that if it were allowable, and as she believed Scripture warranted, she would yet often be near me, and watch over me. Was it wonderful when she died, and I had lost the only friend who cared for my soul, that a deep desire arose prayerfully to study all that Scripture declared respecting the position which the visible and invisible parts of the one Church hold towards each other? And my own impressions in childhood, my remembrances of my dear friend’s conversations on the subject, and the deep yearning of the heart, all led me to this train of thought and feeling both on natural objects and on Scripture declarations.

“And now having ended this long preface, I will give you the grounds of my belief in the reality of the Communion of Saints, and the deep interest of the Church above in the welfare of their less advanced brethren below.

“You will think, perhaps, after all is said, that the collected indications of this truth which so much weigh with me are, after all, but faint. But let us remember that a faint impression must as really have had an operative agent as a strong one, and though not so easily discernible,

is not therefore the less significant. The Indian once set upon the trail, just as certainly recognises the almost invisible track of his enemy, as the untutored African knows the havoc of the elephant or buffalo: the one invisible, except to the most experienced eye, the other arresting the gaze of the most careless. Yet the first, when discerned, just as truly indicates a reality as the latter, and is as confidently to be relied and acted upon. Now that quickness of physical discernment which the Indian acquires from concentrated hate, that very quickness of spiritual sight may the Christian acquire from intensity of love, and thus track the ascending soul from the dross of this mortal coil to the blissful regions in the power of an endless life; and then will these faint indications which are vouchsafed to us of the reality of the sympathy of the invisible world be, like every gift of God, rich in blessing. Rich, infinitely rich, beyond our deserts, and beyond our conceptions.

“It seems then to be a law of being that all increase of vitality is attended by a proportionate multiplication of objects of love; in proportion to ‘light’ is ‘fellowship,’ says St. John. With added capacities arise added sympathies, selfishness ever diminishing as the being rises in the graduated scale of intelligence. The new sphere of interest which comes with the enlarged sphere of action, always enhancing upon the old, never superseding or excluding it. Observe how this law obtains in the natural world. A crystal or a metal has no life. It acts not, but is only acted upon, and the electric fluid arranges the spicula of the quartz in their regular symmetrical forms,

and imparts cohesion to the metal. If we rise higher in creation, we find the limpet with a degree of vitality just enabling him to cling to the rock of safety and to assimilate food, while the warm and red-blooded mammal not only provides for himself but for his young. Higher still, we find that domestic animals possess, together with the power of educability, an expansion of love which embraces their masters and their fellow domestic animals. Rising yet higher, we arrive at civilised man, endowed not only, like the mineral, with the properties of matter; like the zoophyte, with vitality; like the vermes, with the ability of providing for himself; like the *feræ naturæ*, with powers of locomotion and provident care for their own progeny; and like domestic animals, with powers which can be moulded by intelligence, with memory, association, and attachment; but he, over and above all these, is endowed with knowing faculties, to investigate the world around; and with reflecting faculties, to compare and analyse the impressions he receives from it. Hence comes to civilised man the possession of abstract truths, principles of action, and those moral sentiments which bear the same relation to individual feelings that abstract principles do to individual perceptions. His powers thus enlarged upon those of the inferior animals, his affections expand in a wide variety of social and civil relations, forming the intricate web of civil polity and of domestic and social life.

“Thus have we followed the development of vitality, with the correspondent development of sympathy, through all its lower phases. But man does not merely exercise high faculties through his perceptions of the material world, he

has likewise the capacity for apprehending objects which his senses cannot discern,—Truth, Eternity, God. And with the exercise of this power, through the infusion of a new and divine life, comes a new and heavenly love, of which this earth and all which it inherits is no longer the limit. His point of sight is altered. The lines of his perspective terminate in a new point of vision above, beyond this world; and as civilised man may be said to stand on the pinnacle of the terrestrial creation, regenerate man may be said to belong to both creations, celestial and terrestrial; to have an amphibious or double existence. While all the old objects of his sympathies remain, new sympathies, intense and spiritual, arise; a disinterested love has been poured abroad in his heart, but the original selfish love, which loves because he was first loved, is not extinguished.

“And now, wholly quitting the world of sense, let us go to that beyond sense. Yet in vain would we strain our weak mental eyes to look upwards through the ascending scale of angels, archangels, virtues, thrones, dominions, principalities and powers, cherubim and seraphim, whose bright and blessed hosts, rank above rank, rise in rapid succession, till dark, and blinded with excess of light, our poor sight can follow them no more. We only know that our God, the Father of Lights, who can Himself receive no accession, is that inexhaustible Fountain of ever-flowing love whence the whole universe, visible and invisible, terrestrial and celestial, is replenished with good and blessing. His delight it is to *give eternally*, for the delight of giving, where no return can be thought of.

The next intelligences below that we know of, are the heavenly hosts. They also love disinterestedly. They rejoice and bless God for that love to man which benefits not themselves. Now it appears to me that in the graduated scale thus dimly intimated, one of its degrees seems to be missing,—one, namely, between the purified selfish love of regenerate man and the originally unselfish sympathy of the lowest order of the heavenly hierarchy. And this, I think, is exactly supplied by the love of the spirit of the just made perfect, if when freed from this earthly coil and endowed with the powers of an immortal life and with new objects of interest hence unfolded to him, he still loves those on earth in memory of the love that loved him there ; thus dropping no gift of God, but superadding a wholly unselfish love ; and wholly redeemed he joins in the song ‘Unto Him that loved *us* and washed *us* from our sins be honour and glory and praise.’ The communion and love of the Church above to the Church below does surely supply a link which would otherwise be wanting in the chain of love and being ; beginning, as it does, with the narrow selfishness of the lowest animal existences, till rising through the three lives in man, it unites with spiritual love in regenerate man, and passes on through spiritual, unselfish, but individual sympathy of disembodied spirits, to the sublime love of the heavenly hierarchies which takes its source directly from God, and is wholly irrespective of all personal affinities, interests, and relations.

“This, however, after all, you will say, is but conjecture, and conjecture will not satisfy the mind that desires truth. And truly the mind of man, so dark, so impotent, and frail,

cannot rest upon its own imagination where the word which cannot err has revealed the reality. 'Hear, O ye Heavens, and give ear, O Earth, for the Lord hath spoken.' And I think that in this instance we are not left to wander in the wilderness of human speculation, but that some decided indications are afforded by that word of revelation which is infallible. The passages of Scripture which occur to me on this subject are not numerous. How would they doubtless be abused were they in greater number : but they *exist* ; and hence are to be used, for all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable, &c. &c. But in the first place, before I adduce these passages which seem to throw light upon each other and upon the subject, let me say that the term *angels* in Scripture seems to be used inclusively of the spirits of just men made perfect. Thus, the angel who appears to St. John, Rev. xix. 10, xxii. 9, distinctly asserts that he was the fellow servant of his brethren ; and the disciples, when they think they see the spirit of Peter, say 'It is his angel.' Acts, xii. 15. I also think that the passage is very striking, taken in this connection, in Genesis, xxviii. 12, where the angels on the mystic ladder are spoken of, first as ascending and then as descending, and it becomes more striking still when, turning to John, i. 51, we find our Lord interpreting the mystic ladder as Himself, He truly being that ladder by which human spirits ascend to God in worship, and descend on man in blessing. Viewed in this light, Elisha's angelic guard of fiery horsemen and chariots receives a new meaning ; and does not, indeed, Elisha seem plainly to declare that Elijah himself, when he left the earth, ascended and took his place in that angelic guard ? We know, at

least, that the time arrived when Elijah with Moses bore a part in an actual conversation which took place on earth, Dives, we are told, saw the evil conduct of his brethren, Luke xvi. 28. Abraham, long after he had left the earth, saw the advent of Moses and the prophets, Luke xvi. 29.

“If in the thirty-fourth Psalm it speaks of angels encamping about them that fear the Lord, it speaks in Hebrews xii., in like manner, of being encompassed about with a great cloud of witnesses; from which it manifestly appears not only that the appellations of the blest departed and angels were in many places identical, but so likewise were their interests and ministrations in behalf of the Church below. Well, then, may the Apostle describe the blessed contrast between Mount Sinai and Mount Zion, and mention the Church below as actually come to the communion both with an innumerable company of angels and with the spirits of just men made perfect.

“These, my dear friend, are, I think, the principal Scriptural passages which in former years I have read with deep interest on the communion of the Church above with that below. Often have I felt it a comfort that these passages were given of human social consolation; often too have I been most thankful they were not more, lest that should have stopped the heart from seeking as its rest a better and higher comfort.

“Having now touched upon what appears to me two channels of evidence respecting the communion of the invisible with the visible human world; namely, first, the analogy of the natural world, which, I think, renders it *probable*: and, secondly, the indications scattered through

the Divine Word, whose converging light, I believe, reveals it to the eye of faith, may I now enter upon another and the last channel of evidence, which though last is not the least, but which appears to me to be the most wide and most deep ground, far wider than any insulated texts could afford, on which to rest a conviction on this subject? I mean the *general scope* of Scripture itself, presenting considerations which are entwined with the whole fabric of Christian truth. Tell me if you think I am wrong. I will explain further. He who is the head and heart and centre of Christian worship, the image of the invisible God, as well as God over all, blessed for ever; He who is that daily bread of life which, that we may live, must be daily fed upon, is revealed to us, not only as perfect God, but as perfect Man; the stress is laid as much on His humanity for our mighty consolation as on His divinity for our mighty power. But, if we are to feed daily on Christ entire, and if Christ is Man as well as God, there must be a way of communion with his humanity as well as with His divinity. Now, the humanity of Christ was first a terrestrial humanity, now it is a celestial humanity. Whilst on earth, His humanity was under the laws which belonged to it as terrestrial, He conformed to all its conditions. Those in the room with Him saw Him, touched Him; those in another did not. But is not our Lord's humanity as much a living agent now as it was then, though under celestial and not terrestrial laws? Is He not in His sympathising humanity present with the hearts of His children? Must not the laws, then, under which His humanity now acts admit of real intercourse with the human spiritual world?

If we think otherwise, it seems to me that in denying the possibility, or indeed the reality, of communion between mortal and immortal humanity, we cut ourselves off from the comfort of the human sympathy of Christ as our friend and brother ; or if, on the other hand, we suppose that He is not subject to laws common to the glorified human nature, we deny practically that He is the Head of a body, and that He has entered upon a throne to be shared with its members.

“ Hence it is, my dear friend, that I think the doctrine of the Communion of Saints so important. It is not merely as a source of present consolation ; as such it is sweet indeed, yet altogether secondary. It is because Christ is the King and Head of Saints, and because He is the Prototype, the Exemplar of celestial humanity, that, wherever we place the limit of communion of spirits — of human spirits above with human spirits below — there, in truth, we limit the intercourse of the Church with its living Human Head.

“ The law of the saints’ communion in the glorified humanity of Christ (for are not His children more closely united to Him than our limbs to ourselves?) give us all we have loved in Him as Man, — oh, how closely, how dearly, how reverently, — but in a more enduring and more vital relation. Oh, how precious is the thought that the measure of human communion with *Him* is the measure of human communion with *them* ! But, passing sweet though it is thus to have all our hallowed human ties bound together in our dear Lord, and to receive them anew from His loving hand, yet is it far more sweet and blessed to remember that this law of the communion of celestial with

terrestrial human beings is in fact the bond by which we, creatures of dust, can rely on the brotherly help of Him who is God over all, blessed for ever.

“I ought to add, that I apprehend all passages in Scripture in which blessings are mentioned as coming from the Lord Jesus must be considered as referring the bestowal of them to the humanity as well as the divinity of Christ, and are therefore an evidence that the spirit recognises a communion of the Head with the members through laws proper to humanity, the same holding good through every vital part of the body, the Church.

“I do not wish to press this subject upon you, but I love to tell you my mind. To me it is a subject of deepest feeling. I never loved our Lord till I felt His humanity. Oh, what a blessed link of light and love it is, embracing all, uniting all, that the heart truly, eternally, deeply, sacredly loves! And how often, at my poor little chapel, has my very heart thrilled through all its depths at those verses of my favourite hymn:—

“ ‘Jesus, the whole creation’s Head,
Lord of the living and the dead,
Endless Thy glories shine.
Thy blood-bought Church in mercy own,
The Church assembled round Thy throne,
Or pilgrims here,—we all are Thine.

“ ‘Ye spirits of the just above,
With Christ now perfected in love,
Once our companions here,
In higher strains join us to sing
Blessing and honour to our King,
Till He in glory shall appear.’ ”

On Good Friday 1850, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck made

the exertion, which for many past years had proved beyond her strength, to attend the public worship of God. On that day, and for the last time, she joined the services of the Moravian Church in Bristol. Almost at the moment of setting out, she learnt that one, whom in former years she had much loved and honoured, was in dying circumstances. She took a scrap of paper, and hastily wrote the following lines:—

“My very dear and honoured Friend,

“May all the blessings of Him, who at this hour hung upon the cross for us, be with you on this day. May He give you the full, deep, double blessing of the rich atoning blood and the purifying stream of water. Oh! may He make your bed in your sickness, and as the heavens open to you, may you, like Stephen, see Him in glory at his Father’s and your Father’s right hand.

“Remember me still before Him.

“Thank you, thank you, for the many blessed hours of sweet communion we have taken together before Him, in the land of our pilgrimage. Oh! may we once rest together in His holy presence, and rejoice before Him together!

“My dear and very honoured friend, to Him whom your soul best loves, I commend you. I know His angel encamps around your bed, encamps with a double purpose—to watch over you under the eye of Him whose love neither slumbers nor sleeps, and because, even the holy angels, by seeing His works in His living temple, the hearts of His children, learn more of the manifold wisdom and love of

God in Christ. And thus both the angel in glory and the disciple in dust are privileged to minister to each other out of the rich abundance that alike replenishes both. Farewell! Pray for me in finishing my pilgrimage, as I give thanks for you on the threshold of His glory."

Again she writes to an intimate friend: —

" At six I rode out over the Down, and got out to walk in the shade. I felt the soft green turf so pleasant, and the tall grove of firs and their rugged stems just marked by a thread of golden light, the grateful expanse of the shadowing lime and ash over our heads, and then the deep long shadows of evening ever stretching further, and beyond, far away, the blue hills and mountains rich with light, the sea like an expanse of gold. Bright was that sea, telling of the ocean of eternity beyond the evening shadows of age, bright the hills, like the eternal landmarks of Divine truth! and oh! how bright and radiant did the sails appear of those ships which had reached the ocean. How many of them in the morning looked poor, dusky, and tattered, hemmed in between the banks of our muddy river, but once arrived at the ocean, once illuminated by that bright sun, how glorious did they look in His glory!"

CHAP. XI

1840—1848.

“Jesus Christ is the corner and foundation stone of the Church, which is the Temple of God. He supports and holds together all the parts, and it is by a lively faith that each subsists in Him, and is united to Him.”—QUESNEL.

FROM early youth the study of architecture was a favourite pursuit of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck.

Forty years before a knowledge of architecture became a fashion, and while pinnacles and sockets, bosses and cusps, were words in an unknown tongue, her mind, in most things before the age, had perceived its beauty, and she had diligently sought to make herself acquainted with its principles. She fully appreciated the exquisite perfection of Grecian architecture, but she dwelt with most delight on Gothic, because she saw in it a symbolic utterance of Scriptural truth.

Being one day asked to state her reasons for this preference, she wrote in a few hours the beautiful little “Essay on the Comparative Value of Grecian and Gothic Architecture,” which will be found among her miscellaneous works.

With Durandus and others, she believed that ecclesiastical buildings were intended not only to afford the means

for the performance of religious rites, but likewise in a measure to supply the want of books in an age when printing was unknown ; hence the construction of ecclesiastical edifices, both in their general forms and in their particular details, was designed to exhibit a typical or symbolic representation of Divine truth, and consequently to form a continued series of religious instruction to those versed in its silent but eloquent language.

I will make a few extracts from scattered notices of her thoughts on this subject : —

“ Not only has St. Jerome left us a record of his meditative walks in the Catacombs of Rome, but the walls of the rocks and caverns, and the rude masonry with which they are fashioned, are rich in Christian symbols. They have, indeed, no value as works of art, for they were produced in the decline of art, and by men probably who did not value the arts as such ; but, while the execution is poor, the conception is sublime — telling everywhere of eternal truth ; they declare great things in a lisping tongue.

“ In every part of these ancient temples and tombs of sepulture, appear the history of Jonah, the type of the death and resurrection of Christ ; the raising of Lazarus, that of Christ’s people ; of Noah, a type of Christ, the true Refuge ; and the Ark, His Church : —

“ Also of Pharaoh, and the submerging of his hosts, showing the doom of the wicked ; the good Shepherd searching out His sheep, carrying them, feeding them, separating the sheep from the goats : —

“ The crucifixion of our Lord ; the doves clustering round the cross of Christ, drinking from the Fount of living

water:—these, besides multitudes of other designs, are deeply interesting, from affording irrefragable proof that the grand objects of faith in the Church were as they ever have been — the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

“Many are the emblems of holy hope; the undying lamp, the wreath of amaranth. Every symbol of the faith chiselled out with a perseverance which overcame the ignorance of untaught artists and the difficulties of the material, repeating again and again the same leading truths; but, with few exceptions, no vestige remains to indicate whose tombs they adorn.

“The palm branch of martyrdom is indeed suspended on each martyr’s tomb, and abundance of symbols to show forth by Whom his soul was sustained in the conflict; but little trace appears to record the name of the faithful — no name, for his ‘life was hid with Christ in God.’ The same practice of setting forth Divine truth by types and symbols obtained in after ages. Thus —

“*The church*, when cruciform, typifies the cross of Christ. His atonement.

“When not cruciform, a ship, pointing out Christ as the Ark of safety to a perishing world.

“*The nave*, occupied by an ever-fluctuating congregation of the faithful, typifies the Church militant.

“*The choir*, or *chancel*, destined to priests, whose office is continually to praise God, the Church triumphant.

“*The screen* is placed between the nave and the chancel; it represents death, the passage separating the Church militant from the Church triumphant. It is adorned on the side towards the nave because the gate of the heavenly

Jerusalem is bright and beautiful to the Christian pilgrim. The screen is never adorned on the chancel side, for the portal once passed, the Christian is too happy in his Father's house, and too much occupied with the glories there revealed, to desire to look back.

"It is a *screen*, because 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.'

"It is a *pierced screen*, because the eye of faith penetrates it and realises unseen things.

"*The pillars* in the nave typify the apostles, prophets, and holy men who, built on Christ, are placed on his foundation as supports to the Church. 'James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars.'

"*Base of pillars* — Christ; the socket *Adonai*, in which alone each pillar can have its standing.

"Early English many-shafted *columns* were introduced when all Christendom was hastening to the Holy Wars, and when many vassals were called to support their liege lord, whether temporal or spiritual, and were bound to him by many ties.

The columns, with one strong central pillar, and many slender shafts united to it from space to space, typified this double temporal and spiritual bond.

"Both the centre and surrounding shafts were grounded in one *socket*, Christ. All branched out and interlaced in beautiful *capitals*; the union of each little company in the same beautiful works. Each column above branched into three *springers*; for Faith, Hope, and Charity must result from being grounded in Christ. If rooted in Him, we shall

be built up in Him, and be complete in Him. The *springers* always *mount upwards*, for the Christian's conversation is in heaven. All are bound at their culminations by *orbs*, which are frequently adorned with Scripture history. All meet in Christ, and consider Him and His works.

“*Flying buttresses*; the support which the various parts of Divine truth give to each other. They are not founded on earth, but grow out of the fabric itself, and tend to build it up, grace for grace, the heavenly ladder in its upward rounds.

“*Stained glass*; the varied colours, the varied lights and graces and gifts of the Spirit. When used in geometrical designs, and not in painting, the colours are often typical; thus,

“*White*, of glory, perfection, regeneration; for white contains all colours, as the number eight all numbers, the superabundant number: —

“*Blue*, heavenly faith, looking upwards;

“*Red*, zeal; it is also the colour of martyrs;

“*Violet*, composed of blue and red; faith, zeal, and suffering;

“*Yellow*, glory; the colour of heavenly light;

“*Green*, hope; ever fresh, budding;

“*Black*, deep mourning.

“*Altar*; Christ, the true Altar, who sanctifies the gift; as well as the true victim, alone available with the Father.

“It is *right-sided*, for a side extends to each quarter of the compass. His merits avail to bring many from the north, the south, the east, the west: right-angled, for four

right angles embrace the whole and complete sphere. It is of *stone*, for it is without flaw, immutable, imperishable.

“*Candles*. ‘Christ is the true Light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world ;’ where *two* lights, Christ’s divinity and humanity ; the two testaments, the two witnesses. Where *three*, the Holy Trinity ; Christ as Prophet, Priest, and King.

“*Coronals of light*, suspended from the roof, or in the hands of angels, mark the crowns of light and glory He will give to all who love His appearing.

“They hang from above, whilst in a rightly symbolised church, all heraldic ornaments or coats of arms are to be on tombs even with the pavement, or else placed on it as marking that worldly things are to be trampled under foot, or looked down upon by children of God.

“*Tombs* of course mark the rest of the body in its dust, the wages of sin due to the greatest saint ; the empty temple, once inhabited by the Holy Ghost ; the wardrobe laid by with care till the resurrection morn.

“*Cusps*, which point downwards, typify the sharp thorns and chastenings of life which mark the Christian’s course ; they are richly floriated ; children, in sport, stick flowers on sharp thorns ; God in mercy makes sharpest chastenings bud into the richest graces ; ‘We are chastened that we might be partakers of His holiness.’

“*Pinnacles* mark the upward aspirations of the soul ; the *Crocket* its fruitfulness in its course ; the *Finial* its blessed fruit in eternity.

“*Gargoyles* or *Gargouilles* ; figures of monsters or demons, outside church towers, &c., and the mouths of

which are often formed for spouts to draw off water. They represent the evil spirits hurrying away from the house of God and from the presence of holiness. They typify various sins,—the frog, levity; the dragon, rapacity; the wild beast, cruelty; all of which depart when Christ rules in the heart.

“*Tabernacles*; abodes for statues of bishops, saints, and holy men, marking that God not only calls each soul from death to life, from Satan to Christ, by a general call of grace common to the whole Catholic church, but that He appoints to each soul its own particular place, its own rank, and its particular position in that rank. As on the façade of a church, some, like warriors, are in the ranks nearest the earth, saints and bishops higher, then apostles, and the spirits of just men made perfect; this is intended to teach, that while we recognise all who have a tabernacle or abiding place in the Church, each can only prove an ornament by keeping in his own place—the faith is Catholic, the individual post particular. The image stands on a *pedestal of stone*, for each soul individually stands on Christ, the Rock; each has a *canopy* over it, for the canopy of Divine love and favour, and the shield of Divine protection, is cast over each soul that is His.”

Another favourite subject with Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was Phrenology, especially in connection with that of Temperament. Through life, the knowledge of character indicated by external signs was interesting to her.

When Dr. Spurzheim visited Bristol in 1828, she attended his lectures, and had frequent personal intercourse with him. She yielded her assent to the general principles

of his theory,— a belief which subsequent inquiry and observation tended to confirm. But it was her opinion that the science of Phrenology is very incomplete unless combined with the knowledge of temperaments, which, she thought, ever modified phrenological organisation. She was often asked by her young friends to give them hints on the formation of character from their phrenological development; and if a judgment may be formed of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's accuracy from the frequency of these applications, her success must have been great indeed. She had not unfrequently letters from total strangers entreating an interview, that from observation of their phrenological organs, she might give them advice in their studies and occupations. Often parents requested her to see their children, and on one occasion she received a letter, written by a young mother, asking leave to bring her infant of a few weeks old to be phrenologised!

In reference to an application of this kind from an anonymous pen, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck says, in concluding her reply: "May I be allowed to add, that I believe Phrenology either eminently useful or otherwise, according to the principles upon which it is studied? How invaluable is a science imparting self-knowledge, where it leads to a practical sense of the necessity of Divine help! How useful the knowledge of the working of other minds, if it be made a basis of forbearance and charity; and how inestimable a testimony does Phrenology bear to Christianity, by pointing out many parts of the cerebral structure which can find their scope only in a Divine revelation! For what were veneration, without a Supreme Being to

venerate ; faith, without an infallible Authority to trust ; conscience, without a Divine standard to appeal to ; ideality, without a future world to be its object ? May I be allowed, in conclusion, to express my best wishes for my correspondent, as for myself, that in Phrenology, as in all other pursuits, we may seek light in Him who is the only true light — that Centre from which all other truths are but as emanations ? ”

Those around Mrs. SchimmelPenninck sometimes thought that the applications she received professedly on the subject of Phrenology (in which science she never laid claim to any practical skill) had, not unfrequently, the real object of obtaining an interview with one in many ways so distinguished, and whose kindness and courtesy never failed, however extravagant the requests made to her.

On one occasion, after Mrs. SchimmelPenninck had been engaged in defining and illustrating the temperaments to some young friends, one amongst them wrote down the substance of her conversation in the following summary. It was subsequently shown to Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, who, after the alteration of a few words, approved it as containing the result of what she had gathered from much thought and observation.

“There are four temperaments. Choleric and Sanguine, *active* : Phlegmatic and Melancholic, *passive*.

“Sanguine is characterised by activity ; Choleric by force ; Phlegmatic by inertness ; Melancholic by sensibility. In Sanguine and Choleric, the outline is convex : Phlegmatic and Melancholic outline with concavities.

“*Sanguine* : convexities united by angles, features sa-

lient, complexion pink, hair red and crisped, light of the eye sparkling, colour blue ; voice sharp, movements agile and with elasticity ; attitudes, with spring, bird-like, constant in motion.

“*Choleric*: the muscles strongly defined, complexion bilious, eyes dark, light flashing, nostrils *well pronounced*, hair black and curled strongly, gestures violent, voice deep and harsh, shaggy eyebrows, the mouth closes determinately, jaw-bone marked forcibly.

“*Phlegmatic*: the body bears a large proportion to the limbs, and the plain of the face to the features ; complexion sodden, features snub, not well formed, hair hempen and lank ; eye open, dull grey in colour, eyebrows an unmeaning arch, cheeks pendulous, lips thick, without coarse expression, voice uninflected and deep ; attitudes without gesticulation, light of the eye tranquil.

“*Melancholic*: features in a concave basis, cheekbone flat, without muscular constriction ; white manifest under the iris of the eye, hair lank, dark in colour ; voice unsubstantial, susceptible of modulation, chest falls in, limbs long in proportion to the figure, light of the eye melting, attitudes pensile.

“It is probable that a Sanguine temperament will have much approbation and hope, little circumspection, generally more knowing than reflecting faculties :

“That a Choleric temperament will have combativeness, destructiveness, and self-esteem ; little veneration :

“That the Melancholic will be prone to caution and acquisitiveness, generally having ideality or causality, and large adhesiveness.

“The Phlegmatic will probably exhibit more reflective than knowing faculties with equable distribution of the organs, without much ideality or comparison.

“The Sanguine will be an entertaining companion, not deep:

“The Choleric, a brave champion, not tender:

“The Melancholic, a warmly attached friend:

“The Phlegmatic, ballast, rest.

“It is always desirable there should be an active and passive temperament; the character is likely to be poor without this union. If there are only the two passive temperaments, the character is without spring, and little able to help itself. If the two active, there is little quiet or rest between the violence of the Choleric and the restlessness of the Sanguine. The finest characters generally possess all four temperaments.

“In unions, persons will attach themselves to temperaments and organisations which supply the wants of their own.

“The greatest force of character arises from Phlegmatic and Choleric; the strongest active and the strongest enduring temperaments. Oliver Cromwell may serve as an example. The mixture of Melancholic and Sanguine produces an elevated and imaginative character, as Fénelon, Fletcher, Lavater.

“Phlegmatic-Sanguine, frequently not mentally active, fond of bodily exercise,” &c. &c.

It would have been difficult to find a greater intellectual pleasure than listening to Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's conversation, and yet no description can justly convey an idea

of the charm with which, unconsciously to herself, it was invested. Her deportment was alike dignified and simple; her countenance betokened strength, delicacy, and high mental culture; and, in the latter years of her life, added to the refinement which was an integral part of her nature, there was an ethereality in its expression, which told of more converse with heaven than earth. Her eyes, of dark hazel, were beautiful, full of sensibility and softened brightness; her finely-chiselled features, her grey hair waving across her noble forehead, her clear, yet pale complexion, all were in harmony. No eye could look upon her countenance without being attracted by so remarkable a blending of majesty and beauty, of intelligence and sweetness; no ear could listen to her voice, without being riveted by its clear, melodious, and flexible tones, until the sense of eloquence was lost in the great and the noble thoughts of which it was the utterance.

With some few, though very rarely amongst women, might be found her almost universal knowledge; fewer still possess the fulness and variety of thought which characterised the flow of her mind in social intercourse; and, rarest of all, would be the entire simplicity and humility which were her crowning ornaments. I will venture to say, not only that her conversation was unlike that of others, but that, as a whole, it was unrivalled. Sometimes heavenly wisdom flowed from her lips; sometimes the sparkling of her wit, her fund of anecdote, her vivid imagination were the life of all; her speaking countenance, and her musical voice, ever varying with her subject; sometimes it was deepest pathos, sometimes it was merri-

ment itself; while her ringing silvery laugh seemed the very echo of joyousness and glee.

It was in domestic life that Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was best appreciated, and best loved. Pleasant were the days, as they rapidly succeeded each other. From the time of her first consulting Dr. Jephson, she steadily adhered to his rules, and her habit of walking before breakfast was rarely interrupted. Her love of animals formed quite a feature in her daily habits. Like St. Francis, she delighted to attract the little birds, by tempting them with dainty food upon her verandah; and it was a positive pleasure to her to watch their feast. She had a bag made, which was always filled with oats, to regale any stray horse or ass; and she has been seen surrounded by four goats, each standing on its hind legs, with its uplifted front feet resting on her, and all eagerly claiming the salt she had prepared for them. But her great delight was in dogs. She never forgot those sad hours in childhood, when, unable to mix in the sports of children from illness (perhaps, too, from her want of sympathy in the usual pleasures of that age), the beautiful dogs at Barr were her companions and friends.

It is no figure of speech to say that she had a large acquaintance amongst the dogs at Clifton. She always carried a pocketful of biscuit to feed them; and she had a canine friend, who for years was in the daily habit of waiting at her door to accompany her morning walk, after which he received his little portion of biscuit, and returned to his home. Timid as Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was by

nature and by habit, she had no idea of personal fear of animals, and especially of dogs. I have seen her go up without hesitation to some splendid specimen of the race, of which everybody else was afraid, to stroke him, or offer food; when the noble creature, with that fine perception often so remarkably manifested by dogs and children, would look up in her face, and then return her caress, and crouch down at her feet in love and confidence. Her own two beautiful little spaniels were her constant companions in her walks; their happy gambols were always a source of pleasure. So also was everything in nature, and much of what was going on around her, as the sweet fresh air of the early morning, the lights and shadows on the distant hills, the vessels passing up and down the Avon. On one such occasion, when speaking of the life of some Christian who wanted joy, she said: "A Christian, and not happy! As years roll on, and the treasures of eternity open more and more to our view, I think God's children should become more and more happy. I am now sixty-eight; I am far happier than I was at twenty, and that, principally, because the Lord has shown me more of Himself." And then she spoke of her home, and continued: "As one gets older, much older, the very love we have towards each other seems to have less that is mortal, more of the seed of eternal life! not that the affections become colder; far from it; but we see more clearly, and recognise more joyfully, that Divine life which unites us in our common Lord." And after a pause: "Not that I should speak of happiness when I think of my melancholic temperament, and the deserts I often have to pass through; but even the

sound of the living water, to the traveller in the deserts of Africa, is less sweet than the love of God to the soul."

It was in the year 1843, that her friend and brother-in-law, Dr. Booth, came to reside at Bath, for the benefit of Mrs. Booth's health. This afforded an opportunity for the renewal of intercourse which, in former years, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck had much enjoyed. She derived great benefit from his professional skill, which she estimated very highly, and it was always an occasion of deep interest and feeling, as well as of pleasure, to Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, when Dr. Booth brought her sister to spend the day with her at Clifton. The comfort of having these relations so near ceased on their removal to their estate in Yorkshire, in 1849.

I have already had occasion to mention Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's unfailing industry. In the happy and peaceful routine which marked the latter years of her life, this was brought into full exercise.

A marked characteristic of her house was the cheerfulness of her simple meals. She generally, I believe designedly, conversed much at such times; and when not actually oppressed by illness or suffering, she exerted herself to make the assembling together of her family, whether small or large, bright and pleasant.

It is true, as a friend once remarked, she sometimes gave so much food for the mind, that she forgot the needful refreshment of the body; but, nevertheless, these were times of peculiar enjoyment.

It was her habit to read most of the publications of the day — that is to say, when her eyes needed rest, they were

read aloud; and this was to her a sort of mental necessity. She had always two or three books, of different kinds, on hand. Many were the pauses, in which the subject presented was discussed, compared, and illustrated from the stores of her own mind, or her ready pencil, or whatever else could throw light upon it. She was never more genial, nor more happy, than in the entire privacy of evenings thus spent, and it was then that her mental and moral gifts were seen in fullest perfection. She had the keenest appreciation of humour, and great drollery; nothing escaped her playful fancy. One who loved her well often told her that her "merry heart was a continual feast." If in youth her wit might ever have led to satire, though I know not that it did, I will venture to say that no word even approximating to satire was heard from her lips in later life. Were anything said in her presence which bore unkindly on the absent, she always took their part, and sought to excuse the person, even if she could not but condemn the fault. Nor were her fingers idle in these delightful evenings; she became an excellent knitter, and many were the coverlids and petticoats she made for her friends. In the morning she generally pursued some study. She was fond of arranging the heads of any subject that interested her in a chartular form; and at one period of her life she gave a good deal of time to the formation of such charts. Those she made on Gothic architecture; on the sources and consequent value of the Catholic and Protestant versions of the Holy Scriptures; and on the authority by which the Apocrypha has been received by one party into the canon of Scripture, and refused by

another, are especially valuable and interesting. Drawing plans and maps to illustrate particular places was another of her favourite occupations while listening to reading; and so carefully had she studied the geography of the Holy Land, and so many were the plans and charts on different scales she had drawn of Jerusalem, and the Temple, that it has been said, the roses of Damascus, the walls of Jerusalem, and the courts of the Temple were as familiar to her as the gardens and the city near which she dwelt.

CHAP XII.

1848—1850.

"A renewed nature is the very image of God, it is a beam from the face of God. The only inherent beauty of the rational soul; it ennobles man above all nobility, fits him to understand his Maker's pleasure, do His will, and receive His glory."—BAXTER.

"Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows;
The author not impair'd, but honour'd more."

MILTON.

IN the year 1848, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's powers of walking, so necessary for the preservation of her health, began to fail; and two friends, to whom she was very dear, persuaded her to keep a little carriage. They thought that the inducement which a suitable conveyance afforded to be more in the air, could hardly fail to be useful; while the variety it would give, they also hoped, might, in a degree, refresh her mind, and divert it from its too close habits of study. The use of the carriage proved highly beneficial to her. It was respecting this that she wrote:—

"June 17th.

"Since my last letter to you, I have got my little carriage. It is very neat and commodious, and in 'la pau-

vreté *évangélique*.' The only fault I have to find is, that the horse seems too desirous of exercising the right of private judgment as to which road he shall take, and where he shall have his pasture, whenever he sees a new road, or a bit of green grass by the wayside. I hope, however, he will soon be taught to abjure '*les nouveautés*,' and then, I think, he will do very well."

But these happy days were often clouded by illness; if that can justly be called a cloud which was lighted up by divine consolations. She never lost the lesson she had learnt in childhood from her mother to bear pain—shall I say like a Spartan, or a Christian? Certain it is, that to those who knew her sensitive constitution, it was marvellous to see how she endured bodily suffering: great prostration of strength was, perhaps, harder to bear, and both were familiar to her. The word of God was her stay at such times. She would, perhaps, have the 34th Psalm, or the 103rd, or the 121st, or the last verses of the 5th of Ephesians, read over and over again to her. She listened with sustained delight to those passages which declare the close union between Christ and His Church: her spirit was like that of a happy, confiding child, in the arms of its father.

Her thoughts on Scripture, conversational remarks, and sayings in illness, often seemed very remarkable to those who heard them. Some were written down, if not at the moment they were spoken, yet soon afterwards, and while fresh in the mind of the writer.

In an illness which she had, in the year 1850, she one

day said to a friend who was with her : “ What dost thou think of that servant who wills not to receive his wages ? ” “ Who can that be ? ” was the reply. “ ‘ The wages of sin is death,’ ” she answered, “ ‘ but the gift of God is eternal life.’ ” I will tell thee the depth of my mind. I don’t often speak of these things ; but to-day it will be a relief to me. Now death, and the pain, sickness, and sorrow, which lead to it, are so trying to my nature, that I shrink even from the thought of them ; yet they are my wages and my inheritance. I am now more than seventy-three, and I have passed a long life without receiving these things as I ought. Last year it was first brought in clearness to my mind, that death and suffering should not only be submissively borne as coming from God, but received as the necessary consequence of sin, the wages we have earned, our just due ; and oh ! I do deeply wish to receive them as such, not shrinking from one or the other, but, as it were, meeting the Lord half way in the willingness of my heart ; knowing that He is strong, though I am weak ; and that grace can conquer nature. I have long known that His gift is eternal life. I am now first learning the Hebrew Psalms by heart. I am a beginner also in the great school of receiving suffering.”

After a night of great pain, she said, “ I have suffered much pain lately, and so have others I love ; and I have thought much of suffering. When the children of Israel were taken to Babylon ; though it was the finest city in the world, fifteen miles across, adorned with its hanging gardens, its palaces, its temple of Belus, its orchards, its walks, and filled with luxury and all that could attract the

eye or please the taste; yet they hanged their harps upon the willows, and could not sing the Lord's song in a strange land. But we find, that when in the fiery furnace the three children were walking in the midst of the flame, and the fourth, like unto the Son of God, was with them, then they sang a song of rejoicing, which has been preserved for the instruction of the Church in all ages. Thus it is with us. Our Lord was made perfect through suffering; it tracked His every footstep. As with the master, so with the servant. He forewarns us that tribulation is the path to His kingdom: the experience of His children confirms the same. Let us not faint then, nor be weary. He walks with us, as with the holy children in the furnace; we will join them in their song of thanksgiving."

At another time she said,—

"What a type is our daily food of high and precious truth! We cannot subsist but by the sacrifice of animal or vegetable life; neither can the soul subsist, in blessing, but likewise by the sacrifice of life. Christ, our Passover, was sacrificed for us; and as, to sustain our bodies in health, we must have recourse to the food our Heavenly Father has provided; so our souls, to be in health, must, no less, be constantly fed and nourished by the food which is from heaven."

The question was asked, if persons of strong affections, which, above all other things, form the tie which binds them to earth, should endeavour to love less; Mrs. SchimmelPenninck answered: "While we love in Christ, we

cannot love too much. Now, by loving in Christ, I mean this; all earthly ties are formed by the providence of God. He has made us what we are, and what we can be to each other, and this in the triple life of body, soul, and spirit. We should, therefore, in the first place, take such bond from His hand; we should receive it as His gift; hold it from His bounty; cultivate it as a talent He lends us, and in the daily cross, which all human ties are sure to bring, no less than in the daily sweetness, we should remember that the *earthly* part will one day die away, while in the heavenly is the germ of what will grow up into everlasting life. In every child of God, we should see the ideal of what he will be when he shall be set free from sin, infirmity, and this body of death. It is, too, a part of wisdom to see what our Lord means us to be towards any human being. There are notes of accord, and notes of discord, in every relation; we must not expect to be all, nor to receive all, to or from any human creature. God alone can fill and satisfy that heart which He has formed. Besides, strong affections are a talent, and they should be used as such."

Mrs. SchimmelPenninck remarked to a friend, who was reading to her in the book of Numbers, chap. vii.—

"In casually reading this chapter, it may appear a mere useless repetition, but if we enter into its spirit, I think it conveys much instruction.

"We have here the detail of the offering to God made by the princes of every tribe of Israel. None are left out; all offer the same; typically showing us, that all the Israel

of God have the same requirements, the same needs, the same sins, the same remedy. Thus the meat-offering typified Christ's body and flesh; the sin-offering, His atonement for the iniquities of His people; the offering of incense, the prayer and praise ever ascending to God's throne; the burnt-offering, in which there was nothing left, nothing withheld, the full and unreserved devotedness with which the children of God should give themselves to their Father; the peace-offering, that communion with Christ, and with our brethren, which is the fruit of reconciliation, and which our Lord in His person ordained, when He took the bread and said, 'Take, eat, this is my body; this do in remembrance of me.'

"One other truth," she continued, "this teaches to my mind; it shows me the value of a Litany for public worship. Do we not see here the unity of the wants and the offerings of God's people? So let us speak to God, in the assembly of the Church, from generation to generation; one song of praise ascending to His throne, one hope of pardon, one form of prayer."

"Jehovah is called 'the Rock of Ages.' This figure is greatly more expressive and beautiful, when applied to Eastern countries, than we generally imagine. In the East, the rock was delightful to the weary traveller, alike for its shade and its shelter from the heat. In it were formed vast caverns, which sometimes contained magazines of food, and, at others, were places of refuge. In the

fissures of the rock, the wild bees, so abundant in Palestine, often stored their honey. From the rock, also, sprang those joyful streams which fertilised the desert, and cheered those who dwelt there. Thus, when the inspired prophet says, 'Jehovah is the Rock of Ages,' he points out Jesus Christ, for the attributes and character ascribed to one belong to both, as the foundation of strength, the giver of security, the feeder of the soul, the source of living water, the shadow from the *heat*—which may well represent the strife and turmoil of the world, and the giver of all sweetness."

Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was one day giving a lesson in Natural History. An observation was made upon the wonderful variety of the works of God. "Yes," she answered, "I have learnt much of catholicity from Natural History. When I see the immense variety of creatures in which God has placed life,—from man, created after His own image, to the *vermes* and *reptilia*, whose life seems akin to the rock or the weed where they may be found, I see a spiritual truth; for the God of Nature is also the God of Grace—and there is a perfect analogy in all His works. Should not the vast variety in nature teach us to look for a like variety in grace? And, I believe, that each soul on whom the Sun of Righteousness has truly risen, no matter how poor or despised, how little or uninstructed, in the eyes of men, has Christ, who is his life, as truly dwell-

ing within him, as his brother, who may be the first, the greatest, or the most gifted amongst his fellows.”

“Simplicity is truth, and truth ever commends itself. It is as a point to which the mental eye is directed, and where it finds repose; and to which, as a centre, all lines in the character converge—just as in the detail of Gothic architecture. For in all excellence, we need variety with unity; the right-angled lines of Grecian architecture, running parallel with the earth and rising directly from it, may please the taste; but how much more beautiful is the altitude of the Gothic, with its never-wearying points of beauty, each growing from the other, and all combining unity of principle and variety of detail.”

During the blowing of the wind one very stormy night, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck said, “The same word is used in Hebrew to express both the *spirit* and the *wind*. How beautiful a type! Sometimes the gentle breathing of the air, though sweet and healing, is scarcely perceptible amid the hurry of life; so is the still small voice of God’s Spirit on the soul. Sometimes the wind comes with noise and tumult, carrying all before it, as in those providences of God at which even the world pauses. And may not our comfort and security amid the war of elements this night, under this comfortable roof, shadow forth to us the safety,

the rest, the security of those who have fled for refuge to the hope set before them ; and who, by union with Christ, are safe, and will be so when this earth itself shall pass away ? ”

“How wonderful a quality,” she said, on another occasion, “is faith : and, as I think each of the three lives in man has a conscience, so does it appear to me each has a faith peculiar to its own nature. One reason, I believe, why I so much enjoy looking at ships is, because a ship sailing on the wide waves is such a type and exhibition of faith. What faith in the intellectual life had Columbus when he set out to seek a new continent ! how apt an emblem of that exercise of faith in the spiritual life which, resting on the word of another, goes boldly on through the waves of time, seeking another, even a heavenly country.”

A friend having read by her desire the 17th Psalm, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck slowly repeated the last verse, “I will behold Thy face in righteousness : I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.” “Now, this expression,” she added, “has, doubtless, a primary signification in the awakening at the resurrection, when the children of God shall see Him as He is : but I think it also refers to that lively sense of spiritual realities, that awaking, as it were, to divine truth, by which we are sometimes able to

see into the unseen. Thus, Jacob in his vision, although the angels were around him, ascending and descending, and his resting-place was sanctified by the presence of the Lord God Himself, yet knew it not till he *awoke*: ‘Surely, the Lord God is in this place, and I knew it not.’ In our Lord’s words to Nathanael we are told, that ‘Hereafter we shall see heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man.’ The day will doubtless come,” she continued, “when this glorious sight shall be fully revealed to us. But now, even now, there is a deep meaning in these words. Every dispensation of God, every stroke of His providence or grace, every event, great or little, each domestic incident which casts a shadow over our household, or gladdens it with sunshine, each and all are angels of God, messengers from Him, to speak some little word to our souls. But, see they ascend and descend upon Christ: He, the daysman betwixt God and us, receives these messengers, and then hands them to His people, tempered with that Divine sympathy which the experience of our nature (however great the mystery) has rendered perfect.”

On one occasion, when Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was reading “Thomas à Kempis,” she came to the passage in the second book, “Quit this miserable world,” &c. She said, she “thought there was a sense in which Roman Catholics are mistaken in its application. They forget the triple order, in which God created man, making him of body, soul, and spirit; the true secret of which order is, to

let the animal be in subjection to the spiritual. It is pride which leads us to imagine that man can annihilate any part of God's creation. So long as we are in the body, though we must not be slaves to the body, we must be subject to its laws, which are no less divinely ordained, than those of spirit. True devotion to Christ consists, not in doing extraordinary things, but in walking before Him in an ordinary path, with extraordinary singleness of heart. The caterpillar must not conceive itself a butterfly, because the day will come when it shall leave its inferior state; neither is it the will of God that man should think he can be all spirit, till he has quitted the body and is before the throne of his Father. In Paradise, the triple order of man had place; by his fall, the subjection of the inferior part was upturned, and hence his subsequent misery."

Religious society happened to be the subject of conversation. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck expressed regret that so many religious persons neglected the cultivation of their minds; that they did not, for example, seek knowledge concerning the works of God in nature as a profitable ground for mutual intercourse, and one by which the devoted and instructed Christian might hope to draw others to spiritual truth. "As in a wheel," she said, "there is but one centre, though many spokes leading to it, so in grace, the heart filled with God's love might go from the circumference to the centre, and seek to lead others, by some one of the many paths that point to it." She con-

tinued: "but I think more good is to be done by the silent, holy influence which imperceptibly surrounds that individual who lives much with God, and which, like unction, falls silently, but surely, on those around, than by all the mere talking in the world. But to taste of this blessedness, to realise this grace, we must daily have far more communion with the Lord of Glory, than with the dearest and best beloved of earthly friends. We can only give as we receive. As perfume, however precious, soon exhales, so the most gifted amongst us must continually replenish his vessel with light, and life, and love from above, or his words will be without flavour, and without vitality. Some good people make a parenthesis in their religion, while they give a party or receive worldly people, and expect to resume it, as a garment, when the occasion has passed; but such is not the will of Christ. 'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.'"

"How blessed," she said, on another occasion, "how great a mercy, that our salvation is altogether out of ourselves; that it is begun, continued, and ended in *Christ*, complete in Him."

Cheering and sustaining though it was to hear such thoughts as these, uttered in pain, oppression, and weakness; it was yet more so to trace her growing conformity to the mind of Christ. "What a lesson," writes at this time one constantly with her, "are her acts of self-denial; her thought and consideration for others; her humility and love!"

CHAP. XIII.

1850 — 1853.

"The friendship of high and sanctified spirits loses nothing by death but its alloy; failings disappear, and the virtues of those, whose faces we shall behold no more, appear greater and more sacred when beheld through the shades of the sepulchre."—ROBERT HALL.

"I look to recognise again, through the beautiful mask of their perfection,
The dear familiar faces I have somewhere loved on earth;
I long to talk, with grateful tongue, of storms and perils past,
And praise the Mighty Pilot that hath steer'd us through the rapids."

TUPPER.

IN the year 1850 Mrs. SchimmelPenninck lost her early friend, Mrs. Catherine Gurney. The outward course of their lives had, for many years, been widely separated; but the old affection was still warm in the hearts of both. In a former year she had written to her friend:—

"It was, indeed, a heartfelt pleasure to receive thy kind and welcome letter. How strange, and yet how sweet it was, after the lapse of so many intervening years, and so long and varied a web of chequered light and shade, weal and woe, again to see that well-known handwriting, which once I so dearly looked to as the solace of my daily life; and which vividly brought before me its varied remembrances of joy and of discipline, in the accomplishment of

the purpose for which our Father was pleased, in the early part of our lives, so much to place us together.

“Perhaps, too, it was the more vividly felt because I have been, at this very time (about my seventy-first birthday), calling to mind my past life, and I love to think, not only of that goodness and mercy which I believe often invited us in years that are passed, but also of that which has followed each of us in our separate paths with guidance, with discipline, and with forgiveness; that, by learning of Him who was meek and lowly of heart, we might, indeed, find rest unto our souls.

“How striking, how heart-affecting, and yet how consolatory it is, at the close of a long life, to look back upon the course of God’s dealings with us, and to recognise, in a manner, the end wrought out through the varied stages of our earthly pilgrimage; what each friendship, each trial, each pursuit was intended to accomplish; what strength each refreshment by the way gave us, and how far it was used to His glory; what wisdom was imparted by each discipline, and whether His message of love and mercy had been kept in our minds and pondered in our hearts; and what fruit it bore to life eternal. How encouraging, and yet how humiliating is the review; humiliating, that we needed such reiterated chastisements, so much discipline, from the hand and heart of Him who is love; and yet encouraging, since that very discipline shows that He will never leave us nor forsake us, but that this God is our God, that He who *has* been, *will* be our guide, even unto death, or rather through the passage of death to life eternal.

“In this review of the past I have strongly felt how much, as instruments in His hands, I truly owe to you. With you, I think, my heart was first opened to the happy social feeling of human friendship ; and the consequences of being with you were used as the means of concentrating my scattered and fluctuating wishes after the truth, though not then knowing where and how it might be found.

“How much, in everything that is of earth, do we, as creatures of time and sense, feel and see its temporal bearings and its temporal influences ; and how much, too, do we feel its attendant evils and imperfections. But, as time proceeds, we see that the temporal part floats away down the stream of time, and that the eternal good abides to be laid up as an everlasting treasure. That the evils which accompany every human thing, and which especially do so at an early period of ignorance and inexperience, mark not that the thing itself is evil, but that it should be wisely pruned ; that the plant no more grovel in the dust, but be trained on the Tree of Life to grow upward.

“No new fire can be kindled without sending forth so much smoke, that we are apt to think the evil greater than the good ; till some wise attendant come, who, instead of putting out the fire, brings the bellows to give it more of the breath of life, and more fuel (like more truth) to feed upon, and stirs it well with reiterated blows to let the air, the breath of life, penetrate the very heart of the mass. And so, at last, this smoky little fire, which scarcely emitted a solitary spark of life, becomes a clear, steadfast, glowing flame, warming and enlightening all who draw near. Just so it is, I think, with the affections of early

youth. Have patience, commit them to our Lord's discipline, and according to the strength of the fire, if it be trained as a servant, not as a master, will be the light and heat given forth.

“And how happy is it, my dear Catherine, in every passing event of life, not only to have our spiritual eyes opened to secure the germ for eternity, but also, in every friendship, and every social tie, to look, if we may so speak, through the present human state of being, to the angelic spirit training within; and that we may be so favoured in all our ties, as mutually to help each other, and thus, in the present inert chrysalis, to look to the future winged being, who is to burst from the fettering envelope, and soar in the glad sunbeams of light and life.

“Such, my ever dear and early friend, have been amongst my thoughts lately, as the dear and deep remembrances of Earlham, as it then was, rose before my mind, with all the happy intercourse, and with all the sharp discipline, that belonged to that phase of my life.

“When I look back, I feel I owe you much, very much; but yet more do I feel, — how can words express what I owe to Him, who made it so much, both in sweetness and bitterness, and whose unfailing love and wisdom had a rich blessing to communicate alike through both.

“And now, my dear Catherine, that we, who have so often stood together hand in hand, and taken counsel together, heart to heart, in the beginning of our course, when as yet we knew not His voice who called us; now that we stand, as it were, on the verge of this mortal life, what can I wish for thee, but what I wish for myself, and

what the Church wishes for us all at the commencement of the ecclesiastical year: that our dear and faithful Lord may give us grace to cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which His Son, our Saviour, came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day we may rise to life immortal, through Him who is our Redeemer, our High Priest, our King, our peace in this life, and our chief joy in that which is to come, and which is to us how near!

“And now I must tell thee of my call on thy niece, Rachel Cresswell. I received thy letter in the evening. I went next day. She looked better than I expected; and spoke very much of her dear little girl. Surely with her deep sorrow there is yet a deeper root of consolation and joy; and it will grow more and more. I hope on Wednesday to see her again. How much she puts me in mind of her dear mother. How like her! And yet how different!

“I hope we may frequently see her whilst she is here. How glad should I be to be enabled in any degree to cheer or comfort one connected with those whom I must ever remember with true affection, as my earliest friends, and round whom centre memories of so much that is dear, and so much that has been fraught with deep heart's experience.

“Why hast thou not told me more of thyself? I wish I knew more of thy life. What are the flowers of truth thy heart refreshes itself with; what thy favourite books? — if thou canst walk out; if natural scenery is as sweet to thee as it used to be, when yet thou didst not half as well know Him of whose truth and glory it spoke in living types?

Art thou as fond of water (an excellent type), and of salt (another equally good), as thou used to be? Thy favourite potatoes I do not so clearly see what to make of. I will not *ask* thee to write, for I know full well that at our age the grasshopper is often a heavy burden. I will only say, that thy remembrance is fresh and dear to me, and that there is no particular about thyself which would not be very interesting, if thou art inclined to tell it me.

“And now, my dear Catherine, farewell. May our Lord bless thee, and be with thee, and may He be ever near to commune with us, and teach us in age as He invited us in youth. May He make us to lie down in green pastures, and lead us beside still waters. May He be with us in the valley of the shadow of death, and may His rod and His staff then support us. Goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life, and, oh! what remains for us to desire, but that we may dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

“Thy affectionate friend,

“M. A. SCHIMMELPENNINCK.”

The first intimation of Mrs. Catherine Gurney's illness was communicated to Mrs. SchimmelPenninck by a letter from Mrs. Cresswell. The intelligence caused her much emotion. She immediately wrote:—

“May 28th, 1850.”

“My very dear Catherine,

“It was only last night that I received Mrs. Cresswell's letter, and oh! how shall I describe the feelings with which I read it? All Earlham once more lived before me,

and through the haze of long-past years the tints almost seemed more vivid than those of youth, yet with deep pathos and heart-affecting memories, the store and precious treasury of age.

“ My very dear Catherine, well do I remember the time when together we entered the pilgrimage of human responsible life. And now that road is travelled, which once in prospect seemed an interminable vista, although in looking back, life is but as a tale that is told ; and we both, in far different scenes, but still united in one deep heart and spirit, now stand upon the verge awaiting our call into that life where so much of our earthly, as well as heavenly, treasure is laid up, and where our Father is not only waiting to bless us with His own presence, but has prepared so sweet a welcome for us from so many we dearly loved, who are gone before.

“ My dear Catherine, my heart seems still to cling to the remembrance of the beloved past, even in the nearing rays of the brighter future. Dost thou remember how often for hours we have walked up and down the drawing-room or ante-room, or sat in thy room or mine, talking of the destiny of man, his hopes, his powers, his duties ; and reasoning, as best we might, from our own stores, or Mr. Search’s or others, upon a theme where all reason must fail, and where revelation can alone teach ? Yet were not those sweet hours unblest or unproductive, since they effectually taught us that man does know, and can know, nothing of the centre of all truth, if untaught by God. They were the strainings of the soul upwards, the beating of the eagle imprisoned in his cage of earth against the

bars of his prison. How did we go on vainly wandering in a chaos of doubts, and involving ourselves in a labyrinth of speculation, till the same God, who at first caused light to arise amid the darkness, shone into our hearts to give us the knowledge of His truth, and light, and love, in the face of Jesus Christ! How shall we sufficiently thank Him! He taught us the darkness and emptiness of our hearts, and then He illuminated that darkness, and satisfied that hunger. He taught us in measure to trust Him, and oh! how has He repaid that trust by overflowing fulfilment!

“We sought light from reason, the candle lighted up by man for time. He bade us find it in revelation, the sunbeam kindled by God, enlightening for eternity as well as time. Truly have we experienced that there is light in the evening.

“Has not our Lord led us through all the steps of our pilgrimage, even now, until its close? We began in doubt, we end in certainty; we began by opinion, we end by experience; we began in conflict, we end in peace. Oh! shall we not end in joyful thanksgiving; and, when we compare the past with the present, feel that His gracious love and unmerited mercy have indeed encompassed us with songs of deliverance!

“ My dear Catherine, how love divine and human, are the only two goods, communion with God, communion through Him with our fellow-men, most and closest with Him, next closest to that part of His Church with which He has seen fit to link us, in His providence, as helpers. And truly, as all real love has its root in God, so it is eternal. Those whom Jesus loved, He loved to

the end ; and those who love in Him, love unto the end likewise ; for God is eternal, and all that is rooted in Him partakes of the permanence of that eternity. And I believe that till we are in eternity, we shall neither fully know what we are to our Lord Himself individually, nor what we are to Him as instruments to effect His purposes. For all the seed of the kingdom has life in itself, and goes on increasing, germinating, budding, blossoming, and sending forth fresh shoots, through all our life ; so that we often do not know half the value and importance of a truth till very many years after the voice, from whose lips we first heard it, sounds no more on earth. Mr. Pitchford, thy dear sister Mrs. Fry, the Moravians at Bath, and many others have uttered truths, scattered seeds in my heart and mind, the full import of which, after nearly half a century, I am yet daily learning more of, and how great an unpaid debt of grateful love we owe to all our friends ; yea, and to all our enemies too ; for we owe most to those who have most often been the means of sending us to our Lord.

“ And now, my ever dearly loved friend, God bless thee abundantly for all thy manifold kindness to me. May He repay thee an hundredfold. May He write deeply on our hearts all that has been according to His mind in our friendship, and pardon and blot out all that has been contrary to it ; and may both the sweetness, and the discipline, be of the all things which, by all means and always, work together for our good. Bear me, thy old and early friend, on thy heart, as I deeply and affectionately bear thee on mine. And now, farewell ! May our Lord ever hear thy

prayer ; and may He enlarge our hearts, enlarge us when we are in distress. The Lord will hear, for His dear Son's sake, when we call upon Him. We may commune in peace with our own hearts upon our beds ; for He has said, 'Peace, be still,' to the billows that once conflicted there ; and, instead of the enemy (the self-tormentor, Psalm viii.), the Comforter abides there. We may offer a sacrifice of righteousness, for He has provided it. He will lift up the light of His countenance upon us. He has put gladness into our hearts, more than into that of the children of this earth in their increase. For our corn is the bread from heaven, even angels' food ; our wine, His cordial and faithful promises, and the communion of His life-giving blood ; and our oil we believe to be the unction of the Holy One, which leads into all truth, and takes of the things of Him we love and shows them to us.

"O, my dear Catherine, let us in conclusion, with heart and soul and spirit, say at the end of our course, 'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep : for Thou, LORD, only makest me dwell in safety.' 'As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness : I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.'

"The Spirit and the Bride of Christ say, Come ! Let every one that heareth answer, Come ! Amen. Come, Lord Jesus ; come, we implore Thee : with longing hearts we now are waiting for Thee. Come soon ; O come !

"My very dear friend, farewell. Bear me on thy heart, and spirit, as I do thee. Ever, in true and deep affection,

"Thine from early youth to hoary hairs,

"M. A. SCHIMMELPENNINCK."

Lady Buxton wrote to Mrs. SchimmelPenninck,

“June 25th.

“My very dear Cousin,

“Being at Lowestoff, I did not get your note till a day or two since, and I have been too much engaged to write. Our precious beloved sister is walking gently through the valley, and is spared much conflict of body and (she says) of soul, ‘without a cloud,’ resting in the hollow of His hand. She can speak but little now. But on Saturday her mouth was opened to declare the great things God had done for her in Christ Jesus, her ‘sole dependence,’ ‘her only hope,’ and much more to this effect, inexpressibly to our consolation. She says she thinks never before did she so earnestly wish to depart and be with Christ; but she would not be impatient; she desires to wait His time. This time, we all think, will very soon come; it may be hours or days. To His holy keeping we commit her, where she is for ever in the everlasting covenant. It is a comfort to me to be with her, and very cheering to see the blessedness of faith in Christ. How I wish to rejoice in our many beloved ones gone before, and now ready to welcome this dearest sister,” &c. &c.

Mrs. Catherine Gurney departed on the evening of the 26th of June, a few hours after this letter was written. It is sweet to think of those early friends now again together, their sorrow and conflict passed away, and tasting of those good things which “God hath prepared for them that love Him.”

Mrs. SchimmelPenninck generally left home for a few weeks during the summer ; but she did so with reluctance, and returned to it with delight. In June, 1851, it was proposed that she should go to Malvern ; and as she hoped that a member of her family, who had been ill, might receive benefit from hydropathy, the journey was determined on, but the fatigue and effort proved too much for Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, who was ill and suffering almost all the time she was there. She wrote of this visit to Mrs. Smith : —

“ Time was that I loved to sit down and pour out to you all the varied images that crossed my mind, my spirit, or my conscience ; but now the times are with us two changed. The fervour of the day has become the cool of late evening ; the lengthening shadows fall long and wide across the closing landscape ; the colouring once so bright sinks into one uniform mass of grey ; the magic mirror of the mind itself is dull ; yet we still discover those eternal landmarks which from childhood even to hoary age have stood immovably before us — the hope, the anchor, and the refuge of our souls.

“ Oh ! how bright did they once appear to us when, by the unmerited and free mercy of God, we for the first time beheld, lit up by the bright morning sun of youth, Mount Zion in all its impregnabilities, Calvary rich in its double flood of spiritual and pardoning mercies. How our hearts seemed to respond to the utterance, ‘ Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion.’ And how in the noonday of our course, still they seemed to stand before us not only as the glorious and beautiful

objects of the hope and salvation of our souls, but as the focus in which centred our favourite mental pursuits and researches.

“How delightful has it often been to us, both in the solitude of our closets (if that be solitude where our dear Lord communes with us), or often together, to try to walk about Zion in the best manner we could. We tried to tell her towers of strength, her doctrines of truth; we tried to mark her bulwarks, and to consider her beautiful palaces; and oh! how very beautiful did they then appear, when our minds and eyes were able to see the strength of every buttress, the beauty of each light-tipped pinnacle, and the grace of every ornament.

“Long has it been our desire to be servants of the Lord, whose privilege it is not only to bless Him in the *day*; but who by *night* also shall stand in the house of the Lord, and still lift up their hands and bless Him. And if the evening twilight deepen, and darkness fall around, and shadows encompass all that was once so beautiful and so vivid on earth, let us remember that it is at the very moment when the earthly prospects fade into darkness, that the celestial orbs above rise upon the sight, first dim, then brighter and brighter, till each shines in his own intense and vivid glow of imparted light, a type of the blessed above shining in the light of their Lord. Then, indeed, does the heart mount up through the symbol to think, and dwell, and repose on the antitype; and heart and hand are lifted up, and mouth is opened to bless and praise te Lord, the Deliverer, the Giver of life. And oh! how blessed does everlasting life appear as we feel the body

bending to the dust, in which it must soon lie down till it be raised in the image of her Lord.

“My very dear friend, I only intended to have written a few lines, and see how I have gone on. I think I have just been going through the same experience as yourself, only you have been carried through it in a very thankful, and I in a very unbelieving spirit. You have been Mr. Great-heart, and I Miss Much-afraid and Mr. Ready-to-halt.

“I will now tell you of ‘*la vie extérieure.*’ I can scarcely say how very painful this journey has been to me. Every step was fraught with remembrances of the numberless times I had travelled this road, and walked about these hills in my childhood with my father and my dearest mother; nor was the place forgotten where I sat down to eat the grapes and apricots with which my dear grandfather accompanied our passing visit of leave-taking at Dudson on our way. Then, after that, the times I went with my husband on our way home, after Barr was no more to us, and my father and mother occupied the place of my kind grandfather, and Dudson was become a large house instead of a modest and most comfortable home suited to a Christian though rich merchant. Then the times I had travelled part of the road to Leamington, after my grandfather, my father, my mother, and my husband were gone. Thus I felt (if feeling can be compared to thinking) as I suppose Sir Christopher Wren did when he dug for the foundation of St. Paul’s, and found but a mound of cemeteries and sepultures, one below the other; the English, the Norman, the Danish, the Saxon, the Roman, the British—

one city of the dead. I have no doubt but that I felt this chiefly because I was at Great Malvern, instead of Malvern Wells, with which I have no such associations. It was, however, indispensable to be at Great Malvern, because of Dr. Gully, and C——'s discipline. I asked after all my old acquaintances, but twenty years seemed to have left none but myself and Lady Wilmot.

"This is, indeed, my last journey. I am fully convinced that at my age the best place is home, or somewhere within a morning's drive; and when, added to that, I cannot travel by railroad, and post horses are difficult to be obtained, the inconvenience and weight are far too great for those with me to encounter. I have never but once repented that I did not accept your kind offer of the cottage, yet, in so doing, my motive was the benefit I hoped for C——; and the most painful part of the whole has been the pain and weight I have occasioned to both C—— and L——. I cannot describe the kindness of both. Everything that care, and exertion, and self-denial would enable them to do, they did. God has mercifully brought us back. Do write to me as soon as ever you can, and tell me all about yourself. What a comfort it is to have an old friend. I love my young friends, but the feelings of youth and age are essentially different, and it is a great comfort to pour out all we think and feel to those who listen, not out of kindness but because they have experienced the same.

"Yours most affectionately,

"M. A. SCHIMMELPENNINCK."

The anticipation here expressed, that this would prove

her last journey, was realised. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck never again attempted going to a distance from home, though she still derived pleasure and benefit from an occasional visit to a friend's house, or, what suited her fragile state still better, the change which was obtained by engaging a house in the country, though still in her own immediate neighbourhood, where she could remove for a few weeks with members of her family around her. Such a one was found two summers afterwards at Henbury. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck thus writes on her first arrival there: —

“Thou has been, I need not say, continually on my mind since we parted, and I am glad many words are not wanted, for I feel in that sort of stripped state, that I have only the feeling left, without thought or words to express it. How trying it always is to me to be in a new place! Perhaps nothing brings home to us, in a more humbling way, the conviction how poor we are, than to feel how our interior life seems interrupted by the new objects around us, and how we are affected by the multitude of little annoyances.

“I had felt this not only for myself, but for thee, before thy most welcome letters came; but before I tell thee more, I will try to speak of the things about us, that thou mayest fancy us here. The house is a parsonage, very pleasant, with many rooms, and odd staircases. The front communicates by a cool green trellis covered way, about thirty feet long and ten broad to the entrance, which opens on the Westbury road. This covered way leads into a plea-

sant small hall fitted up as a library, and forming altogether a delightful shady walk. The library, and all the windows of our sitting and bed-rooms, open on a beautiful and secluded garden, the lawn green and peaceful, sprinkled with flowers and flower-beds enough to look bright without disturbing the repose. The hall opens by French windows on the garden, beyond which is a rich field slightly rising, and immediately enclosed by the Blaise Castle woods, of which we have the key. A more beautiful, contemplative, yet cheerful view, I cannot imagine. The drawing-room is a duodecimo edition of Mrs. Butterworth's; there is a stone path and verandah all round it, full of greenhouse plants. On the other side are the hall and dining-room. The bed-rooms are most pleasant. C ——'s is over the hall, mine over the dining-room, and through mine is a delightful little study and sitting-room. We have three spare bed-rooms, besides servants' rooms. This is a most complete place. When I see how beautiful it is, how convenient in every respect, with the pleasant greenhouse, and nice stable and coach-house, I every day wish that you had it instead of ourselves, for I do think thy father could not but like it. Moreover, there is a good doctor a mile off, and there is Henbury Church close at hand, and many kind friends within a few minutes' walk. This truly is a little paradise.

“Its associations and remembrances are, however, the source of its deep interest to me. The house has belonged to a long succession of good persons; some, eminently devoted ones; others, perhaps, less distinguished; yet most above the usual average of religious professors. This house belonged, some eighty years since, to a Mr. Fisher, a friend

of William Law's; and, like him, spiritual, and, perhaps, mystical. He was the means of the conversion of Mrs. D——, and of John Helton, of whom I have often spoken to thee as the Evangelist of the H—— family. Every room here, and every foot of ground, has been for a century a place of prayer; altars on which thanksgiving and intercession rose as a continual incense. Then M. H. was often wont to meditate here; then Mr. and Mrs. G——, whom I remember as children. He became the clergyman of Henbury; and, after a holy life of many years in this house, they too are since departed, and gone to the Church above. I deeply feel being in this house. It is full of heart-affecting remembrances. I feel the weight of being so different from those who have always dwelt here. We had before coming a very great many annoyances connected with ——; and then came upon me the sense of the contrast between my own unbelief and desolation, and the strong faith, the deep peace, and the living hope of those who inhabited this place. Here I felt angels had encamped; and oh! how fervently did I beseech our Lord not to leave me, nor to leave thee in thy affliction, but to be more to us than thousands of earthly friends or bright circumstances; and I felt a full confidence that after He has proved and disciplined us as we need, He will return not only in real but in sensible blessing. Mrs. Butterworth has been two evenings to see us, to take tea and read; and Lady Eardley Wilmot passed yesterday with us. Mr. D.—, in his ninety-second year, most kindly called on me yesterday, and brought a large nugget of gold he had just received from Australia. Pray for me,

for a clear tranquil reflection of the light of God's countenance, if it be His will."

During Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's stay at Henbury, among other pleasant and interesting occupations, she was engaged in completing a little work which had often occupied her thoughts, but which at this time seemed as a Divinely directed preparation for the mortal and most painful illness which was not far off. She frequently thanked God that her attention had been thus called to the "Voices of the Cross to the Hearts of the Disciples." This was the title she gave her little book. At first she drew a few of the most striking ancient forms in which the cross was represented, and wrote down, at the request of a dear young friend, the ideas these drawings suggested; but they soon increased in number, as in interest, till at last they amounted to more than forty. It were hard to say whether the execution of these beautiful designs, or the utterance of their voices, afforded Mrs. SchimmelPenninck most pleasure. Some of the thoughts which chiefly dwelt on her mind on the subject of bearing the cross, she thus expressed in conversation:—

"Our Lord bids us take up our cross *daily*. 'If any man will come after Me,' says He, 'let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow Me.' And in the parallel passage in St. Luke, we are told that the followers of Christ must deny themselves, and bear the cross *daily*. Now, we know that the words of Christ are not a mere manner of speech; but they have a tangible, practical meaning. In this case, they convey an actual fact; not one jot or tittle can fail. Now,

then, what is this fact? That every one of the children of God must take up and bear his *daily* cross. Why is this? God's tender mercies are over all His works. He does not delight in human suffering; it is contrary to His nature of love; and, therefore, the *daily* cross can be no arbitrary effect of the will of God. But, man is a fallen creature; his whole being is in a state of contrariety to God. His intellect is unable to apprehend the things of God; his affections love them not, but grovel in the earth; whilst his will is averse to the obedience which God claims. A limb that is dislocated must be made straight before it can work; the process is painful and difficult, but it must be accomplished ere the man be made whole. Man, too, is out of harmony, not only in his relation to God, but with all around him. It follows, as a consequence, that this contrariety, in the very nature of things, brings a *daily* cross. Opposition to one's wishes and will is the very essence of the cross. While, therefore, man — in his triple nature of body, soul, and spirit — has his centre in self, and is opposed to God, this state of things must bring trial, and pain, and suffering. Man may 'kick against the pricks;' but by so doing, he will only make his sufferings the keener. The measure of our alienation from God is thus the measure of our cross; for when we are in perfect accord with the will of God, the cross ceases. The cross is thus the mirror of the soul, by which we see our true state. Our merciful Lord stands by, as it were, ready to help in the misery we have brought upon ourselves. Nor is this all. Our Lord says, 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone:' universally, death comes before resurrection; sick-

ness, pain, sorrow, are all stepping-stones to the death of the body; we go on to death; we rise in newness of life: so must the natural man die before he can rise in the image of Christ. The Cross is the great instrument by which this is effected: it leads us to see that earth has not wherewith to satisfy the immortal soul; and then, by God's grace, we turn for help where help is to be found. 'They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.' This *daily dying* is well called a crucifixion; it is slow and lingering, and ends only when we put off the body. But, blessed be God! in proportion as the work goes on, we are planted in the likeness of His resurrection. Before the gardener can plant the good seed which is to yield flowers and fruit, he not only digs the ground, but clears it of rubbish; so does the Heavenly Husbandman. He takes away and pulls down that He may build up. The desolateness of the natural heart is the soil, when its true state is brought home to the soul, and old things are passing away, but all things are not yet become new, where seeds are planted by God, that will spring up and bear fruit, even here, in the resurrection life."

CHAP. XIV.

1853—1855.

“ Rich in love
And sweet humanity, he was himself beloved.”

“ Such a stream
Is human life, and so the spirit fares
In the best quiet to her course allowed ;
And such is mine — save only for a hope
That my particular current soon shall reach
The unfathomable gulf where all is still.”

WORDSWORTH.

MRS. SCHIMMELPENNINCK had, through life, felt very strongly on the subjects of war and capital punishments, and she steadily maintained the principles which she thought so honourably distinguished the Society of Friends, concerning it. She writes to a dear young friend :—

“ The subjects you mention are now before the consideration of Parliament. Those of capital punishments and war have from my ninth year been subjects of deep interest to me, and very many have been my friends, both in and out of the Legislature, who have taken a deep and active part in them. Oh ! that England rolled away these millstones of reproach from her shores ; that we truly so felt the value of a human soul as never to take upon ourselves the awful

responsibility of terminating the period of its probation ; that we were Christians, indeed ; and that we did of a truth feel that all punishment should be securative and reformative, but never vindictive, and that all legislation should place before its subjects hope even more strongly than fear, as God works on us. What is all reformation but the awakening of love in the unloving heart, and carrying its sap from the heart's root into the remotest ramifications of the buds and blossoms of the life ? Now love alone awakens love. Let us, when we meet the hateful and the hating, instead of scourging them, examine our own hearts. Have we manifested enough of love ? Has the furnace been sufficiently heated to burn up that which is combustible ; to separate the dross ; to bid the good metal melt and flow together ? Have the rays from the Sun of Righteousness been made so to converge on the adamant as to bid its hard, impenetrable surface glow and burn with heavenly fire ?

“ I have ever valued in the Society of Friends, the combination of their heavenly principles and their business-like knowledge of the actual facts of life, by which means principles are brought to bear upon realities, not evaporated in romantic affections or unfeasible schemes, but truly working out their heavenly course through the medium of wise regulation, education, and discipline. And though we cannot give the rain from heaven, we may thus dig the pools which are to receive and retain it, and make them ready against its fall. Your anecdote of our Queen was truly interesting. May God abundantly bless her, and cause every seed of life to germinate within her heart ; and may her subjects, for whose sake she toils so much in

temporal things, abundantly remember her before the throne of grace in spiritual ones! How often ought subjects, or people, or children, instead of blaming kings, masters, or parents, to ask themselves if they have continually and earnestly borne them on their hearts in prayer! How much better are others to us than we deserve, in every relation of life, when we consider how very little we pray for them; with how little deep affection and sympathy we remember and enter into their peculiar trials, much less feel them and lay them before God as though they were our own, so fulfilling the law of Christ, the law of love, by truly bearing each other's burdens!"

The friend to whom the above letter was addressed was keenly interested in the pursuit of art. It was in reference to a musical composition sent by her that Mrs. Schimmelpenninck says:—

"I have not told you half the pleasure for which I am indebted to you in the music. I cannot well say how our enjoyment of it grows. Is it not because the spirit is satisfied with its truth, and variety of Scriptural expression; and are not the mind and heart often dissatisfied, even with beautiful works of art on sacred subjects, because the composer, while, perhaps, a giant in his art, was yet but an ignorant and untaught babe in the high and holy truths to which he undertook to impart form and utterance? And as tautology in words is wearisome, and as we need that every additional sentence, while developing the same subject, should yet present not a mere repetition, but an actual variety, so I apprehend that every work of the fine arts should abound in variety and in richness of truth-

ful feeling. Now this is the reason why I think this composition so beautiful; because, in its anthems of Divine praise, every part has its voice appropriate to the Scriptural account of its peculiar intelligence or order of the celestial hierarchy.

“How beautiful and solemn is the beginning, where all the heavenly intelligences in deep reverence open the voice of praise to Him who sits on the throne, and to the Lamb, and then sink into reverent and silent adoration before the Lord of all. Then how beautiful the voice of the single seraph (*the Burner*), glowing like an ardent flame; and soon joined by others, by the angels and archangels, who wait in His presence, and know His glory, and strength, and honour, from everlasting to everlasting. Then comes the softened ‘Amen’ from the seraphim, who veil their faces in His presence. The music gives you a sensible perception of their looking down, and hushing even the voice of praise before His sovereign and eternal majesty and Godhead. Then again come the voices, of the swift-winged seraph, that hastens to do His will; and of the angels, strong in power. Then the chorus of all the heavenly hosts, multitudes upon multitudes innumerable; and, lastly, the voice of redeemed man, of the spirits of the blest above,—still a voice of praise, but minor and subdued, as if recollecting the price of suffering at which they were purchased; whilst their brethren in the flesh also join in the minor key, for they yet carry with them the burden of this body of sin and death. Then, at last, when the joyful sight of that Redeemer, at whose feet they are now landed, overcomes all, and the sorrowful minor, with

sorrow and sighing, is for ever cast away, the whole host of heaven and earth ends with one acclamation of universal praise!"

"How false," she says again to the same friend, "is the common notion that the sphere of poetry is fiction rather than truth! To give life to dead matter, to give fertility and exuberant increase and vitality to truth, this is the highest and truest object of music and poetry:" or, as she elsewhere expresses the same thought, "Truly artistic talent to those who know their calling is an honourable, most honourable one. It is even the gift of making the material speak to man of the spiritual world. He is, indeed, the true, the Divine alchemist, who can turn the inert lead of matter into the precious gold of spiritual truth, the fine gold of the sanctuary. He imparts to that which was a poor dumb refuse, a mere *caput mortuum*, the living spirit, and breathes into the silent form the breath of the living soul. Thus does the architect form the stones of his temple into living bread, the musician convert the vibration of wind into anthems of praise, and the painter weave colours, extracted from the hidden recesses of the dark mineral world, into the magic emblems of celestial love, and light, and peace."

To those who have read Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's writings, it is needless to say that she delighted in the fine arts. Her cultivated taste appreciated beauty, whether exhibited in music, poetry, or painting; and on nothing was her genius more stamped than on some of her artistic conceptions. We are told that "the truth of genuine expression is almost universally felt;" and this, perhaps,

may explain the uncommon power of many of her drawings, perhaps sketches of half a dozen lines, but which threw light upon a whole character. It was not, however, the power of her pencil, nor her use of it, that was most striking to a looker-on ; it was the evident fact that art, as all else, was valued by her just in proportion as it was capable of being made to minister to Divine truth. There were no " parentheses " in her religion. She did not think she could serve God one hour, and the world the next. The love of God mingled in every pursuit and interest, and in all she did or thought ; it was her closest companion all the day long, and enabled her to rest her head upon its pillow, in quiet confidence, at night.

Those to whom is given the high but perilous gift of genius may be appreciated by a few, but they have been ever misunderstood by the many ; and Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck was no exception to this rule. If, of those who knew her slightly, some were captivated, those who knew her well loved her devotedly ; not because she was without faults, but for a greatness, a true nobility, which was manifested as much in the little incidents of daily life, as in its most important events ; for the tenderness and sensibility of her nature, perhaps from her dependence on those around her, perhaps from the independence of mind and character which made her a tower of strength when strength was needed, and the helper of all those who could not help themselves. Her servants grew grey in her service ; and there was not one amongst them who did not feel the highest pleasure and delight in serving her or ministering to her comfort. She was eminently and in all

senses unworldly, too much so to please the world, whether secular or religious. How well I remember, on one occasion, when Clifton happened to be particularly full, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck chanced to be walking on the green before her house, in the gayest hour of the day. Several persons of rank and fashion were present, and endeavoured to catch her attention. Amongst the crowd was the son of a poor and humble artist, whom she slightly knew; but he drew back, not expecting to be noticed. I can never forget the young man's countenance when she walked forward and held out her hand to him. The action, trifling though it was, told of a sympathy, a consideration, which spoke volumes.

Worldly things formed no part of her happiness; it may have been that she had learnt from her mother to despise them, but certain it is, that neither the applause of men, nor rank, nor wealth, nor the things that wealth can procure, nor any such objects, were ever with her a motive of action.

Happy, and engaged in her pursuits, she forgot the existence of those things which many of us are vainly toiling after. If this character of mind sometimes led to undue singularity, or what appeared unnecessary deviation from the opinions and habits of the world around her, it likewise enabled her to break through many worldly trammels, and harmonised with the simplicity which her taste approved, and which so remarkably characterised and adorned her home and all belonging to her.

Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was a very rapid writer. Composition continued to occupy many an hour, long after she had ceased to think of publication. She had always written

from a necessity, as it were, of pouring forth the abundance and riches of her mind ; never to acquire a name, or gain the applause of men, to which, through life, she was singularly indifferent.

In a remarkable degree, too, was she willing to bestow her mental riches on all who asked for them, without a thought of the value of the gift. Many a manuscript did she in this manner adorn and enrich with the graces of her mind, which was forgotten as soon as done.

She was a deep and laborious student of the Holy Scriptures. It was not her habit to read commentaries, however excellent, though she always sought their help when occasion required. She believed that the Divine word is its own best interpreter ; and, accordingly, she most zealously sought for every parallel passage that could by possibility throw light on the subject which engaged her. Of this her papers give abundant evidence ; for amongst them there are literally sheets upon sheets of classified passages, showing how systematically and laboriously she had consulted the Scriptures at different periods, and for many different objects. In the latter years of her life, when her health failed and she was unable to rise early, every morning as soon as the light dawned her books were brought to her, and what she called her “spiritual breakfast” was as necessary to her as her daily bread. Striking was it to see, upon the bed of one beyond the three score and ten years allotted to man, the books which formed her spiritual repast. All either tended to elucidate God’s word, or were of a strictly devotional character, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, her favourite Port Royalists, mingled together ; and so

desirous was she to dig deeply in the inexhaustible mine of the Bible, that she would often ponder on a single passage, or even a single verse, for days together. She knew much of the Hebrew Psalter by heart; and it was her delight and solace to repeat it, especially in wakeful hours of the night. Never, I think, can those who heard her exquisite voice, chanting forth in full cadence the praises of God, in the original Hebrew, especially in her last illness, cease to remember it. At the period of which I am writing, she saw very little company. It had been her custom, in former years, to invite literary friends, and others whose conversation she particularly valued, to a late breakfast. The brilliant play of thought and fancy often called forth on these occasions, will cause these conversational breakfasts to be long remembered. They afforded to herself the nearest approach she ever enjoyed to the social and intellectual intercourse which had abounded in the home of her youth. This custom she continued, even to a late period of her life; but, latterly, such engagements, when made, were often unavoidably postponed, from her inability to meet the exertion. From time to time, she invited her more intimate friends to stay at her house; where such guests formed, in truth, but an enlargement of the family circle, sharing its happiness and privileges, as well as its restrictions. If the limited degree of intercourse with Mrs. SchimmelPenninck which her habits allowed, was sometimes felt by her visitors a little hard, it soon became apparent that the complete rest she needed for many hours daily, rendered this arrangement a necessity. Other friends were with her frequently in the morning, and these gene-

rally came by appointment, for she had so little "sensorial power," that it was only by previously saving her strength that she was able to meet the fatigue of conversation. These she saw separately; partly from the natural shyness and timidity which never left her, and yet more, because she felt that by so doing these interviews would best answer the ends of usefulness she had in view. By this I would not be understood to mean that at such times her conversation was necessarily of a religious character: she believed that she was doing God's work if she could cheer a sorrowful heart, or listen to the detail of sorrows which were often outpoured to her.

When her strength was equal to the effort, she would also occasionally invite some two or three intimate friends in the evening. After a repast as cheerful as it was simple, she would bring forth out of the treasures of her mind "things old and new:" perhaps to throw light on a passage of Scripture, perhaps to convey knowledge respecting the Holy Land; or to give a lively criticism on some new book, or the results of some favourite study. Nor was it she alone who spoke on these occasions. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck had in a peculiar degree the gift of drawing forth whatever was best in the minds of others; so that each contributed his share. Such an evening rarely closed without assembling round the organ to ask a blessing, perhaps, on some dear and absent friend; but oftener still, to unite in the praises of God, in the words and music of her dear Moravian hymns, or in the noble compositions of Palestrina or Haydn. Happy evenings! Some there are, who never look for the same enjoyment

again on earth; and sweet and comforting to them is the thought that she, who was their sun and centre, is now one of the glorious company of happy spirits, mingling in yet more blessed harmony, clothed in white robes, with palms in their hands, giving glory, and honour, and thanksgiving, and praise unto God, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.

And now I draw towards the close; for there is little to detail before the mention of her last illness. Will it be said that this sketch is without shadows; and that I only dwell on gifts and graces, without the mention of faults? I can only reply, that such has not been my design. For I know that truth has more power, as well as more beauty, than fiction; and that the only way of doing justice to my subject is to represent Mrs. SchimmelPenninck (were that possible) exactly as she was. Doubtless, she had the faults incident to her natural temperament; and no less surely she bore the burden, as we all do, of whatever had been mistaken in her education. But I am quite sure that these faults were condemned by herself more severely than they could have been by her severest censor; that her sins against God were mourned over, and repented of, in dust and ashes; as those towards her friends or associates were always followed by the readiest and fullest acknowledgment of error. How often have I seen her, with tears in her eyes, hold out her hands and ask pardon for a hasty word, or some such trifle, of a servant perhaps, or of others, her inferiors in age, in mind, and in excellence. Would it be seemly, that such errors should be recorded here?

The state of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's health had long

prevented her from enjoying the privilege of uniting in the public services of her Church. She deeply felt this privation, but the want of it was, in various ways, in some measure supplied. She always, on Sundays, read the Moravian Liturgy with one of her family, and, seated at her organ, she would afterwards pour forth her heart in the praises of God. During these years of seclusion, it was her constant practice to "sit in silence," with one or more of her friends, not only in order to speak to God, but to hear what God would speak to them. By these little meetings she continued to cherish the silent worship she had first learnt among Friends, and in which she found a rich blessing to the end of her life. But her seasons of highest enjoyment were when she received the Holy Communion from the minister of her Church. On these occasions some two or three of her friends, of one spirit with herself, would unite with her, and it often seemed as if the Great Head of the Church were indeed present among them. Especially did she value these little meetings when her friend and pastor, the Rev. James La Trobe, was with her. His faithfulness as a minister was deeply valued by her, and her lively piety and remarkable spirit of humility no doubt had endeared her to him.

Not very long before her death, illness in her family, and other circumstances beyond control, threw her, in a peculiar manner, under the influence of Roman Catholics. It will be readily believed how eagerly they seized the opportunity of bringing before her all that was best and most attractive in their Church. In former years, Mr. (afterwards Cardinal) and Mrs. Weld, Lady Bedingfeld,

Sir Thomas Clifford, and other more or less gifted and zealous members of that Church, left no effort untried to draw her into their communion. They failed ; for she was then in the full vigour and strength of mature life. Now, though her intellect had lost nothing of its beauty and brightness, seventy-seven years had told alike upon her mental and physical powers ; and the Roman Catholics, who now gathered round her, succeeded, for a time, in seriously disturbing her mind.

Those who have been brought up in different circumstances can hardly comprehend how Mrs. SchimmelPenninck felt towards Roman Catholics. Members of that Church had been her mother's friends, they were intimately associated with her childhood and with many happy hours. When surrounded by infidelity, Roman Catholics had first held up to her the cross of Christ ; and there was much in the prestige of that Church, in its boasted width, in its assumption of being the only representative on earth of the unity which Christ desired for His followers, in its religious application of the fine arts, in the many devoted saints who had adorned it, and in the depth and holiness of many of its books of devotion, which was exactly suited to interest her mind and feelings. There was also another cause which, in estimating the Roman Catholic Church, led her generous mind, as it has led many others, to do it more than justice, and this was the injustice of many around her. How little "ultra Protestants" know the injury they do the cause they desire to serve, by assertions not always capable of proof, and by

indiscriminate censure of everything which is in any way associated with the name of Roman Catholic!

Contrary to the usual wise policy of Rome, the Roman Catholics at this time around Mrs. SchimmelPenninck urged her to go faster and further than she was prepared to do; and it was apparent to those who best knew her, that their constant pressure was more than she could bear; that, in reality, she was under a bondage which prevented the free and unrestrained exercise of her mind and will and conscience.

That freedom, which is the inalienable right of every soul whom God has created, and for the use of which every soul must render an account, was sought and obtained; and at once Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's relief was like that of a bird which has escaped from the snare of the fowler. Those nearest her did not presume — indeed, they would not have dared — to take the responsibility of interference between a soul and God. When the personal influence of Roman Catholics was removed from her, the subject of Romanism was scarcely adverted to; she was but left in quiet recollection to the guidance of that Spirit whom she was ready to follow whithersoever He might lead. Time — a few months — passed; prayer, not that she might be kept from Romanism, but that she might be led into all truth, was offered and abundantly answered. Step by step, a complete change passed over her mind; and it became her full, firm, and final conviction, that the system of the Church of Rome was fraught with danger and evil. From that time she had little or no intercourse with Roman Catholics, excepting that during the last few days of her life she sent messages

and tokens of kind remembrance to some among them. She expressed, over and over again, her deep thankfulness that she had escaped the snare and the attraction which this Church had presented to her. In the early part of her last illness she thus writes to a friend who had spoken to her of the happiness of being in the Church of Rome, and who had urged her to join it : —

“ My mind has undergone a real change on the subject of Roman Catholics. I see in their hierarchy, in their spirit of persecution, in their worldliness, and, above all, in their constant recurrence to external rule and force instead of the living internal principle, that which appears to me almost like blasphemy against the Holy Spirit, and to which I could not subject myself without denying what is the very deepest principle of my soul ; namely, the living communion of God, the Father of spirits, with every soul He has created. These things, now and for ever, will prevent my joining the Roman Catholic Church ; but I do hold myself a faithful and earnest member of that true Catholic Church founded on Scripture and set forth in the Three Creeds, in the last of which it is declared that ‘ This ’ (the teaching therein set forth) ‘ is the Catholic faith.’ It was so received by the Universal Church, and for centuries was acceded to as such by the Church of which you are a member, which, in so far as she has added to her requirements, has ceased to be Catholic ; and this is my deep conviction.

“ I do not hesitate to say, that God has led and taught me ; for I am sure man has not : and the result is, my final and irrevocable resolve to remain where I am. I have been brought very near the end of all things here, and very

near the things of eternity. Do you not think I would cheerfully follow wherever the will of God led me? I have never cared much for public opinion; it is now less than nothing to me. But I must follow the will of God and the dictates of my conscience; and they tell me to stand still. 'I know in whom I have believed;' and amidst the trials, the fluctuations, the sufferings of this severe illness, my soul has found, and does find, perfect rest and peace in Christ."

On another occasion, she called two of her intimate friends to her bedside, and, amongst other expressions, used the following. They were written down by one of those friends at the time. "I have been led to look nearer to that Church (of Rome); and in so doing, I find that there is in it a real heresy, namely, the practical denial of the work of the Holy Spirit. And that this is shown in their system of acting upon its members like a mould, to fashion them from without; not as in the process of crystallisation, when the true elements in their true proportions being present, the true form is the spontaneous result. I also find that I cannot, in conscience, agree to making essential as matters of faith any of those things not expressly contained in the Word of God; though some may be lawfully held, by minds to which they are suited, as developments of revealed truth."

She then said, that God's providence had sent her various things to throw light on the subject, and to aid her in her perplexity. Amongst them were certain historical works, which showed the working of that Church on a large scale in different ages and countries, and under various circumstances; and she had seen, in each and all, the same features

of worldly policy, ambition, and the spirit of persecution, as belonging to it.

Enough has been said to show how unambiguously clear and decided her views upon this momentous subject became before her death; and how deep her thankfulness to have been preserved from the Church of Rome.

Such was the trial which, in age and weakness, assailed Mrs. SchimmelPenninck. The opposing results of a long life seemed, for a time, to clash in doubtful conflict:—early associations, and cherished habits of thought, in favour of Roman Catholics, with a deep grounding in foundation truth; a reverence for antiquity, with an abhorrence of worldly and crooked policy; a love of symbolic representation, with an entire dependence on the teaching of the Spirit. But, who can tell how great the interests which hung upon the issue; or with what deep humility we should thank God for a victory, beyond the calculations of human wisdom!

It only remains to add, that during her last days on earth, and when, as we shall see, she spoke, and thought, and lived as one about to appear in the presence of God, she left it a solemn charge, to one she loved and trusted, to make these, her final convictions, known, not only to her minister, but as widely as possible. This injunction was repeated several times, with much solemnity and earnestness.

CHAP. XV.

1856.

"I am glad and even leap for joy that the time is come in which that mighty Jehovah, whose majesty in my search of nature I have admired, whose goodness I have adored, whom by faith I have desired and panted after, will now show Himself to me face to face."

"This is that joy which was procured by sorrow, that crown which was obtained by the Cross."—BAXTER.

IN the early part of the year 1856, that particular form of illness appeared, which terminated Mrs. SchimmelPeninck's life eight months afterwards. It had long been evident that her physical powers were slowly, though surely, declining. The severe pain in her side, from which she constantly suffered, rendered movement very painful to her, so that her walks were entirely given up; and her drives, which once she had so much enjoyed, ceased to be a refreshment. The nature of the illness rendered it one of very peculiar trial and suffering; and, when it first came upon her, it is probable that she underwent a severe, though secret conflict, as at that time she often spoke of her want of submission to God's will.

During Passion Week, a full tide of spiritual blessings set in upon her soul. It was at this time, she said, that

she had been going through the deepest sense of sin she had ever experienced, which had been brought home to her by her slowness of heart with regard to suffering. It was true that, from the beginning of her illness, she had sought to humble herself under the hand of God, and to get from Him patience and the benefits of His chastening; but then she had not seen the special blessing and intention of suffering, which is to open the heart to a sense and knowledge of what our Saviour suffered for us, and to lead into communion with Him in His sufferings for sin. She had been unable to see this before because of the hardness of her heart, and this had been a continual oppression and grief to her. But God had shown her something between sleeping and waking, which had comforted her. She had "thought of suffering as of a mountain, the first slopes of which were adorned with fruits and flowers of a humble kind; and these were what she had first been led to seek, patience, resignation of the will, and humbling one's self under the hand of God. Then somewhat higher grew forest trees, strong and stately, of fortitude, endurance, and courage. Higher still it was bleak and bare, and covered with snow; but then the icicles reflected the beams of the sun, and were radiant with the varied colours of the rainbow, showing forth His light, His beauty, and all His glorious perfections. So God had showed her that there were different grades to be attained in suffering, from the first attempt to discipline and humble self, to the coming quite out of self and losing the thought of self altogether in the love and in the life of Christ, and especially in the thought of all He has done for us."

It will have been seen by the reader of these pages, that her mind had long been led in a peculiar manner to consider the subject of trial and discipline from the hand of God. Henceforth, the blessing of those whom the Lord chastens, and of His Almighty help to sustain under chastisement, went hand in hand with her, as it were, to the close.

On the 24th of March, Mrs. Smith drove over from Stoke to see her dear friend. She sat some time by her bedside, but her hopeful nature did not see this illness in the same serious light that it appeared to others. She came down stairs looking so animated and well, that one who was present could hardly believe she was so nearly approaching her eightieth year. She spoke with joy and delight of her interview with Mrs. SchimmelPenninck. The writer of these lines walked with Mrs. Smith to her carriage, which waited at the door; her last emphatic words, still speaking of her beloved friend, were: —“ Yes, she is in the keeping of her dear Lord, the great High Priest; He will preserve her unto the end.” The friends never met again on this side of Eternity. That very night Mrs. Smith was taken ill, and ten days afterwards she departed to the Saviour whom she had so long served and loved. During this brief illness she was not able to say much, but her life’s course was a blessed testimony to the faith which she professed. Few lived and died more honoured or more loved.

It would be difficult to describe Mrs. SchimmelPenninck’s feelings, when told of the death of her dear friend, of her “ more than sister,” as she called her, “ for forty-

three years." Nothing could be more pathetic than her grief. She knew that her friend was ready for the summons; she had the fullest conviction that their separation was but for a little while; but, nevertheless, this stroke awoke all the anguish of natural feeling. Peace was, however, ere long restored; she herself said on the evening of the day on which we had witnessed her anguish, "that the storm was past, and that she felt such a sense of the presence of God, that peace was all around her, and Jesus filled her heart;" and, reverting to her departed friend, she said, "they were pleasant to each other in their lives, and in death they should not be long divided."

On the 7th of April she spoke again of Mrs. Smith's death; and she described her feelings during the time of suspense, when she had not dared to ask whether she were gone. "She had seen the patriarch Job, as in vision," she said, "always before her, sitting in unutterable grief, and his words were always the same, 'The LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD;' and then she had found comfort in the thought that no Christian can ever be put to such a trial of faith, for to those who are in Christ God gives; but from them He never takes anything away. Let us hold fast," she continued, "that which is eternal in His gifts to us, that which is indestructible in them;" and then she added, that it had been shown her that God is the God of all consolation, and that no sorrow could be so deep or so unreachably by man, but that His consolation could go deeper still. Being asked afterwards, in the midst of great bodily distress, whether she enjoyed some little thing she

was taking, "Yes," she said, "I try to enjoy everything : — we ought to enjoy : — we have God, and enjoyment is our element."

After this bereavement, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's mind returned with fresh fervour to the subject of Passion Week. The hymn of her Church, "O Head so full of bruises,"*

*

1.

O Head so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn,
'Midst other sore abuses
Mock'd with a crown of thorn !
O Head ere now surrounded
With brightest majesty,
In death now bow'd and wounded !
Saluted be by me.

2.

O Lord, what Thee tormented,
Was my sin's heavy load ;
I had the debt augmented
Which Thou didst pay in blood :
Here am I, blushing sinner,
On whom wrath ought to light ;
O Thou, my health's beginner !
Let Thy grace cheer my sight.

3.

I give Thee thanks unfeigned,
O Jesus, Friend in need !
For what Thy soul sustained
When Thou for me didst bleed !
Grant me to lean unshaken
On Thy fidelity,
Until I hence am taken,
Thy glorious face to see.

and some others of the same character, were the medium of her soul's near and deep communion with Christ: "I see that 'Head,'" she exclaimed, "always before me, and those eyes so full of compassion, yet of such holiness. Oh! that blessed, blessed Saviour! O Lord!" she continued, "open Thou our eyes, that we may see Thy suffering love for us. To dwell in that heart of love, that is our home, and to have our own poor miserable self quite taken out of the way, and to become nothing, —nothing,— to have Thee grind the self in us all to nothing."

She afterwards adverted to the thought and feeling of the humiliating circumstances in human suffering from which she formerly shrank so exceedingly, and which she never liked to dwell upon, even in the sufferings of our Lord; but now she said they were the very comfort of her soul. "He was spit upon," she repeated more than once, as if to reconcile herself to what was so trying to her nature in the circumstances of extreme illness. "We follow," she said, "not words but a bruised head." "I do not wish," she continued, "to be occupied with the high and speculative parts of religion; it is better for us to be

4.

Lord, grant me Thy protection,
Remind me of Thy death
And glorious resurrection,
When I resign my breath:
Ah then, though I be dying,
'Midst sickness, grief, and pain,
I shall (on Thee relying)
Eternal life obtain.

as very little poor people, occupied with little things (as they may appear to others) which show our Saviour's love."

"I do find the Gospel," she said, "all I want; the full and entire satisfaction of it unfolds more and more as it is needed." One present said to her, "Is it the forgiveness of the Gospel, or the grace and eternal life of the Gospel, which chiefly comes to thy mind?" She answered, with a glowing countenance, "It is the grace and the eternal life." Afterwards she said, "Oh! what a fountain was opened on Calvary! How the streams which flow from it bless the whole world, and reach even to me!"

April 11th.— "Seek the Rock of Ages," she said to those around her; "seek Him while you have health and strength. Do not delay. There will come a time when your feet would fail altogether if not standing in His strength. What would become of me now, had I the way to seek, and were I not strengthened to stand on this blessed Rock?"

When in great pain, she exclaimed: "We should bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth;" and then she repeated the 148th Psalm, in Hebrew; then the 8th; and, pausing a little, she added, "How poor and miserable a creature I am, that I cannot welcome suffering *with both my hands*; for it is my Father's will, and therefore full of mercy."

Afterwards she said, "Oh! what self-love I have; but our Lord has given it many blows in this illness, and I hope He will give a great many more; — and He will, for He is faithful. To feel ourselves, as we are, *nothing*,

nothing, and to see our Lord, as He is, *everything*;—
that overflows the heart with joy.”

She asked for the hymn, “With deep devotion.”*

*

1.

With deep devotion,
We in Christ's sufferings trace
The unfathom'd ocean
Of His abounding grace:
He gave
Himself, our souls to save.

2.

His body broken
Upon the shameful cross,
As He hath spoken,
Was given to death for us.
We feed
On everlasting bread.

3.

That precious fountain
Of blood, which from Him flow'd
On Calvary's mountain,
Is now on us bestow'd:
Here we
Life's well-spring open see.

4.

O Well-Spring, flowing
Unto eternal life,
Our souls bedewing ;
By Thee alone we thrive,
And are
Enabled fruit to bear.

M M

“Yes,” she said, “that is what I want to know: ‘the unfathomed ocean of His abounding grace.’ I have seen, I have felt it to be unfathomed—unfathomed! Oh! what a blessing is life—eternal life; and that He gives. Oh! that fountain opened on Calvary! Other good deeds pass with the lives of those who do them; but *that!* oh! how its effects have reached to remotest ages and countries, so that there is not a flower which is not sprinkled from that fountain. That precious, precious Saviour!”

12th. — She said that she had often in her life been inclined to occupy herself with the prospect close at hand, from finding the bleak hard outline of the Eternal Hills cold and barren to her sight; but that, as she drew nearer, God had in mercy made His light to shine full upon them, so that she could now perceive they were covered with magnificent trees of the forest, and were rich in fruit and flowers far more pleasant than those close at hand, but yet

5.

The Lord draws near us:

Let us to meet Him haste.

He comes to cheer us;

His flesh is our repast,

His blood

Our drink and highest good.

6.

In sweet communion

With Christ our Paschal Lamb,

And holy union

With all who love His name,

May we

Abide continually!

a continuation of them. It was only for want of faith that those Eternal Hills had ever seemed bleak and bare.

“I cannot describe,” says one, from whose journal and my own notes I quote indifferently, “her earnestness in speaking of our Lord’s heart of love, and of all the depths of outward vileness to which He stooped for us. ‘It was, she said, ‘the depths of her own humiliation, through weakness of body, which had led her to take comfort from the thought of those depths into which love had led our Saviour to descend.’”

Sunday evening.—She desired to have the Litany of her Church read to her, after which she herself read from the Baptismal Service: “Now art thou buried with Christ by baptism into His death; therefore, from henceforth live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee; and the life which thou livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God who loved thee and gave Himself for thee.” These words she afterwards recurred to again and again. It was remarked that this “dying in Christ” was hard, since it implied the cutting up by the roots of the separate being. “But our Lord,” she replied, “has such variety and multiplicity in those things which can be enjoyed in Him, in His root. We cannot give up ourselves without being in close communion with Him, or without keeping His sufferings closely and constantly before us. Oh! the importance of fidelity in the very least thing; for it is thus we make truths live within us through keeping them in constant exercise. How often God speaks to us to give up some indulgence for Him, and says, as it were, ‘Give up these pebbles, my little child, and I will give thee gold

instead.' Sorrow purifies the eyes, and enables us to see there is no abiding happiness except in Jesus."

It was at this time, from her own severe sufferings and the many appliances which were found necessary for their relief, that she was led in a peculiar degree to consider the sufferings of *the poor*. It seemed to her as if God had spoken in the silence of her soul, and showed it to be His will that she should provide for others as He had provided for her. She accordingly spoke to her kind friend and medical attendant, Mr. Greig; and by his help, many articles were contrived, with the utmost possible pains, to promote the comfort of the poor in sickness. It was deeply upon her heart that these various appliances should ever be brought to our Lord's suffering members as remembrances of the love with which He watched over them; and she solemnly committed the carrying out of this thought to two of her friends.

18th.—She spoke affectingly again and again of being stripped of all, and of her extreme poverty as to spiritual things, and of having nothing to rest upon in herself, but "CHRIST, CHRIST!" The sense of His love, and glory, and nearness, did indeed seem all-sufficient to her soul. She appeared to the eyes of others to be filled with His grace, though it was hidden from her own. She exemplified, as she experienced, the reality of those words, "Christ *in you*, the hope of glory."

She said afterwards, "Oh! that God would give me a real faith, not only in Himself, but such a view of the penalty due to sin, that I might, perfectly from the heart, acquiesce in every pain of the mortal agony which He

uses to unloose the cords of this Tabernacle, and bring down my body to the dust. Blessed be His name that He has shown me what forgiveness is! but I want equally to know the justice of His condemnation of sin, and with my whole heart to bow to it, and accept it in my own dying body."

30th. — She spoke of that "dear, dear, precious Saviour," as feeling Him always with her. She said, "Oh! the *unsearchable* riches of Christ! it seems as if they were all around me and about me continually; when I wake up and when I sleep, they are with me. His love, that it is which is the only solid comfort, but that is comfort indeed. Oh! the happiness of being His!" She told me, whether she could speak hereafter or not, to say how it was with her; to believe and *know* that God was with her, that He would uphold her, and hold her hand, and bring her out of the depths.

It was her constant habit to pour forth her soul in sustained vocal prayer, when she seemed mindful only of the presence of God, and unconscious of all beside. On one of these occasions, she said, as if from the depth of her soul, "O Lord! no righteousness but Thine: I have none of my own, nothing but sin; but Thou art all mercy; clothe me in Thy spotless robe. Thou, dear Lord, hast lain in the grave; from it Thou didst ascend to glory. I am unworthy, but grant that after the grave, I also may ascend to Thee."

On a former occasion, when very ill, she had said, "We will be cheerful and happy, even in the dark valley." And now, when she was indeed passing through it, and,

for the most part, in severe bodily suffering, there was nothing more astonishing to those around her than her great cheerfulness. Even the playfulness of mind, which characterised her through life, remained to the very last. How little can the detail here given, though truthful, convey an idea of what these scenes were to those whose privilege it was to witness them !

As long as it continued possible, she was moved into the drawing-room adjoining her bed-room, each day, for change and refreshment. On one of these occasions she almost fainted, and would have fallen had she not been supported by her kind and watchful nurse until help could be obtained. I think she believed herself dying. When she had revived a little, she looked out on the lovely afternoon, and with a smile of inexpressible peace said, "Oh ! how sweet it is to think of the resurrection from the grave, and of life eternal !" And then, as if she fixed her eye on the dark passage which led to it, she added, "My heart and my flesh may fail : but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever,—*for ever.*"

Later in her illness she said, in reference to her hope that the doctors would not adopt a treatment which might cloud her mind, "I have been thinking so much of those words, 'Whether we live, we live unto the Lord ; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord'—and, in this way, I earnestly desire, when I die, to *die unto the Lord* ; I mean, to yield up my soul to Him willingly, deliberately, and *consciously*,—looking steadfastly up into His face, as to one known, and loved, and trusted."

"How delightful is it," she said one day, "to think of

the Church triumphant, and to realise that, ere long, undeserving though I am, I shall join that glorious company. There I shall see the redeemed from every nation, and kingdom, and people. There will be John Wesley and Charles, St. Francis de Sales, Fénelon, Fletcher, Howard, the Port Royalists, all who have loved their Lord: each and all will be surrounded with a halo of glory, issuing from Christ, their once crucified but now exalted Master; and with faces bowed down before the throne, will they ascribe, as with one voice, ‘Salvation to our God who sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever!’

One of the trials of her illness, was her inability to take nourishment. For nearly six weeks nothing more solid passed her lips than the yoke of an egg, and that taken but rarely. Life was sustained by wine; and sometimes in the morning she took half a cup of coffee. On one occasion, the servant brought this scanty breakfast on a tray, on which was placed a glass of moss-roses. She looked at them with delight, and said, “Am I not surrounded with mercies? How my Heavenly Father scatters blessings before me! Look at these lovely flowers which He has given me to enjoy; and not only so, but the kindness with which He fills the hearts of those about me is sweeter still, and this is equally His gift. Oh! how sweet it is to take all things from the hand of our Father! When Christian went up the hill, his path was beset with difficulties by the way. I am going down; but God, in His great mercy, makes these little pauses as it were, and hedges them round with blessings.”

July 14th.—“How teaching,” she said to-day, “has

been this time of sickness to me! I have learnt more during this last month, than ever before in my whole life, of the sufferings of our Lord, and of the streams of blessing, and joy, and comfort which flow from them. I know I have cared, all my life long, too much for my own comfort, and ease, and convenience. God is teaching me, step by step, to give up all these things; for there can be neither ease nor comfort while in constant pain, however much and tenderly those around me try to alleviate my sufferings. And thus, my Heavenly Father is daily stripping me; but blessed be His name! He does all things well. May I glorify His holy name more and more!"

27th. — She was for a considerable time in vocal prayer and thanksgiving. She poured forth her praises, to each of the blessed persons of the Holy Trinity, especially for the glorious work of redemption, and for the blessed hope of eternal life; and then she went back, as it were, to her own course, and to the mercies which had led and followed her all her days. Praise seemed the very key-note of her soul.

28th. — Mrs. SchimmelPenninck gave directions respecting the "Love Feast" she wished held on the day of her funeral; after which, she continued: "I dislike mourning on such occasions, for I love sympathy with the redeemed spirit, rather than with the perishing body; and, if it may be, I should like the ancient custom of the Brethren's Church to be carried out at my funeral, that no mourning should then be worn, and that those nearly bound to me should be dressed in white, in order that in appearance, as well as in reality, there should only be thanksgiving."

She desired to be buried in the Moravian burying-ground, and requested that Mr. La Trobe might preach her funeral sermon on the words, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." "But mind," she added, "let it contain no word of praise; I deserve none: but let me rather be held up as a warning and an instruction to all. Oh! that I had devoted myself a thousand times more to God, the living God! He alone is worthy."

August 4th. — To-day Mrs. SchimmelPenninck received, for the last time, the Holy Communion. We assembled round her dying bed. It was a most affecting scene. She was perfectly self-possessed and happy. After several hymns had been sung, she asked to have, for the last time, the hymn which had so long been the utterance of her heart: "Lord, let Thy blest angelic bands."* The invisible things of the heavenly inheritance she was so nearly approaching, seemed to rise more vividly before her than the yet seen things of earth. After the service was over, she addressed each of those assembled round her bed, and

-
- * Lord, let Thy blest angelic bands
Convey my soul into Thy hands,
When soul and body sever;
My body, though reduced to dust,
Thou wilt (O Lord, I firmly trust)
Raise up to live for ever.
Then shall I see Thee face to face,
In everlasting joy and peace,
And sing, with all the saints above,
The wonders of redeeming love.
O Christ, my Lord:
I'll Thee adore,
Here and above for evermore.

gave solemn thanks to God for being "a member of the Brethren's Church, which had been the channel of such unspeakable blessings to her soul." She expressed her deep sense of having unworthily responded to this inestimable privilege, and turning to Mr. La Trobe, thanked God for having given her so faithful a pastor, and asked his forgiveness, and that of her "brethren and sisters" of the Moravian congregation, for all her deficiencies and offences towards them.

At this period of her illness, it was thought desirable for her comfort that the organ should be removed from the drawing-room, which was separated from her bed-room by folding-doors. Though it was her own wish that this arrangement should be made, what she felt to be a final parting from her beloved organ caused deep emotion.

A few days afterwards, she told me with much thankfulness, that she had had a sweet dream. "I thought," she said, "that I was surrounded by a large company, amongst whom was Lady D——, whose countenance (I could draw it) was changed, yet still the same. It was full of holiness and peace. From her lips issued the sounds of the sweetest hymn. While listening intently, to catch every note, I heard a deep sound swelling as it were from beneath; it rose and rose, till at last it took the sound of my organ; and then, from its midst, issued these words: 'It is true the keys of that organ shall never again be touched by thy fingers; that is passed away from thee which once sounded forth My praises; but O take courage, it shall be still used to My glory, and mingle its tones amidst the voices of My true worshippers.' And whilst

these comfortable words still dwelt in my ear, a mighty sound issued, as if from the deepest diapason, with which all around united, of 'Hallelujah! Hallelujah!' and I awoke."

"This has been a pleasant dream," continued Mrs. SchimmelPenninck; "and I thank God for it. It has cheered me, and all good comes from Him; but I wish thee distinctly to understand the vast difference between a mere dream and that visitation in which God speaks distinctly and unmistakably to the soul He has created. 'My sheep hear My voice, and they follow Me,' says our Lord; and by those who listen, that voice is distinctly heard; that still small voice which, amidst the tumult of the world without and the conflict of our own passions within, yet speaks, directs, warns, consoles."

She then alluded to the wishes she had expressed relative to the disposal of her organ after her departure, that it should be given by her executors to a congregation of devoted people, where henceforth it would alone be used to the praise and glory of God. "How I hope," she said, "that my dream may be realised; and that they may place my dear organ with a congregation of living worshippers."

17th. — "I am so happy," she said to-day; "I seem to be like Mr. Ready-to-halt and Mr. Feeble-mind in 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' who at last 'threw away their crutches and danced for joy;' yet I fear to speak of these things lest it should be imagined I glory in myself. It is all, — *all* the great mercy of God. I am nothing, and have nothing." Then again, afterwards: "I am sometimes so

full of joy, that I know not how to express it; but be sure no praise, nothing, be ascribed to me, the most unworthy of God's children; but —

“I will rejoice in God my Saviour,
And magnify this act of love;
I'm lost in wonder at His favour,
Which made Him leave His throne above,
To take upon Him human nature —
To suffer for His wretched creature
Dire anguish, keenest pain,
And death-pangs to sustain,
My soul to gain.”

This was repeated throughout, as if every word were the utterance of her inmost soul.

As time passed on and the disease increased, her sufferings increased likewise, but they were sustained in a manner altogether wonderful. When the paroxysm of pain came on, she often reverted to her mother. “My dear, dear mother,” said she, “how little she thought when she taught me, a little child, more than seventy years ago, to bear pain, how her lessons would be called into exercise. I am often impatient, but yet I seek to bear this suffering, and to take it from my Heavenly Father.” And afterwards she continued, “I am ready to meet, and patiently to bear, every part of death, every pang, every suffering that leads to it; only, O Lord, do Thou, who hast tasted death, be very near to support my poor weak heart. Do Thou, in Thy infinite love and tender compassion, pity me; guide me; sustain me; and afterwards receive me to glory.”

Her feebleness was at this time extreme: it seemed

almost impossible to remove her into her bed, after she had left it for needful refreshment. "We were this morning more than an hour vainly trying to accomplish this. We almost thought she would have sunk under the effort. Wonderful was it to hear her, even before her head was on the pillow, burst forth in words, almost in a song, of praise; repeating the 150th Psalm in Hebrew, in a voice which showed that, sunk as was her physical power, the sense of God's love still upheld and sustained her."

18th. -- Severe pain came on. I asked if I could not do anything for her, or change her position. "Nothing," she said, "but pray for me; ask my dear Lord, if it be His will, to enable me to move, to get a little more ease; but *mind*," she added, "only if it be His will; He knows best."

"Mine has been a crushed life," she said to me in the evening, "and there have been times when I have keenly felt the absence of sympathy in Divine things, even with God's children; but what then? It was a blessing, though hidden from me; for I am easily touched, and perhaps led away, by love and kindness; and so the absence of sympathy in the things of God sent me to Him alone. He taught me all I know; and, oh! what a tower of strength is this in my hour of need. Man could now do nothing for me; my dear, dear Lord does all. He supports and sustains His poor servant, and at last He will receive me to Himself."

She spoke to her kind friend and medical attendant, Doctor Symonds, of her many and great mercies, and of the love and kindness which cheered the sinking heart;

but, above all, of the love of God, which changed the face of all things, and turned mourning into singing. Oh ! how glowing were her words, when she expressed her love to God or man, or spoke of her many mercies ; while her countenance, to all who looked upon it, like that of Moses when he came down from the mount, seemed lighted up by the Divine glory.

She spoke also much, at different times, to the members of her household, and sent for her coachman, in whose family she had taken a great interest, that she might take leave of him, and speak to him about his children.

She had desired, by name, the prayers of the congregation of Christ Church, and was much comforted by the visits of the Rev. M. Brock, their minister, and touched by his great kindness. She recurred to it again and again, but all things of time were now rapidly passing away from her.

20th.—Mrs. SchimmelPenninck desired me to read Dr. Watts's hymn "How meanly dwells the immortal mind."* When I had finished, she hid her face for a few

*

1.

How meanly dwells the immortal mind,
How vile these bodies are!
Why was a clod of earth design'd
T' enclose a heavenly star?

2.

Weak cottage, where our souls reside,
This flesh a tott'ring wall ;
With frightful breaches gaping wide,
The building bends to fall.

minutes, and then burst forth in a most earnest and beautiful prayer, that she might welcome, as it were, every

3.

"Alas! how frail our state!" said I,
And thus went mourning on,
'Till sudden from the cleaving sky
A gleam of glory shone.

4.

My soul all felt the glory come,
And breath'd her native air ;
Then she remember'd Heaven, her home,
And she a prisoner here.

5.

Straight she began to change her key,
And, joyful in her pains,
She sang the frailty of her clay
In pleasurable strains.

6.

"How weak the prison where I dwell!
Flesh, but a tottering wall ;
The breaches cheerfully foretell
The house must shortly fall.

7.

"I have a mansion built above
By the Eternal Hand,
And should the earth's whole basis move,
My heavenly house must stand.

8.

"Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns —
I long to see my God —
And His immortal strength sustains
The courts that cost His blood."

stroke of the hammer, every pain, every suffering which denoted the shaking of the earthly tabernacle, and the near and blessed prospect of the freedom of the immortal tenant. "Be sure," she said afterwards, "to tell Mr. La Trobe and my Church the great things Christ has done for me. Let them sing joyful hymns at my funeral, — only giving all praise, all glory, to my merciful, most gracious Lord. We hear much," she continued, "of the trials of illness. I will speak of its blessings. If I had a hundred tongues, I could not declare God's goodness to me at this time: the love and kindness with which you all surround me, the absence of conventionalities, their exchange for love, and peace, and joy, and, above all, the light of my Heavenly Father's countenance. Who shall say this is not happiness? And then think of my mercies! That lovely feather-grass (some which had lately been given her) tells of the blessings of my childhood and youth, when I lived in my own beautiful home, and used to see that grass at my dear grandfather's. It brings back sweet and holy associations long since passed away. And then I recall the blessings of my middle life, and, above all, the blessings of my old age: they are more than can be numbered. 'Mercy and goodness have followed me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the LORD for ever,' — for ever."

Afterwards she spoke of the Paradise of God, and said,

9.

Hark! from on high my Saviour calls:

"I come, my Lord, my love;

Devotion breaks the prison walls

And speeds my last remove."

“It is like a vast garden, filled with the choicest plants, each beautiful, though each differing in kind and variety of fruit, but the very difference adding to the beauty of the whole. Every plant of God’s planting will yield sweet fruit, as honey to the bee whose industry seeks it out.”

24th. — At this time, when she fell asleep for a few minutes, she ever seemed, as it were, to awake with God. In the midst of her bitter suffering, her first thought was of Him. She had an almost sleepless night, and yet, when I went to her, her first words were, “I am so comfortable, so happy.” “What makes thee so?” I said. “The presence of God,” she replied: “I awake and feel He is waiting to be gracious. His mercies are new every morning,—numberless. And then I speak to my dear Lord, and He speaks to me. Can more be desired?”

25th. — After asking to have read to her the hymn, “What shall I feel, when I the glorious choirs espy,” *

*

1.

What shall I feel, when I
The glorious choirs espy
In bliss unceasing:
Already in my heart
Rays from bright Salem dart,
With hopes most pleasing.

2.

I hear th’ enraptur’d song
Rais’d by the blessed throng
Of the redeemed;
Seated upon the throne,
The Lamb once slain, alone
Is worthy deemed.

N N

Mrs. SchimmelPenninck said, that if she chose that and other triumphant hymns for her funeral, it must not be understood as making any profession about herself. "O remember, if I have any part in them," she said, "it is only in the Lord." We asked her to tell us of her happi-

3.

Rejoice, my soul, thou soon,
When here thy race is run,
Shalt have the favour
To go and join the blest,
And there at home to rest
With Christ, thy Saviour.

4.

Then shall thy woe and grief
Find a most sure relief
In joys unbounded:
Triumphant songs shall be
To the blest Trinity
For ever sounded.

5.

How blest when we can say
All else is pass'd away,
And love prevaieth!
No longer faith and hope
We need to bear us up,
Love never faileth.

6.

See, how the victors go
In raiment white as snow,
With glory crowned;
He grants to them, through grace,
Around His throne a place,
On whom death frowned.

ness: she said, "Well, thoughts of glory and happiness do continually overflow my heart; but I have not dared to speak of them, lest I should speak of myself; for it is only in the Lord that I have anything at all; but He does often fill the room with glory. And then I see the Good Shepherd, and He seems to carry me in His bosom, with

7.

The Bridegroom now appears,
He wipes off all our tears,
And ends all sadness;
To Him I had resigned
Myself, and now am joined
In perfect gladness.

8.

O Lord, grant my request,
To be in Heav'n at rest,
When 't is Thy pleasure;
Then, to eternity,
I ne'er shall parted be
From Thee my Treasure.

9.

At Thy through-piercèd feet
I'll humbly take my seat,
There's Heav'n's enjoyment:
To give Thee thanks and praise,
For all Thy love and grace,
Be my employment.

10.

While here, I live by faith,
Relying on Thy death,
For Thou 'rt my Saviour;
There I shall sweetly rest,
Reclining on Thy breast,
In peace for ever.

such compassion in His eyes. I am the least and the lowest of the children of God: but is not every one of His children remembered before Him? Oh! let nothing be said of me, but let all glory be given to my glorious, faithful, and adorable Saviour."

It was shortly before her departure, that suddenly, in the midst of a state in which the power of coherent thought seemed almost extinguished through the extremity of weakness, she lifted up her voice, and said to those about her, "Rejoice with me, rejoice with me! I am entering my Father's house."

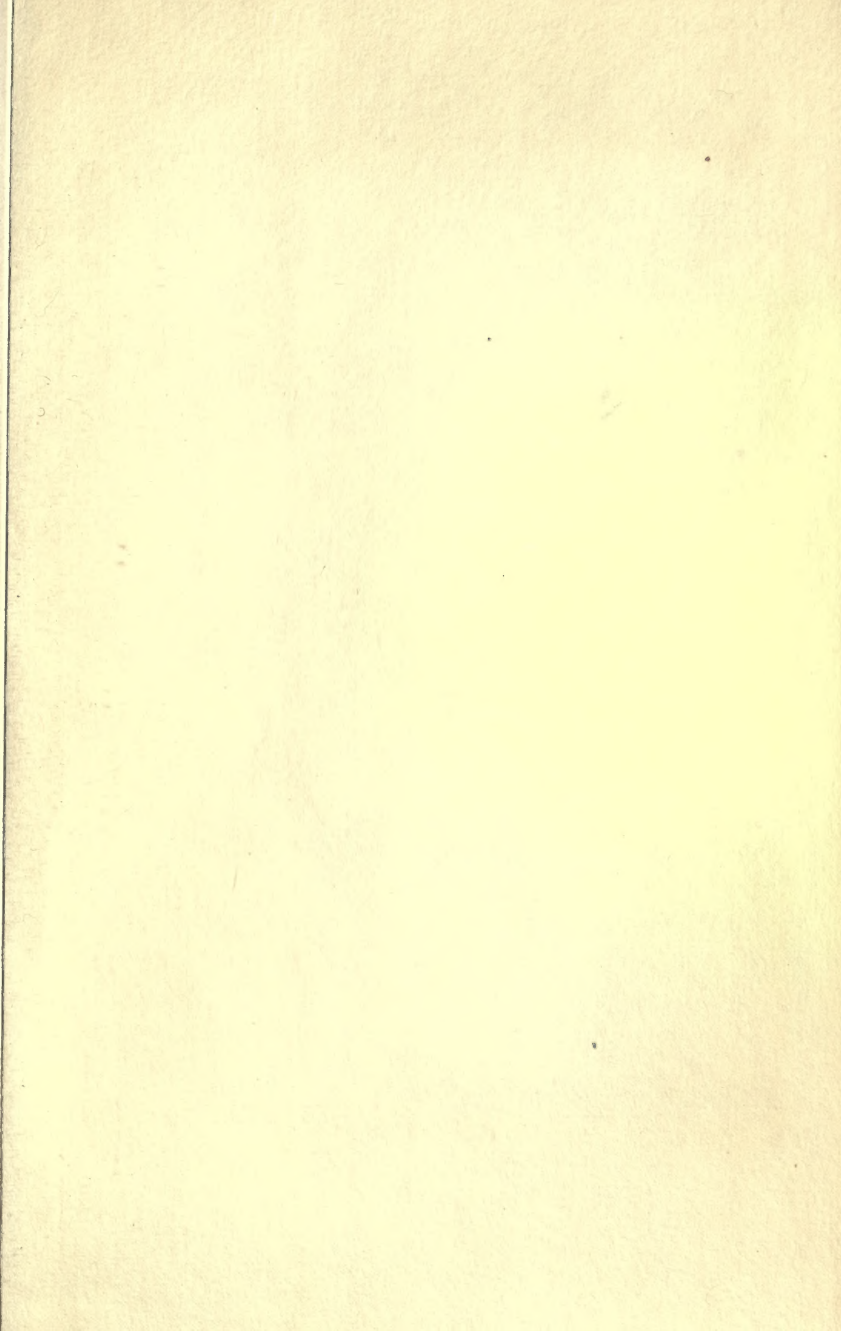
Once again, and for the last time, was her voice heard in its accustomed tones, saying, as if listening with delight — "Do you not hear the voices? and the children's are the loudest!"

May not the spiritual ear have heard songs of joy and hymns of thanksgiving, uttered by those who have gone before, in glad welcome to the soul who had yet to cross the Jordan to the blessed Land of Promise?

She departed, with scarcely a sigh, soon after six o'clock, on the evening of the 29th of August, 1856.

Her wishes were all complied with. Her mortal part rests in the spot she loved so well, the peaceful burying-ground attached to the Moravian Chapel, Bristol. There it awaits the resurrection of the just.

THE END.





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SchimmelPenninck, Mary Anne

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